

SATURDAY REVIEW

POLITICS, LITERATURE, SCIENCE, AND ART.

No. 1,596, Vol. 61.

May 29, 1886.

Registered for Transmission abroad.

Price 6d.

THE CAUCUS AND THE COUNTRY.

WE deal at length elsewhere with Mr. GLADSTONE'S last device for reuniting his party at the expense of his party. In this case, of course, as in some others, the purse of the proceeding is clear enough, and the selection may be allowed to do credit to a party and a leader who have openly abandoned the principles which they held not six months ago. The tactics of delay and obstruction in Parliament, which are also dealt with elsewhere, are comprehensible ment, which are also dealt with elsewhere, are comprehensible to the meanest understanding. It can readily be understood why the ATTORNEY-GENERAL was put up on Tuesday night to argue that the much-discussed Clause 24 is vital to the Bill, while at the same time rumours were spread that in the meeting of yesterday concessions would be made which would virtually amount to the dropping of the clause. The wording of the invitation to that meeting, unprecedented and unpublished as it is was designed cumpingly enough at once paralleled as it is, was designed cunningly enough at once o affront and keep out the bolder members of the Liberal opposition and to entice and lure in the weaker. The continued holding out of the bait that, if the second reading be once passed, the measure shall be hung up, entire transformed, or even totally withdrawn, is also clear enough. No ene can misunderstand Mr. GLADSTONE'S indignation at the speals made to him in the House, though it certainly would sound a little odd if a person in the street were to cry, "Sir, "you have insinuated that I am a pickpocket, and my "honour therefore forbids me to let go of your purse." All these tricks, all these jockeyings, all this underhand masecuring, and cajolery, and menace, and equivocation are intelligible things enough. But what is a little puzzling is the steps which are apparently being taken to frighten members of Parliament by publishing the results of Caucus

exisions.

Last Thursday morning the sole London newspaper which Mr. GLADSTONE has been able to secure for his newspaper which informs its readers that, if Lord Salisbury had brought in a Home Rule scheme and Mr. GLADSTONE had opposed it, it would have supported Lord Salisbury and opposed Mr. GLADSTONE—devoted the greater part of a page, its front page, to an account of "What the Constituencies Say," in the case of the Liberal opposition. The summing-up of these four columns is that, with about two exceptions, "the constituency has declared "against the sitting member." It is unpleasant to have to charge any newspaper with the assertion of a deliberate falsehood, and we shall therefore prefer to suppose that the writer of the summary had not read the contents of the sticle. But, as the matter is of some importance, it is as well to speak plainly. The Daily News says that, with these exceptions (it does not seem to be quite sure whether they are one or two), "the constituency when challenged has declared against the sitting member." It follows this assertiments also because the programmes of power from each constituency. clared against the sitting member." It follows this assertion with elaborate paragraphs of news from each constituency. And the evidence of these paragraphs given by the life is that in no single instance has the constituency to be against the sitting member, even by the very abious proceeding which is known as a test ballot or took election. The local Associations, often, as is well above, representing nothing but themselves (if that), have to declared. Meetings which may be attended by voters a non-voters, and in which a trusty Irish claque can almost always be depended on, have, though not invaribly, so declared. But in not one single instance has "the constituency" declared against the sitting member, even if

the constituency be further and illegitimately limited to the Liberal voters in the constituency. Here we have a false statement on a matter of the highest importance put forward statement on a matter of the highest importance put forward with only two possible views, the first being to frighten members of Parliament, the second to delude wavering or ignorant voters. If the members of Parliament are frightened, they must be very foolish; if the voters are deluded, they may not be quite so foolish, for some of them may possibly believe that a respectable newspaper would not assert a falsehood in large type and salve its conscience by supplying the means of detecting that falsehood in small.

The proceeding is indeed highly typical of the proceedings generally resorted to both by Mr. Gladson and by his followers. It should, however, be made innocuous by the simple remembrance of one constituency—Ipswich—which has had an opportunity of declaring on the subject. Ipswich, reversing the result of the General Election, and going

reversing the result of the General Election, and going against the almost invariable rule that when a member or members have been unseated for corrupt practices successors of the same colour are returned, replaced two Liberals by two Conservatives. And there is not the slightest reason to doubt that, if members have the courage of their convictions (and if they have the fate of the Bill is settled), let Mr. Gladstone jockey never so wisely, other constituencies will follow the example of Ipswich to the extent, not necessarily of seating Conservatives, but of returning Unionist candidates. If the tactics which are so loudly rumoured are resorted to, and Separatist carpet-baggers are run everywhere by the present Government, there must be very bad management on the Unionist side if two seats are not won for every one lost. A certain number of Welsh constituencies may indeed be true to simple Gladstonolatry; a few English (chiefly in the North) may still think that no other statesman is likely to help them so well in their designs against the upper and middle classes; a very few in the South may still be under the impression that Mr. GLADSTONE loves an agricultural labourer for some other reason than his vote. Elsewhere a judicious give and take on the part of Tory, Whig, and Radical Unionists should leave the GLADSTONE-PARNELL party in a hopeless minority, if the second reading of the present Bill is thrown out. For it must be remen bered that Mr. GLADSTONE'S power is founded almost wholly on the presumption of it. He has won so often that he is thought invincible, and the very large proportion of the voting public, which like other publics likes to back the winner, has followed him merely because it thinks he will win. His prestige once destroyed, half his present followers will leave him at once. Nor let any one, member or voter, deceive himself with the foolish and cowardly cry that the wine is poured out and must be drunk, that Home Rule being offered must be granted. It may be that the recent extension of the franchise will necessitate—men of both arties appear to be under the impression that it will—a large and uniform extension of the principle of delegating the functions of local government throughout the three the functions of local government throughout the three kingdoms. But this is perfectly different from the invidious and dangerous Home Rule which is at once to cut Ireland off from all touch with England, to invest her with exceptional privileges, and to subject her to exceptional disabilities. It is perfectly different from the proposal to throw Ulster under the heels of a Parnellite tyranny and to create a separate nation within four hours' sail of the English coast. It might itself be mischievous, but the mischief would be of an entirely different character from stituency "declared against the sitting member, even if mischief would be of an entirely different character from

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that threatened by Mr. Gladstone's combined bid for Parnellite support and expedient for getting rid of Parnellite opposition. Councils-general are one thing, a Parliament is another. And, inasmuch as between this and the division every possible artifice is sure to be used to confuse the minds of members and induce them, if possible, to give Mr. Gladstone the only thing he wants—the opportunity of going to the country and saying that a majority of the House of Commons has abdicated its sovereign functions—it is especially important that the distinction should be kept in view. It is confused, purposely confused, in the invitation to yesterday's meeting; it is constantly confused in the pleadings of advocates of the Bill both in Parliament and out of it. "No political privileges for Ireland "that other parts of the United Kingdom do not share" is the first principle of those who oppose the Bill. "No political dis- abilities for Ireland that other parts of the United Kingdom do not share" is the second. "No privileges or disabilities for any part of the kingdom that are not in the immediate control of the Imperial Parliament" is the third. To these three propositions Tories, Whigs, and Radicals can all pledge themselves, and no provisoes or promises, no understandings and leavings open, can make the Bill for the government of Ireland otherwise than a direct negation of all three. If those who approve them hold to them, the Bill is still doomed, and the constituencies may be safely trusted to approve the doom. And, before all and after all, let members recollect that compliance with Mr. Gladstone will only postpone their agony. A dissolution there must be to carry the Bill, and it is surely bad policy to sell one's soul for six months' possession of the title of M.P.

THE CZAR'S RESCRIPTS.

IF the Emperor of Russia meant nothing by his address to the officers of the Black Sea fleet, he can scarcely be acquitted of a certain indiscretion; but the error of using an unnecessary or ambiguous phrase would be readily con-doned. The belief that his words had a definite purpose is much more disturbing. Great potentates on formal occa-sions are, even when they deviate from ceremonious com-monplace, understood to maintain a dignified reserve. Forebodings of evil, or menaces contained in Royal or Imperial speeches, are construed in the least favourable sense, because it is probable that even vague expressions have been deli-berately considered. It is not known whether the Emperor ALEXANDER had consulted his official advisers before he spoke at Sebastopol; but he had lately had opportunities of discussing questions of policy with his Foreign Minister, and with several of the chief diplomatists in his service. His allocution could not have been exclusively intended for the guidance of his actual audience. The officers of the Russian navy require no exhortation to induce them to discharge their duty in any contingency which may occur. It was not for their information that the EMPEROR added to the conventional profession of a desire for peace the alarming suggestion that it may perhaps be necessary to defend the honour and the interest of the Empire by arms. The warning is the more significant because no probable cause of quarrel is defined, nor is the possible enemy designated. There could be no sufficient reason for propounding the truism that a great Empire may at any time be exposed to the risk of a rupture. It may be confidently asserted that no neighbouring Power is conscious of having recently offered provocation to Russia.

The Emperor Alexander's mysterious reference to the honour of the Empire is happily capable of being explained away, if the aggressive designs which it seems to indicate have not been completely formed, or if they are hereafter abandoned. An ominous precedent for a similar threat is to be found in the language used by Napoleon III. to the Austrian Ambassador at the New Year's diplomatic reception in 1850. The expression of regret that the relations of France and Austria were not satisfactory was generally and rightly understood as preliminary to a declaration of war. The spring of the year indeed was occupied with negotiations which proved abortive; but within three or four months the Austrians invaded Piedmont, and the French army crossed the Alps. In the form which he selected for the purpose of announcing his hostile intentions, Napoleon III. followed, as on many other occasions, the example of his great predecessor. The public reproaches which were addressed to Lord Whitworth were a virtual revocation of the Treaty of Amiens, and were immediately followed by a renewal of the

war. The grandfather of the present Emperor of Russia warned Sir Hamilton Seymour of his purpose of making war on Turkey in the more courteous form of private conversation. The description by the Emperor Nicholas of his intended victim as "the sick man" plainly implied the design of accelerating the inevitable decline of Turkey. The Sebastopol speech varies from the precedents which have been cited in so far that it is directed against an anonymous adversary. No Government has the opportunity of remonstrating against a general menace.

The anticipated offence against the honour of Russia is probably not to be offered by England, as the Black Sea fleet cannot be employed in Central Asia. It is true that a contest begun on one frontier might extend over wide spaces of sea and land; but there has been since the summer of last year no rumour of disagreement between the English and Russian Governments. It seems more probable that the speech referred to the South-East of Europe, and to the complicated relations in that quarter of Russia, of Austria, and of the new States which have at different times becarved out of the Turkish Empire. The irritation which has been caused by the enterprise of the Prince of BULGARIA seems disproportionate to its cause; but it has been felt with personal bitterness by the Emperor of Russia, and it still affects his policy. The official Russian press loses no opportunity of reproaching Prince ALEXANDER with his in-gratitude, and the Russian Consular agents have evidently received instructions to display the ill-will of their Govern It is owing to the opposition of Russia that the PRINCE has only a short tenure of the government of East Roumelia, so that he will be liable at the end of five ye to lose the province which he had hoped to annex to Balgaria. Russian agents have been busy in intrigues against the Prince during the recent election; and, although they have apparently failed for the moment, their efforts will be renewed on all convenient opportunities. It may seem improbable that a great sovereign can have condescended publicly to threaten a petty neighbouring ruler. A quarrel with Bulgaria would scarcely test the valour of the Russian army and navy. The anger of a patron against an ungrateful dependent is more natural than dignified.

The Balkan Peninsula contains two more formidable pediments to Russian ambition. Notwithstanding the impediments to Russian ambition. heavy losses incurred in the last war, Turkey is still capable of offering an obstinate resistance to a foreign invader. anticipation of a rupture with Greece which has now been avoided, 300,000 men were drawn from Asia and from Europe and equipped for the expected campaign. The Turks, as they showed at Plevna and on many battlefields, are second to no soldiers in the world, if only they are well commanded. The small tributary and independent States would only support the aggressor under compulsion, being for the present more strongly interested in their own feuds than in the overthrow of what remains of Turkish power. Servia is, as recent events have shown, more jealous of Bulgaria than of Turkey; and Montenegro hopes for aggrandizement at the expense of one or both of the adj Principalities. Greece, which might perhaps be willing to act as an auxiliary of Russia, is disliked and suspected by all the Slavonic States. It is probable that, if none of the Great Powers intervened, Russia might be able to coerce all the petty Governments into a subordinate alliance, and in the long run to overthrow the Government of Constantinople; but the undertaking would be dangerous and costly, and it seems to be at the present time recommended by no adequate motive. It is said that Russia and Turkey have been for some time past on the most friendly terms, nor is there any known pretext for a rupture. It is, of course, possible that the supposed affront to the honour of the Empire may have been already prepared not by the supposed wrongdoer, but by the destined avenger. The necessity of obtaining redress will not be proclaimed until Russia has made some more or less formal treaty of partition with Austria. There is no reason to believe that any arrangement of the kind has been either concluded or recently discussed. The announcement that M. DE GIERS is about to visit Vienna and Berlis perhaps indicates nothing more serious than a desire of the part of Russia to strengthen the bonds of the Triple ance, but he may also be required to disavow or plain away the threat which has been uttered at Sebastopol and repeated at Moscow. No serious politician believes that the Emperor's language was the result of an oversight.

The significance of the EMPEROR's speech at Sebastopol is increased and emphasized by the Address which he has since received from the Corporation of Moscow. The Burge

master, in expressing the gratitude of his fellow-citizens for the reconstruction of the Black Sea fleet, reminded the EMPEROR that he came "from that blest South" of which EMPEROR that he came "from that blest South" of which the great Northern Power has always coveted the possession.

"Our hope gains wings and strength is imparted to our belief that the Cross of Christ will shine upon St. Sophia.

So thinks Moscow, and in this hope remains steadfast." Moscow may think so; but Moscow in the person of the Burgomaster would not have said so unless he had been instructed to give public utterance to his patriotic aspirations. Sovereigns less absolute than the Czar require that addresses should be submitted for official sanction beginning addresses should be submitted for official sanction beginning. tions. Sovereigns less absolute than the CZAR require that addresses should be submitted for official sanction before they are delivered. It is certain that the Moscow Address was approved, and it was probably suggested, before municipal functionaries presumed to meddle with high questions of policy. The threat of a conquest of Constantinople proceeds from the same august source as the fear that the Rassian navy may soon have to defend the honour of the Empire. In the midst of profound peace the Sultan is informed, in the most offensive language, that his formidable neighbour and professed ally purposes on some early opportunity to annex his European dominions and to take forcible possession of his capital. The Moscow Address omits the pretence of a possible necessity for defending the honour of Russia. The Emperor, through the Corporation, announces as sufficient cause of quarrel the religious differences between Mussulmans and Christians. The substitution of the Cross for the Crescent on the dome of St. Sophia can only be effected by a crusade of which the apparent fanaticism would not be even sincere. It is not on religious grounds that the Russian Government seeks to appropriate Constantinople with all the unequalled advantages of its site. In modern times a wanton seizure of alien territory is generally excused on some comparatively plausible pretext. Peace Societies and Arbitration Societies would scarcely admit as a sufficient reason for an unprovoked invasion the antagonism of two rival creeds. Mr. GLADSTONE, rould scarcely admit as a sufficient reason for an unprovoked invasion the antagonism of two rival creeds. Mr. GLADSTONE, invasion the antagonism of two rival creeds. Mr. GLADSTONE, indeed, in his first Bulgarian pamphlet proposed to expel the Turks from Europe because they were Mahommedans and fatalists; but in later editions he thought it prudent to confine his display of intolerance to certain classes of the detested community. The Emperor of Russia is not likely in any future revision to tone down the menaces which he has now twice directed against Turkey. He will probably wait for some convenient opportunity of commencing a war of commencing a war of conquest

THE TACTICS OF DELAY.

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THERE is some reason to fear that the futility of the Paine Minister's maneuvres for the coercion of the independent members of his party may have diverted public stantion from their essentially unworthy and, Parliamentary is peaking, immoral character. Futility, indeed, is that ye will be seen as the containing speaking, immoral character. Futility, indeed, is the containing speaking, immoral character. Futility, indeed, is the containing the

GLADSTONE did not for his own part believe, on a careful comparison of the advantages of haste and delay, that other things were equal; but that he held, on the contrary, that the loss of initial impetus as applied from the Treasury Bench would be more than compensated in the gain of pressure from the local Associations. The event has shown him to have been wholly mistaken; but we must not allow that fact to blind us to the original plausibility of his calculations. He had unfortunately but too good reason to believe, on the faith of past experience, that the Caucus would be a far more formidable ally than it has proved to be; and those who credit this belief with the influence to which, on à priori grounds, it was legitimately entitled, will by no means share the difficulty which oppresses the mind of that faithful Gladstonian Mr. Edward R. Russell. be more than compensated in the gain of pressure from the

"We may hope," says Mr. Russell, "that there has "never been a British Ministry of which it can be truly "said that it was guilty of deliberately misconducting the "affairs of the country at an important crisis in order to
"secure the mean advantage of a few weeks longer in
"office." Truly we may hope what we like in this or any other matter; but as to what we may believe, it is perhaps as well to point out that Mr. Russell at once misdescribes the Gladstonian manœuvre as it presents itself to its author's mind and understates the advantage which he hoped to derive from it. To succeed in carrying the second reading of the Separation Bill, which was the object of the manœuvre, would be to "secure" much more than "the mean advan-"tage of a few weeks longer in office." Such a success, if followed, as it is now known that it would be, by a suspension of the further progress of the measure, would ensure the Government at least another year's lease of power, and the same interval for "organizing victory" in the future by the processes usually resorted to in Ireland in order to float Mr. Gladstone's revolutionary schemes. As to "deliberately misconducting the affairs of the country," it has been noticed ere this by those who have studied the record of the Prime Minister in a somewhat more critical spirit than Mr. Russell that he regards that mode of conthe Gladstonian manœuvre as it presents itself to its author's record of the PRIME MINISTER in a somewhat more critical spirit than Mr. Russell that he regards that mode of conducting the affairs of the country to be the best which is best calculated to promote the success of his legislative policy for the time being. It never occurred to him, for example, that he was "misconducting the affairs" of Ireland during the winter of 1880-81; and to suppose that a statesman who did not scruple to surrender a community to the deminion of arealy for eigenvectors. man who did not scruple to surrender a community to the dominion of anarchy for six months in order to prepare the ground for a great remedial measure would hesitate to manipulate the Parliamentary Order-book for the same laudable purpose argues a certain lack of moral perspective. With the tactics of five years ago in our memory, we may be excused for failing to recognize any antecedent improbability in the charge which so scandalizes Mr. GLADSTONE'S apologist, and must claim the right to proceed to the consideration of the evidence on which it is based. Foremost in this evidence stands the fact of the PRIME MINISTER'S refusal to set down the second reading of the Bill for debate de die in diem. The most thoroughgoing of his supporters will hardly deny that the astonishment excited by this refusal was universal, and it would take a very hardy Gladstonian indeed to maintain that the course adopted was justified by any of the precedents adduced in support of it. It is obvious, in fact, on the face of matters that no adequate authority for it could possibly be forthcoming. There is no precedent that we are aware of for a Ministerial attempt at the disintegration of the Empire, and we cannot admit that

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opol is Burgeof defence. Of course he "knows nothing" of any endeavour on the part of local Associations to put pressure upon members who have signified their disapproval of the Bill. Of course the screw is in the hands of "some person or "persons unknown," and the fact that it has been applied incessantly and relentlessly—though, we are happy to say, without any effect except upon here and there a Sir Thomas Brassey—is, of course, a fact of which Mr. Gladstone is as unconscious as the babe unborn. If he has had a call from Mr. Schnadhorst, what of that? The charms of Mr. Schnadhorst's conversation are well known, and, for all we know, he may have views on Homer, or on the first chapter of Genesis, or on some other of the multitude of subjects in which the Prime Minister is interested. Moreover, has not Mr. Gladstone earnestly exhorted that innominate array of Liberals who are all burning to address the House in favour of the Separation Bill to be careful—while claiming, be it understood, "their just liberty" of speaking "in proportion to the importance of the subject—"to give no colour to any imputation of a design of inde-"finitely prolonging discussion in order to permit pressure "to be put on members"? And, above all, has he not mysteriously cautioned them against "retaliating," whatever this may mean? Could he possibly have done more? Surely not—or such at least we must suppose to be the conclusion of such discriminating supporters of the Prime Minister as Mr. Edward Russell. They will continue to regard the accusation which we have been discussing as merely a new example of the gratuitous and cruel calumnies to which the best of men and Ministers is perpetually exposed, and to hug themselves in the belief that only the most benightedly bigoted of Tories can still cherish the belief that Mr. Gladstone, having apparently persuaded himself that a Union which was effected by bribery may lawfully be repealed by intimidation, has backed up his semi-treasonable design upon the integrity of the Empire by a shameless attack on

NOVELISTS AT WORK.

How does a novelist work? Does he sit down steadily to it, and "keep pegging away," or does he roam about, clutching at the robes of many fair and fleeting inspirations? Does he think all his story out beforehand, or does he jump into the middle and splash about? Probably every one has his own peculiar habits of composition. The plan of jumping in and splashing about will naturally attract writers of the modern school of "analysis" and dissection. It does not much matter what the characters do, as long as they talk in abundance, and speculate still more within their own breasts. An author may simply say to himself, "I will have three young girls, two matrons, "a lord, a doctor, a man in the City," and then he can get under way at once. The characters, like Mr. CAMPBELL-BANNERMAN, will work out their own salvation, and will be sure to get more or less mixed in their affections. This mixture of the affections, with speculations thereon, readily makes up a novel in the hands of the literary chemist who has read Stendhal. But this kind of story, though easy to begin, must require a good deal of thought and reflection as it goes on. Happily, like the Home Rule debate, it can be prolonged to any extent. As there is nothing to lead up to, and no central situation, chapter may follow chapter while the author waits, and wonders what on earth will be the result of the final division. Concerning this there is an American anecdote in point. A novel went dawdling on through the numbers of a magazine, and no one could imagine why it should ever end, nor why it should not cease at once. The course of this romance was like the Eleatic puzzle about motion. Throw a ball, it never moves so little but that it could conceivably move less. Yet it does stop. So it was with the novel, and the Reditor did not like it. She had to keep the press going while a new conclusion was being made, and that, too, was rejected, and that rejection entailed the vamping up of more intercalary chapters, and so on, almost ad infinitum. This does not se

the intrigues of Joseph Balsamo, and who would grudge Dumas the license of making D'Artagnan take part in the flight to Varennes?

flight to Varennes?

In Lippincott's Magazine Mr. Julian Hawthorne casts some light on his own ways of working. He once beat Scott, whose travelling hand over the paper vexed the young revellers of Edinburgh; he once outstayed Mr. Trolloff; he wrote for twenty-six hours at a stretch. He began at nine one morning, and stuck to it till noon next day. "He "did not feel particularly worried, but his brain seemed "strangely confused." Perhaps his story, too, may have seemed strangely confused to the reader. His stories do, sometimes, and it would be pleasant to know whether they were thus written against time. A stroke of paralysis would have rewarded many romancers for the herculean feat; but Mr. Hawthorne took a walk, a light supper, two bottles of ale, and a sleep of eighteen hours, "as soundly "and peacefully as a child." The same author can write 8,000 words of story per diem; that is, about ten pages of Harper's Magazine, or about eighty slips of the "Author's writing-pad," or between ten and twelve columns of the Saturday Review. An author who can keep up this pace over the romantic course must either think out all his work before he sets pen to paper, or he must bustle along rather regardlessly. Mr. Howells writes at only a tenth of the speed of his contemporary; or so it is said by the dealers in literary gossip. This would have been a very scant day's work with Scott. Probably most imaginative writers do their best things when the brain has warmed well to its work, and when the fancy rather seems to listen to an inspiring lutin than to suggest ideas of its own. "It needs heaven-sent moments for this "skill," and these, perhaps, will seldom come to the very slow, careful, and elaborate workman, who turns off the tap after it has filled a moderate measure. But a powerful memory may make all things possible. Balzac probably exaggerated his own peculiar habits of composition. Grorge Sand had seen him writing like a Christian, without coffee, or white monkish frock, or bath, or any such aids; but Balzac assured

GREECE.

Not many things are certain in regard to the confused fighting which took place at the end of last week and the beginning of the present on the marches of Thessaly and Epirus. It is not known, and probably never will be known, who began it, though a very simple calculation of probabilities will show that the Turks are very unlikely and the Greeks very likely to have been the aggressors. It is not known, and is perhaps not worth knowing, what the exact process of attack, defence, and counter attack was. But it is quite certain that, there was not a little serious fighting, and it is nearly certain that, unless something new happens, this fighting, contrary to the expectation of some, will have rather hastened than retarded the prospects of a settlement. The number of nearly two hundred killed and wounded and as many prisoners, which is set down as the Greek loss, is by no means inconsiderable for these days of long bowls, when a not very accomplished recruit armed with a very accomplished rifle may fire off a whole magazine of cartridges without doing anything but empty it. And as the Greek prisoners appear to be somewhat numerous, and little or nothing is said of any Turkish prisoners at all, it seems to follow that the Greeks must have been the aggressors, and must have been pretty sharply repulsed. Even larger numbers than those just mentioned have been given, and it is clear that something like an organized invasion was attempted by one side. The Greeks, who assert that in every instance but one the fighting took place on Turkish ground, perhaps forget, or in their eager boastfuness are indifferent to, the almost inevitable inference as to the blame of aggression, and its incidence. As to what determined this aggression it is impossible to say. It may have been a last and not unnatural, though profligate, effort of the Delyannis party in the army to make peace impossible; it may even have been winked at by less hot-headed commanders under the idea (which seems to be justified by the result) that the rather p

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patriotism of the Greeks would be better satisfied with quieting down after something had actually been done than with abandoning the mobilisation without blood drawn or shot fired. If this last calculation entered into the matter, it was one of dubious morality, but not inconsiderable worldly wisdom. We are told little about the feeling in the Greek army, but the talk in Athens is openly of recalling the troops and laying up the fleet. It is certain that the Turks have no motive for provoking or prolonging a contest, and M. Delyannis will, it is hoped, have the sense, if not the patriotism, to see that his bolt is shot.

His successor has no pleasant or easy task before him. It is never a grateful office for a Minister to preside over what is practically a forced disarmament, and in assemblies much more dignified and much less factious than a Greek Chamber the Opposition would find or make opportunities for bringing the ungratefulness of his ungrateful task home to him. But the leek can be eaten as quickly as possible, and the restoration of the conscripts to the homes, farms, and businesses which, according to all accounts, urgently require their presence, may do something to take away the unpleasant taste of the eating. Unfortunately there is another and a still more unpleasant thing to be done, and that is paying the bill. Already notice of a small loan for meeting interest due has been given, and there are few less satisfactory financial transactions than borrowing money to pay the interest on money previously borrowed. This, too, pay the interest on money previously borrowed. This, too, is of course merely preliminary to a general settling up. It is probably not yet known exactly what has been the cost, even the direct cost, of M. Delyannis's expensive amuse ments during the last seven or eight months. Ships, torpedo-boats, torpedoes, naval and military stores of all kinds have been bought. An army which Greek vapourers put at a hundred thousand men, and which the lowest estimate puts at fifty thousand, has been called out, equipped, fed, and, it is to be supposed, paid. A not incon-siderable fleet has been in the same way put on a war footing. These things cost money, and a good deal of money, and if the credit of Greece was not in an extraordinarily brilliant condition before the outbreak in Eastern Roumelia, it is likely to be far less flourishing now. Moreover, the country is distinctly poor, and is at least as ignorantly impatient of taxation as other countries, poor and rich. It was the imposition of a fresh tax which cost M. TRICOUPIS his office the last time he held it. Even if the debt due to the extravagance of the last year could be funded in some way or other, the process would still involve the payment of interest. It is a great pity that some Greek statesman should not be found able and willing to bring home to his countrymen the very simple truth that a small country which wishes to aggrandize itself had better begin by clearing off encumbrances, not by adding to them, and by developing its actual resources, instead of coveting extensions of more or less valueless territory. So long as moneyed Greeks prefer (and they almost all do prefer) to live abroad and be practically citizens of other countries, it will be idle for Greece to attempt anything serious as a combative Power in

The solution, if only the temporary solution, of the matter seems likely to be very much what has been, since certain Russian coquetries, expected. Greece, say the "patriots," is to be content with having got under arms, with having braved Europe for some months, and with having "made "value," as the French idiom has it, the Hellenic factor. At the next disturbance, when Russia puts in for the recovery of her influence in the north of the peninsula, Greece, as a strong and valuable ally, is to expect important compensations in the south. It is melancholy enough, no doubt, to see men delude themselves in such a fashion. It is not merely that the recent conduct of Russia has been as far as possible from being in reality friendly to Greece, and has merely led her into additional expense and exposed her to additional humiliation. It is not merely that the language of the Russian press (coinciding in this respect with the language of facts) openly disclaims any intention of benefiting Greece, and claims (herein not coinciding with facts) that Russia has acted in full and complete accordance with the other Powers in coercing her. It is not merely that the two Powers are inevitable rivals in the project of the spoliation of Turkey which they are jointly setting themselves, and that Greece can expect nothing but the fate of the lion's hunting companions. The real mistake is the idle ambition and greed which delude the Greeks under the name of patriotism. They have already got nearly all, if not more than all, that those whose sons they fondly imagine

themselves to be would have called Hellas, and, in plain business language, they have not yet succeeded in making this not inconsiderable heritage a paying concern. Every foot further that they go they will find themselves in closer and closer contact with opposition claims which, good or bad, are based on exactly the same grounds as their own—the claims of language, of race, of religion, and the like. They have no geographical or historical claim to bring about, and still less any political or military chance of bringing about, such a consolidation of territory as has made Italy nominally a Great Power, and really a Power of no small consideration and resource. Since other independent or semi-independent States, not only not Greek, but distinctly anti-Greek, have been set up in the peninsula south of the Danube, Turkey, so far from being their real enemy, is, in fact, the buffer that keeps them from collision with others. When they first threw off the Turkish yoke, half a century ago, it might have been possible for them, by frankly making common cause with the unmixed and undoubtedly Slav populations of the North, to secure some such predominance as the Italians of the North have secured in Italy. They either would not or could not, or at any rate did not, do this—and now it is too late. They may possibly pick up an island or two, but further extension on the mainland would rather outrage than obey the sacred principle of nationality. Yet all this they will not see, and in the way they are going to work it seems at least as possible that the twentieth century may see Greece once more a province as that it will see her sovereign over other provinces.

SNUBBING THE SABBATARIAN.

It is perhaps rash to hope that the loss of the Durham Sunday Closing Bill may show that the movement of which the Bill is a part has got to its high-water-mark. The fad is a vigorous one, and has survived a good deal of snubbing. Pious people will always be anxious to show how pious they are at the expense of others, and shutting up public-houses is for many of them an equally easy and pleasing way of doing it. They are, therefore, not unlikely to go on trying to "Sunday-close." Still, there are hopeful signs in the history of this last Bill. It had passed five out of the seven stages necessary to be passed by every Bill before it becomes law. The Commons had accepted it. The Lords read it twice. All the machinery at the disposal of the Sabbatarians had been strenuously worked to push it along. The speech of Lord Norron showed that there were peers who were in the frame of mind common among modern politicians who are for ever accepting things they do not like because they believe them to be inevitable. He denounced the Bill almost with fury; but he felt bound to vote for the third reading because the Lords had voted for the second. And yet, after it had proceeded swimmingly up to this point, the Bill fell a victim to common sense, and was wrecked in sight of port. As yet it does not appear that any dog has as much as barked on the subject in the county of Durham or elsewhere. The tardy justice done to the Bill may not be a sign that the fadmonger is entering on times when he will no longer have things so much his own way as he has had them of late years; but, on the other hand, it may, and in any case it is good as far as it goes.

The merits of Sunday Closing Bills are well known, and the Marquess of Salisbury had an easy task in disposing of this one. In insisting on the vices of all this meddle-some legislation, he was only doing what he has often done before, though never with more point. The question whether a bare majority of the inhabitants of any district has a right to impose a serious inconvenience on the minority is one which the advocates of Sunday closing have never answered. Neither have they ever explained why, if the country is becoming more temperate without the help of special legislation, as it manifestly is, it should be necessary to pass Sunday Closing Bills. The so-called temperance party is very fond of singing its own praises, but it has withal a rather remarkable want of confidence in its powers of persuasion. If, as they are fond of saying, the "noble" leaders of the movement have done so much good, it would seem easy for them to do a great deal more. Even the Sunday-closingites must believe that it is better to persuade men to be sober than to force them to be sober. Lord Salisbury might, however, have riddled his opponents with good arguments without causing them serious uneasiness if he had not been able to show that they

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were utterly wrong in their main contention. The great plea of the supporters of these Bills is always that the people of this or the other county are unanimous in desiring to see the public-houses closed on Sunday. The Marquess of Salisbury was able to show conclusively that no such unanimity exists in the county of Durham. A good deal of capital has been made by the friends of the Bill out of some real or apparent irregularities in the signatures to a petition against it. Much the same sort of thing could be discovered in the petition for it, no doubt, if anybody took the trouble to examine them. For the rest, even if all the supporters of the Bill have to say against the counter-petition is true, it does not greatly affect the question. Nobody denies that numbers of the inhabitants of Durham have petitioned against the Bill, and that fact effectually disposes of the argument from unanimity. Meetings have been held against the Bill, and have voted resolutions by triumphant majorities. The assertions of its supporters that the miners favour the measure have been met by unhesitating denials from witnesses who are in a position to know the truth. Temperance meetings have been attacked and broken up. It is, of course, a very wrong thing to rout a meeting of your opponents; but, as Lord Salisbury pointed out to the Bishop of Durham, a conflict of this sort could hardly take place if the inhabitants were unanimous. From the moment it is proved that the people of Durham were divided in opinion about the merits of the Bill the case of its supporters breaks down completely. Until the matter is put to a direct vote, which has not yet been done, the friends of the Bill cannot prove that they are supported even by a bare majority. For that reason alone, if for no other, the Lords were thoroughly justified in throwing it out. The tone of the speeches made on behalf of the Bill went a long way to show how completely Lord Salisbury was in the right when he twitted his opponents with being inspired by the truly clerical pass

IRISH TRICKS AND MANNERS.

NO experiment could be more hopeless than an appeal to the Irish members to modify their peculiar manners. The unexpected triumph which they have secured by Mr. Gladstone's surrender will not be wholly lost even if the Home Rule Bill is rejected. From an isolated minority they have become the centre of a powerful party; and their demand of independence is no longer an empty protest, but the most burning of political questions. Unscrupulous Ministers boldly antedate their own conversion to the cause of Repeal, and provincial demagogues affect enthusiasm for opinions which had never crossed their minds when they were engaged in the last election. The softening effects of prosperity may perhaps be traced in some of the Nationalist speeches; and probably instructions have been given to Mr. Parnell's followers that they should for the present abstain in debate from menace and from violence. Their general demeanour to critics and opponents is unchanged; and their derisive cheers and occasional ejaculations are perhaps rendered more offensive by the natural elevation of their spirits. The possible disappointment of their immediate hopes is not likely to render them more courteous or more considerate. Victory and defeat will be celebrated by similar methods, though in different tones. Mr. Parnell himself would perhaps personally prefer good breeding and civilized manners; but it is only from his social inferiors that he can exact the implicit obedience which is necessary for his purpose. Of the fidelity of a few adherents who belong to a somewhat higher class he is probably assured on special grounds. Any member of the party can be dis-

missed by the leader at a moment's notice, forfeiting, perhaps, at the same time his means of subsistence.

It may be admitted that no conclusive argument for or against Home Rule can be deduced from the character or behaviour of its Irish advocates. The House of Commons would cordially rejoice in their departure from its precincts; but in the Irish Parliament their power of mischief might be indefinitely increased. Hitherto the faction has been more formidable through its connexion with the National League than by its Parliamentary action. Even when it happened that for his own purposes Mr. Gladstone sought the alliance of Mr. Parnell, the accession to the number of his supporters was counterbalanced by the secession of the most respectable portion of the Liberal party. In an Irish House of Commons, even if it were constituted on the model proposed in the Home Rule Bill, Mr. Parnell at the head of an overwhelming majority would have the property and safety of the whole community at his mercy. Even if the Protestants of Ulster consented to return members to an Irish Parliament, the control of legislation would remain in the hands of the Nationalists. It has been frequently shown that for revolutionary purposes it would not be necessary to rely on the power of enacting unjust laws. The majority would, as in England, nominate the Executive Government; and a disloyal Minister would have the power of rendering the law inoperative by administrative methods. Judges and magistrates, even if they were not appointed by popular election, could be chosen by the enemies of law, of order, and of the English connexion. The boisterous patriots who now sit below the gangway at Westminster would be the rulers of Ireland, unless they were superseded by rivals more advanced than themselves.

An Irish mob which lately disturbed a Unionist meeting in London, included in one comprehensive formula the names of all the principal promoters of disruption. Cheers were given for "GLADSTONE, PARNELL, and O'DONOVAN" (ROSSA.") Two of the three popular favourites are now earning the applause of the rabble. At long intervals the agitators who rely on dynamite strive to outbid mere intriguers and rhetoricians. The author of the Home Rule Bill has more than once publicly acknowledged the efficiency of their methods. The Clerkenwell explosion brought the disestablishment of the Irish Church within the range of practical politics. The outrages of 1881 and 1882 served, according to the same authority, the purpose of a chapel bell. Fenians and Invincibles will claim the reward of their past services in the form of a share of political power. Mr. Parnell may perhaps find himself compelled to divide the nomination of Irish representatives with the faction which has provided the Nationalists with pecuniary support. He will scarcely be able to resist the demand on the ground of the personal or social superiority of the mass of his followers to any probable competitors. He has had the good sense to enlist in his services a few fluent speakers, of whom one or two may be considered eloquent. The other members of the party are only distinguished by their discipline and by their disregard of conventional restraints. No intelligent or responsible Irishman can regard with complacency the prospect of a Parliament composed of the same materials with the Home Rule section of the House of Commons.

The founders and the members of the Parliament which became independent in 1782 belonged to a less dangerous class. Some of them were abundantly extravagant in language, and both in the origin of the movement and after the beginning of the French Revolution a few entertained revolutionary designs; but Grattan and his colleagues, with scarcely an exception, were interested by circumstances, by training, and by conviction in the maintenance of social order. They were also closely connected with the statesmen who directed the policy of English parties. One of the most turbulent agitators of the time was a bishop of the Established Church, who was also an English earl. His successful competitor for the command of the Volunteers held the same rank in the peerage of Ireland. The Irish House of Lords would, even if it had not been controlled by the Ministers who dispensed Government patronage, have repelled with indignation any proposal for interfering with the rights of property. The governing families, who were largely represented in the Irish House of Commons, had the same prejudices and sympathies with the peers. The celebrated vote by which the Prince of Wales was invited to assume the Regency was a result of faction, and not of disaffection. The malcontents and conspirators who at the close of the century allied themselves with the revolutionary Government of France rested their hopes, not on Parlia-

mentary intrigue, but on projected rebellion, to be aided by foreign invasion. After all, Grattan's Parliament proved to be unmanageable, and its continuance involved danger to both England and Ireland. Fox and Grey were right in their contention that the Union would have been more advantageous if it had been effected by the good-will of the Irish people; but Pitt was as a practical statesman bound within the limits of possible action. If he had to buy the assent which ought to have been freely given, the blame rests on the corruptible opponents of a beneficent measure.

While democratic institutions have spread over a great part of the civilized world, it is still uncertain whether conpart of the civilization of the civilization are without influence on wealth and rank and cultivation are without influence on the choice of the electors. It may be invidious, or rather the proposition is inconsistent with prevalent fallacies, to assert that external distinctions afford a better guarantee for political aptitude than the qualifications which attract the favour of the multitude; but the English Constitution has until lately been administered by the natural and habitual leaders of the community. The personal authority which has been exercised by members of both Houses has facilitated the maintenance of obedience and loyalty; and the jealous care of Parliament for proprietary right has been ensured by the composition of the Legislature. There is too much reason to fear that the latest degradation of the franchise will impair the security of English institutions.
The system which Mr. GLADSTONE proposes to establish in Ireland leaves property and liberty absolutely without defence. The restoration of Grattan's Parliament, if it were possible, would be an infinitely smaller evil. It is wholly untrue ble, would be an infinitely smaller evil. It is wholly untrue that the elections, as they have been manipulated by the agents of the National League, represent the opinion of the community. The rude and noisy knot of members which surrounds its taciturn and self-possessed leader is distrusted and despised by all peaceable and, it might almost be said, by all respectable Irishmen. It has been repeatedly shown that the eighty-six Nationalists have been elected by about two-thirds of the constituency. There is much reason to believe that at least half their supporters would rejoice in their dismissal from power, and in the substitution for mobgovernment of a vigorous and resolute administration. The government of a vigorous and resolute administration. The frequent assertion that the most popular of Irish measures would be the establishment of martial law may be an exaggeration, as it is evidently a paradox; but the actual or possible victims of the tyranny of the National League are almost certainly more numerous than their oppressors. Hundreds or thousands of farmers wish for nothing better than to pay their rent, and to cultivate their land as they please without liability to external dictation. If the Imperial Government would have protected them they would have been satisfied, though perhaps not grateful; and they would have deprecated, as perhaps they may now really deprecate, the formidable experiment of Home Rule. Meanwhile they submit to be ostensibly represented by the present members; and perhaps they may yet think it prudent to applaud the names of GLADSTONE, PARNELL, and O'DONOVAN ROSSA.

THE PERILS OF WEDDINGS.

SOME merciful legislators have exempted bridegrooms from military service for a given period after the nuptials. They were allowed to stay at home and comfort their wives. But marriage itself was originally a military service of no small danger. For reasons about which various conjectures have been made, the rude forefathers of our race insisted that no man should have a wife who could not win her, like Young Lochinvan, from the midst of her hostile kindred. The wooer had to penetrate the unfriendly camp, and steal away the maiden under a shower of spears. Militavi non sine gloria, the early bridegroom could say, in a sense not intended by Horace. The progress of the species has modified into a decent, if armed, neutrality the old unfriendly relations between men and their wives' people. But the older state of things dubiously survives in the sham attacks still made on the bridegroom, attacks which, in Bethnal Green and at the church of St. James the Less, may prove at least as dangerous as a spear thrown at an agile Australian lover by his father-in-law. The Vicar of St. James the Less, it is reported, has for many years defied the doctrines of economists and shown the native kindness of his heart by celebrating marriages free of charge or fee. "It is usual for the friends to wait out-

" side, and give the couples a reception with a shower of " rice."

Opinions differ among the learned as to why rice, of all things, is thrown at "two young lovers lately wed." Some regard it as a feigned hostile attack, in which light they also regard the throwing of old shoes. But there is evidence to show that old shoes are thrown on other occasions, merely for "luck," and where there is no survival of an attack. Thus it is recorded in Great Expectations that Joe and Bidder Pir, when he left them to seek his fortune. As to rice-throwing, again, the custom cannot be earlier than the use of rice in this country. Now the author of a French work on "The Kingdom of Macassar," published at the end of the seventeenth century, found that rice was thrown out of the back windows of the house all day during a marriage in Macassar. The bride and bride-groom were not pelted, the object was to distract the attention of the envious evil spirits. Left to their own devices, the evil spirits might have played all sorts of practical jokes, might have carried the bridegroom off bodily to the chamber of the Princes of Persia, or conveyed the bride to the arms of the Prince of Bagdad, or of a humpbacked groom. How the rice affected the demons is not very obvious. An acute observer has divided the practices of savage religion into "spirit-scaring" and "spirit-squaring." Were the Macassar bogies scared or squared, frightened or bribed, by the showers of rice! That is a question for Mr. Herbert Spencer; but either hypothesis is more plausible than the common idea that rice is an emblem of fruitfulness and secures an abundant crop of olive-branches.

Symbols and ceremonies are apt to glide into realities, and realities into symbols. The symbolic rice in Bethnal Green was lately thrown with such hearty good will that it nearly put out the eye of one of the bridegrooms. "He was led to "a surgery adjacent, and will now have to pass in the ward "of a hospital what would otherwise have been his honey-"moon." Perhaps this well-directed and galling fire of rice was kept up by an unsuccessful rival, who may be congratulated on the ingenuity of a device which has hitherto escaped even the villain of fiction. It must become plain, however, even in the parish of St. James the Less, that friendly congratulations may be better expressed than by a shower of dangerous missiles. We are sorry to harass any trade; but surely the local grocers may ask themselves whether it is well to "keep parcels of rice ready packed for the occamision" as they do at present. Distress is already prevalent enough at the East End; it cannot be mitigated by encouraging weddings among amorists who are unable or unwilling even to pay the entrance fees. Possibly the rice-throwing has a local explanation. It may be intended to counteract the well-meant kindness of the vicar, and to discourage those whom his expansive generosity allures into marriages of improvidence.

It is curious to read how the bride escapes from the worst of the missiles, thanks to the protection of her veil. The veil is as old a part of the marriage ceremony as any known to civilization; but its origin is obscure. According to one theory, the veil, like other female head-coverings, is worn "because of the angels"; according to another, it survives from the age when a husband was forbidden to see the face of his wife—an odd state of affairs. Perhaps bridegrooms

will now take to wearing veils as they come from the altarof Hymen in Bethnal Green.

THE NAVY.

It would seem to be particularly the case with naval misfortunes that they come in battalions. Whenever one of Her Majesty's ships goes on shore she is sure to be soon followed by another. The rule holds good for accidents with guns and accidents with machinery. After the explosion on board the Collingwood there has come the very ugly misfortune on the Phaeton, and we have heard of the breakdown of the Calypso, which, again, is not by any means the only ship in the navy that has been found unable to work within the last few months. The accident on the Phaeton is in some respects the least serious of them all, for it was apparently due to an oversight, and not to a deficiency in the machinery. It would seem that there must have been great carelessness on the part of somebody in this case. Before it can be possible that a Nordenfeldt gun can be fired along the deck of a man-of-war while the crew are at quarters, there must be no little flurry and confusion among the men who are handling it. Still, unpleasant

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as en accident of this sort is, it is far less serious than the bursting of the 43-ton gun of the Collingwood or the breaking of the Calypso's screw. No care in drilling and no vigilance of supervision can make it impossible for men to do things wrong. When a mere blunder in handling a tool takes place, the mischief done stops there. Whoever is responsible for it suffers if his superiors do their duty, but there is no general loss of confidence in the organization. When, however, guns and screws come to grief, the natural thing is to conclude that other guns and other screws are equally untrustworthy. Everybody has come or is coming to that conclusion, at least as far as the guns of the navy are concerned, and if the list of breakdowns in machinery grows any longer, the Engineer Department at Whitehall will have to sit down beside Woolwich. That great institution is in a lamentable position. For the first time in the memory of man, and indeed in its whole existence, it is so beaten down and subdued that it cannot answer criticism in the good old style. Time was when, if one quarter of the bitter things which are being said about it now had been heard, there would have been a dozen gentlemen found in the House and out of it to declare that the Arsenal was the most industrious, the best managed, the most economical, and the most ingenious workshop on the face of the earth. Now, not a word is to be heard to that effect. The utmost any advocate of the Ordnance Department can find the courage to say is that it is so worried by different masters and so tightly held in hand by the Treasury that it really cannot be expected to do any better than it does.

After Friday night of last week this is undoubtedly as much as can well be said for it. On that evening Mr. WOODALL and Mr. HIBBERT had to make statements about Woolwich and the kind of weapon it turns out, which would be highly comic if one could forget that the efficiency of the British navy and the safety of British commerce are at stake. The Surveyor-General of the Ordnance had to explain to the House what is being done in the way of inquiry into the causes of the bursting of the Collingwood's gun, who is inquiring, and, finally, who is responsible. Mr. Woodall had to inform honourable memresponsible. Mr. WOODALL had to inform honourable members in answer to the first two questions that Woolwich is inquiring into itself, and in reply to the last he had to give the information which has always been forthcoming when anything goes wrong in military or naval management—namely, that nobody is responsible. Mr. CHILDERS'S bold use of that admirable resource, the departmental inquiry, has been an example to his colleagues. The Ordnance Department is quite as ready to judge itself as the Home Office. The position of Woolwich is briefly this. After shutting its eves with dogred obstinacy for this. After shutting its eyes with dogged obstinacy for years, it was at last forced to see the necessity of making breech-loading guns. Then it set to work to make these weapons, with no trifling amount of fuss. When it had fixed on its type and turned out some specimens, Colonel Hope and other competent persons examined them, and declared they were bad. Woolwich knew it was right, and would listen to nothing and nobody. One of its guns burst on board the Alert. Woolwich declared the fault lay with the seamen-gunners. Naval officers thought otherwise; but Woolwich was unmoved. Then came the time for trying the 43-ton gun on board the Collingwood. Colonel HOPE was sure a disaster would happen, and wrote to the FIRST LORD of the Admiralty to predict it and show why it was inevitable. Within twenty-four hours he was proved to be right. Of course at the same time Woolwich was shown to have been hopelessly in the wrong. Woolwich was shown to have been hopelessly in the wrong. Yet when an inquiry becomes necessary it is to be conducted by the very department which must be responsible for the disaster. Colonel Hope is to be allowed to give evidence, but not to help otherwise in the inquiry. Mr. Woodall's answer to the question "Who was responsible for choosing "that type of gun?" was eminently characteristic of a Government department. He pointed out that the 43-tonner was designed by the members of the late Board, helped by outsiders. Now the composition of the Board has been changed. The individual members are not responsible, because they have ceased to be officially connected sible, because they have ceased to be officially connected with Woolwich. The members of the new Board cannot be held responsible, because they did not make the gun. Ergo, nobody is responsible, as usual. That is the official view. The unofficial view is that Woolwich considered in the abstract is responsible, and that the first step to take towards getting good weapons for the navy is to make a very thorough change in the system which has hitherto and

during a long period of years inflicted on the navy guns which, when they were not bad, were at least less good than those of other nations. What the new system ought to be is matter for inquiry no doubt, but not for inquiry by Woolwich. The present absurd position of the navy was admirably illustrated by Mr. Hibber when he told Mr. Carbutt that the Captain of the Colossus had orders to suspend practice with his 43-ton guns. The Colossus is supposed to be a very powerful war ship, and the Admiralty pointed to her when it was asked how it proposed, in case of necessity, to fight the French. This powerful vessel might now just as well be armed with wooden dummies as with guns which she must not use. And what sharpens the joke, the very black joke, is that in these times the guns are much less made for the ship than the ship for the guns. All our recent ironclads have been kept back, modified, and altered during years so as to fit them for the admirable weapons which were to be supplied by Woolwich. The gun comes and turns out to be a failure. As a matter of course, all the special fittings, alterations in design, and ingenious arrangements made for the sake of the gun are in considerable danger of turning out to be failures also.

The apparent intention of the present Admiralty Board to give up the construction of the Nile and the Trafalgar will, in the natural course of things, set going the old controversy as to the value of ironclads. The partisans of big and little ships will fight their battles over again, and we shall once more be called upon to try to find out from fifty conflicting statements what amount of protection really protects. It is needless to enter into these subjects at present, or to inquire whether the Nils and the Trafalgar were good ships, or whether they were like to be the last of their kind, or whether other nations are or are not going to continue building ironclads. What is worth pointing out, however, is the admirable way in which this intention to give up building them illustrates the inherent vices of our naval administration. These vessels were designed, and even begun, when the country was well frightened by what it had at last been compelled to hear of the state of the navy. Theoretically the decision to build them was taken because responsible statesmen felt that they were needed. Practically they were taken in hand as a political move. They will be given up for the same reason. The scare is over. The cheeseparing spirit has revived, and the ships are to be dropped if the House cannot be persuaded to resist the appeal of the Treasury, speaking by the mouth of the Admiralty. With an Admiralty which has to think of the constituencies first and the navy afterwards, and an Ordnance Department which cannot make a decent gun, the service is likely to remain in its old condition. ever good has been done for it has been done in spite of the Admiralty by the officers themselves, and that is like to continue to be the case.

THE DECEASED WIFE'S SISTER BILL.

THE House of Lords has this week had and used the opportunity of dealing a blow at both of the most mischievous foibles of modern reformers—the mania for making illegal things legal in order to gratify law-breakers and the mania for making legal things illegal in order to annoy law-abiding persons. The Durham Sunday Closing Bill is a fair example of the latter; the Bill for Legalizing Marriage with a Deceased Wife's Sister is the stock and standing example of the former. Its defeat last Monday took place in a manner which must have been extremely satisfactory to all defenders of law. It was decisive; it was not, as happened on the last occasion, the reversal of a previous decision, a reversal which it seems distresses some ardent admirers of the House of Lords as a proof of "vacillation"; it could not be said to be due, as some opposite results of divisions on the subject have been due, to extraneous influence, and it was not procured merely by the votes of the Bishops, who, being the appointed guardians of morality and discipline in Parliament, are, it will readily be understood, unfitted to vote on any questions which affect discipline and morality. Finally, it had the honour of being preceded, and no doubt in part determined, by the delivery of one of the very best speeches ever uttered on the subject. The Duke of Argyll's address was a very nearly exhaustive discussion of the question, and may be said to have made a permanent addition to its literature.

It is, we confess, difficult for us to understand the position

of those, if there be any such, who, without personal interest, take part in and encourage this mischievous and hollow agitation, an agitation known to be supported by the money of wealthy law-breakers, and which has never been able to bring forward anything in its own favour but a tissue of misrepresentations and sophistries. The argument for the law may be drawn up in three divisions, the weakest of which is in reason unconquerable. It is a law which has strong reasons to support it à priori, and supposing that the whole reasons to support it a priors, and supposing that the whole question of arranging society were a new and open one. It is part of an immemorial arrangement which has been justified by experience and interference with any part of which must bring on further and yet more dangerous interferences. And, lastly, it is attacked by such a ragged regiment of instances, and arguments as surely never menaced any fundamental institution of society before. The Duke of St. Albans must be a very serious man, indeed, if he could urge, without at least internal chuckling, the petition of nine thousand intelligent London cabmen in favour of his Bill. He did not give the proportion as in some other cases, but it may be assumed roughly to be about two in three. Does any human being suppose that of every three cab-men he meets on their boxes in the London streets two have, on ecclesiastical, social, and personal grounds, argued this question out and arrived at a decision that the welfare of British mankind depends on their being allowed to marry British mankind depends on their being allowed to marry their deceased wives' sisters? The thing is in reality a reductio ad absurdum of the whole agitation. Nor are other parts of it less vulnerable. It has been supported, as has been shown over and over again, by repeated, and we fear we must say deliberate, falsification of what was done at the last settling of the law fifty years ago. The more intelligent and fair-minded of the supporters of innovation admit themselves that their own scriptural argument is at the best one of probability, while the whole tendency of the agitation, though it sometimes attempts to make capital out of ecclesiastical differences, is that ecclesiastical as opposed to scriptural authority is of no force at all. The arguments from sentiment are met by other and stronger arguments from sentiment. The residuum—the arguments ad misericordiam, the pictures of unhappy persons waiting with trembling hope for the passing of the Bill—is simply an impudent demand that those who have knowingly and deliberately broken the law, with full knowledge of the consequences, shall have those consequences remitted. The agitators themselves have deprived themselves of the chance of pleading even ignorantia juris. Their subsidized activity has informed every London cabman, every Norfolk farmer of the exact state of the law. The only wonderful thing is that an agitation so impudent in motive and so baseless in reason should hold its ground so long. That it has once more received a heavy blow is unluckily no sufficient reason for ceasing to watch it, but it is present ground for very hearty satisfaction.

THE ABUSE OF DETECTIVES.

THE trial of Hugh Mottram Brooks for the murder of Arthur Prelier at St. Louis, Missouri, is chiefly remarkable for the manner in which the case against the prisoner has been got up. The crime of Brooks, if crime he committed, was a strange one, though the obvious and sufficient motive was seven hundred dollars. Prelier was a commercial traveller, travelling to Australia "in carpets" for a Bradford firm. Brooks, who is the son of a school-master in Cheshire, made Prelier's acquaintance on board a steamer between Liverpool and Boston. They stayed together in Boston, and arranged to meet at St. Louis. Prelier went through Canada, and Brooks, who adopted the name of Maxwell, journeyed direct to St. Louis. When Prelier arrived, he joined Brooks at the Southern Hotel. On Easter Monday Brooks left the hotel, and took his ticket to San Francisco by way of Ogden. Just a week after the departure of Brooks the body of Preller was discovered in a trunk in one of the bedrooms. The coroner's jury found a verdict of wilful murder, and a warrant was issued for the apprehension of Brooks. Brooks, however, had a long start, and succeeded in making his escape to New Zealand. At Auckland he was arrested, and brought back to St. Louis. So far the American police had certainly managed the business uncommonly well, and the capture could not have been more neatly made. But after the apprehension of Brooks everybody seemed to go to sleep. The murder was committed, if at all, on Easter Sunday, 1885. Brooks was brought back to

St. Louis in August of last year. Some sort of preliminary hearing then took place in the nature, we presume, of a magisterial examination. But the regular trial had to be postponed, because there were no funds in the city treasury to conduct the prosecution. That the State of Missouri, with a population of more than two millions, should be reduced to such pitiable straits as this is indeed extraordinary. Further delay was granted for the preparation of depositions in England, which would apparently not have been allowed if there had been funds in the St. Louis treasury. If Brooks is convicted, he may appeal first to the City Circuit Courts, then to the State Courts at Jefferson City, and finally to Washington. No one can say that there is any indecent haste about bringing criminals to justice in America.

The Judge who was entrusted with the charge of this sensational case showed a due sense of its importance and his own. He spent the first week calmly and peaceably in empanelling a jury, a process which in this bepeaceably in empaneting a jury, a process which in this be-nighted old country seldom occupies half an hour. Then he proceeded to business, and many more days were devoted to hearing evidence for the prosecution. Among the witnesses against Brooks was a detective, whose testimony seems to have been received without objection or unfavourable com-This detective procured admission to the gaol as a forger, and took an early opportunity of engaging in friendly conversation with Brooks. In ten days, so says the detective, Brooks had told him the whole story of how he killed PRELLER with morphia and chloroform—the morphia injected, the chloroform inhaled. "When Brooks," says a correspondent, "saw the detective appear in the witness-"box, he started from his seat, his face blanched with "terror." Very dramatic it must have been, and very "terror." Very dramatic it must have been, and very interesting to the gentle ladies in Court, whom Brooks had, on the same authority, been "ogling." But what are we to think of a legal system which includes such methods of procuring a conviction? The sense of decency and the sense of fair play are alike revolted by setting traps of this kind. If, however, the truth were sure to be elicited, there might be some excuse for the ignoble means employed. If it could be said with certainty that no risk was involved to an innocent man, then indeed the dodge would still remain a low one; but the matter would concern rather the dignity of the law then the effects of the public. But the dignity of the law than the safety of the public. the fact is exactly the reverse. A prisoner's life is made to depend upon the word of an informer of the most degraded class. No honourable man would for any sum which could be named perform such service as was exacted from this detective, and we know that the treasury of St. Louis is far from plentifully supplied. Such a confession as the detective repeated or invented is necessarily private. No other witness could be called on one side or the other except the prisoner himself. The prisoner would of course deny that he had said nimself. The prisoner would of course deny that he had said anything of the kind. Supposing the detective to be unshaken in cross-examination, what are the jury to do? We should say that their only safe course would be utterly to reject the whole story, as told by a spy of the worst sort, who ought not to be believed upon his eath. If all juries took this course the plan would soon be dropped.

THE PANAMA CANAL.

IT may be the case, and on the whole we hope it is the case, that no great body of Englishmen have a direct personal interest in the negotiations which have been going on for some time, and are not yet finished, between the French Government and M. DE LESSEPS'S Panama Canal Company. As long as nobody's money is at stake these things are apt to escape notice, and yet the Panama Canal, and the Company, and the Company's dealings with the Government are not without a certain interest of their own. The subject of the negotiations has no great novelty. It is only whether or no the French Government shall give the Company leave to raise a sum of money. This is not a very dignified kind of question. There is about it an odour as of the financial difficulties of Mr. MICAWBER; but the sum to be raised is vast, and much of very general interest depends on the success of the Company, first in getting the money, and then in spending it to good purpose. Six hundred millions of francs is the amount the Company wishes to raise, and it is to be spent, as all the world knows, in establishing a direct communication between the Atlantic and Pacific Oceans across Central America. A financial operation on this scale is a matter of interest to all the markets of Europe; and it is obvious that, if the

Company can make its Canal, the course of a great part of the world's trade will be changed. On the face of it there would seem to be something very

On the face of it there would seem to be something very unfavourable to the Company in the mere fact that it is asking for all this money at this date. It is not beginning. On the contrary, it has been at work for some few years, and it has apparently discovered that all its first calculations were entirely wrong. The Canal cannot be made for the sum once thought sufficient, nor within the time once thought ample. No less than twenty-four millions sterling must be added to its capital if it is to go on at all. When that is stated the least cautious of mankind must needs ask himself whether the Canal can ever be made must needs ask himself whether the Canal can ever be made so as to pay interest on its shares. The question whether the Canal can be made in the engineering sense is quite another thing. Modern engineers are so ingenious and machinery is now so powerful that the mere mechanical work of providing a waterway across the Isthmus of Panama may be taken to be within the power of man. The diffimay be taken to be within the power of man. The dimensional culties are great—far greater even than M. DE LESSEPS supposed they would be—but it would be rash to assert that modern engineers will find them insurmountable. Granted, however, that the Canalcan be made, the question still remains whether it will pay. There seem to be very good reasons for supposing that it will not. The Company has already discovered that it was wrong in its calculations both as to time and cost. The work has not got on so far as it was to have got, and it has cost unexpectedly large sums of money. With this not very favourable record the Company has applied to the Government for leave to add to its capital. Before coming to a decision the Government has included efore coming to a decision the Government has inquired this gentleman left France M. DE LESSEPS, with a little suite of his own, hurried after him, apparently with the intention of "nursing" the inquiring outsider. The two hurried, one after the other, over the ground; but the Government engineer kept his counsel, and was not Government engineer kept his counsel, and was not overpowered by the glamour, to use a consecrated phrase, of M. de Lesseps's personality. On his return he reported unfavourably to the Company. He could not see where the interest on the twenty-four millions was to come from. His verdict was not put in that form; but it amounted to about that. With this report on the one hand, and the magnificent promises of M. de Lesseps on the other to consider, the Government has asked the Company three questions before making up its mind as to what it will do. It wants to know whether the Company will undertake to make the Canal without locks; whether it will answer for doing the work with the twenty-four millions; whether it make the Canal without locks; whether it will answer for doing the work with the twenty-four millions; whether it will undertake to have finished by 1889. The Company is said to have given an affirmative answer to the first two questions, and to be prepared to give a similar reply to the third. Whether the Government will take its word for it and give the required paragraphs of the same and give the required permission remains to be seen. M. DE FREYCINET has great sympathy with big engineering works. He is sure to share M. DE LESSEPS'S enthusiasm.

That enterprising gentleman devoted himself to this undertaking avowedly because it was the next biggest thing to be done after the Suez Canal, and M. DE FREYCINET may be trusted to feel for him heartily. Still, the French Premier burnt his own fingers smartly over great public works. Experience may have made him more cautious, and he cannot help reflecting that there is no Ismail Pasha in Central America to be diplomatically bullied into extorting money out of his subjects for the purposes of the Canal. Whatever is spent on it must come out of the Canal. Whatever is spent on it must come out of and pockets of the subscribers, who will be mostly, if not all, Frenchmen; and the more the Company spends in making Frenchmen; and the more the Company spends in making the Canal the less is it likely to pay interest. With this knowledge to guide him, M. DE FREYCINET may well hesitate before he helps M. DE LESSEPS to provide Frenchmen with a grandiose opportunity of losing money in order to please the modern passion for big engineering works. If he says "Yes," it will be the turn of the public to think whether its money should be risked in order that France may have another chance of showing that it is at the head of civilization, and M. DE LESSEPS may again be seen at the head of France.

THE REUNITED PARTY.

MR. GLADSTONE'S incurable passion for circuity was singularly illustrated in his series of replies to Sir Michael Hicks-Beach's perfectly natural inquiries as to the result of his interview with his party at the Foreign

Office on Thursday last. With nothing whatever to gain from concealment, and bound, as we venture to think, in common respect to the House of Commons not to attempt it, the Prime Minister was only with the greatest difficulty induced to declare his intentions with regard to the Separation Bill from his place on the Treasury Bench. decision which he had arrived at was an open secret when the House met; the very words almost in which he had announced it to his followers were passing from lip to lip in the lobbies; a full report of them was about to appear, as Mr. Gladstone himself stated, in the newspapers of the following morning. Yet, in spite of all these circumstances—circumstances which would have induced any other Minister than Mr. GLADSTONE to volunteer at the earliest Minister than Mr. GLADSTONE to volunteer at the earliest possible moment a public statement of what had passed—the one important decision which had just been arrived at had literally to be dragged out of him. He was first jocular, then mysterious, then evasive, everything but simple and straightforward. It was only when Sir Michael Hicks-Beach, after repeated invitations to the Premier to unbosom himself, at last put to him the point-blank question whether he intended to withdraw the Separation Bill if and when it is read a second time—it was only then that he could bring himself to admit that he intends in the event specified—not, indeed, to drop the he intends in the event specified—not, indeed, to drop the Bill, but to provide for its dropping of itself. For that, on a comparison of the PREMIER'S answer with his address to the meeting, appears to be the plain English of the statement that the House could not be asked to make further progress with the Bill within the limits of the ordinary Session. It is true that within the limits of an extraordinary Session-that is to say, of a Session not ending with a prorogation, but adjourned and resumed in the -it might be possible to make further progress with the Bill; but this is a course against which, after an express comparison of its advantages and disadvantages, Mr. GLADSTONE has definitely decided. And he has decided against it for the avowed reason that he thinks it better on the whole to reintroduce the Bill in the autumn than to proceed with it then in its present shape. In other words, he deliberately chooses that line of procedure which amounts to a withdrawal in fact of the measure which he refuses to withdraw in form. So puerile an attempt to disguise reality under the drapery of appearance has never probably been made before even by Mr. GLADSTONE himself.

What effect this promise of a practical abandonment of his Bill appears likely to produce upon his doubting fol-lowers we will consider in a moment. Before doing so, how-ever, it is worth while to note the cost at which the tactical advantages, whatever they may be, of Mr. GLADSTONE's last manœuvre will have been attained. That cost is nothing less than the official recognition and perpetuation of the schism which he has himself created in the Liberal ranks. For the first time in our Parliamentary history a party leader has made voluntary acknowledgment that he has broken up party, and that in effect he is no longer the has broken up party, and that in effect he is no longer the leader of his party, but only of a section of it. The formula of invitation which Mr. GLADSTONE addressed to his supporters was designedly, and indeed avowedly, so framed as to exclude Lord Hartington and his following, while, whether designedly or not, it had the effect of excluding Mr. Chambellan and his adherents also. Had the Pring Minister desired to announce to the world that henceforth there is no Liberal party of which he is the chief, but that what was once that party consists of two distinct groups what was once that party consists of two distinct groups—the Unionist Liberals and the Separatist Liberals—he could not have gone a better way to work. Mr. GLADSTONE, however, is not only content to decline into the position of ever, is not only content to decline into the position of a mere sectional leader, but he is, apparently, quite indifferent to the fact that the section which he leads is the merest rump of his former party. He receives the homage of a string of nobodies with as much complacency as if it were the recovered allegiance of the dozen or so of eminent men whom he has driven from his side. Even a mere perusal of the rames of these who successively addressed him last whom he has driven from his side. Even a mere perusal of the names of those who successively addressed him last Thursday at the Foreign Office is enough to give the measure of the PRIME MINISTER'S descent. There is not a single man among them for whose judgment and capacity as a politician the critical public outside Parliament entertains the slightest respect, and not more than one of them who has given the smallest proof of special intellectual ability in any form whatever. The only Parliamentary reputation among them is one which has long distressed the judicious as a melancholy proof of the ease with which a sort of oracular authority may be built up out of nothing in sort of oracular authority may be built up out of nothing in

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the modern House of Commons. Mr. WHITBREAD is the the modern House of Commons. Mr. WHITEREAD is the traditional type of the Whig "wiseacre"—the sage who wins his position by presenting every anarchic or suicidal fallacy of democracy to an assembly whose average wit is too blunt to penetrate it in the decorous costume of a "plain Whig principle." Mr. J. F. MOULTON is a man of mathematical celebrity and of distinction in his profession; or mathematical celebrity and of distinction in his profession; but that profession happens to be the law, and we would rather not refer just at this moment to the very unpleasant inferences which are suggested by an analysis of the "record" of lawyers in this present Parliament and in relation to the Irish question. Mr. Moulton's speech at the meeting was in many ways a curiosity, its most remarkable characteristic being perhaps the high moral tone in which it was combadd. being perhaps the high moral tone in which it was couched and the noble atmosphere of principle which pervaded it. The member for Clapham thanked the PRIME MINISTER for the "generous concessions made to the conscientious feelings
"of his party." Mr. Gladstone, he said, had enabled them
to "reconcile"—something or other—" with their con"sciences." Had it not been for the concessions made that day, Mr. Moulton could not have "justified" it to his conscience to attempt, &c. And all this in some thirty odd lines of news-paper report. The sensitiveness of Mr. MOULTON'S con-science gives us genuine anxiety. The moral symptoms which he describes correspond to those which occur in the physical order when the liver takes to forcing itself prominently on the attention of its owner. Conscience apart, however, and waiving the question whether Mr. MOULTON has yet acquired the right to speak with any sort of authorities. rity on political questions, he is, no doubt, a personage to be mentioned with respect. But what are we to say of the DILLWYNS and the RUSTONS and the BRINTONS and the ILLINGWORTHS? of Mr. ARCH, who brought resolutions of unabated confidence in the PRIME MINISTER from "thousands "of labourers"? or of Mr. Gilbert Beith, the gentleman who the other day favoured the House of Commons with that most excellent of all defences of written in preference that most excellent of all defences of written in preference to oral oratory—namely, that he found his speech "a very "difficult one to make"—and who was now "very happy "to assure Mr. Gladstone "—speaking, so far as we can gather, without even a note on this occasion—that "Scot-"land was earnestly and enthusiastically in favour" of the Separation Bill? What are we to say of a tail of this kind marching behind the "Greatest Statesman of the

All sorts of conflicting speculations are affoat as to the effect of the PRIME MINISTER'S offer to convert his Bill into an abstract Resolution, to drop it after the second reading or let it drop itself, and to reintroduce "it"—or, rather, to introduce another of a widely different description—in the autumn; to do, in short, anything or everything which the remnant of his following may ask, if they will only be good enough to save him from open defeat and enable him to fulfil his bargain with Mr. PARNELL by committing the House of Commons to the principle of Separation. For the moment the Unionist Liberals appear to be the despondent party. They believe that the dread of a dissolution, and party. They believe that the ureau of a dissolution, the fact that Mr. GLADSTONE has given them a plausible pretext for asserting that their apprehensions are removed, will operate to bring back a sufficient number of weak-minded Liberals and Radicals to enable the Government to carry the second reading of the Bill by a small majority. It may be so. As Foore remarked to the gentleman who warned him, at a fashionable "assembly," that his handkerwarned him, at a fashionable "assembly," that his handkerchief was hanging from his pocket, they "know the com"pany better than we do." It may be that among the
Liberals and Radicals who are reported to have "pledged"
themselves to vote against the second reading, there is a
determining proportion who are prepared to swallow their
pledges on the mere assurance of the PRIME MINISTER
that he will bring in a revised Bill providing for the
attendance of the Irish members at Westminster on "Im"perial and reserved questions": and that they will restrain perial and reserved questions"; and that they will restrain eir curiosity as to what is to be done with Ulster, or with that Land Purchase Scheme declared to be inseparable from a Bill with which Parliament is not to be asked to make further progress. In so doing, however, they will pretty clearly define the value either of their original objection or of their recent conversion. They cannot expect any sensible man in the three kingdoms to believe their assertion that the objections, if sincere in the first instance, have been removed by the wholly illneary concessions which have been removed by the wholly illusory concessions which their chief has offered. The thing is too preposterous. It will be seen and known by the whole world that what has

brought back these half-hearted patriots to the ranks of the Separatists is simply the knowledge, now at last become certain, that the crack of the Ministerial whip will sound dissolution in the ears of all who disobey it.

NIHILISM.

EVERY one who has endeavoured to form a clear and impartial conception of the present condition of Russia must have been struck by the fact that he is at once brought into contact with two Radical parties which are even more bitterly hostile to each other than to the existing Government. Deeply as the Nihilists hate all the institutions of their country, they as the Nihilists hate all the institutions of their country, they would prefer retaining them to seeing them remodelled in accordance with the ideas of Panslavism; while, if there is any one who detests Nihilism in all its modifications more than the average courtier or placeman, it is the disinterested Panslavist. To the foreigner both theories of government seem equally impracticable and equally destructive of what we in the West consider the highest results of the civilization of centuries. By no possibility can we accept the aims, the methods, the ideals of either party; nor can the moral principles of either be brought into accordance with our own. The dream of a Holy Russia and of the mission of the Slav races to substitute the crude fancies of a few by no with our own. The dream of a Holy Russia and of the mission of the Slav races to substitute the crude fancies of a few by no means learned professors for all that has been won for mankind by the hard labour of thousands of years must appear at least as repulsive to every one who does not belong to the chosen Slav people as the proposal to make a clean sweep of history altogether and to begin human life anew on a broader international basis, without even, as far as the outsider can learn, those simple institutions which embody the germs of ethical sentiment that are to be found in even the most savage tribes and from which hitherto all the without even, as far as the outsider can learn, those simple institutions which embody the germs of ethical sentiment that are to be found in even the most savage tribes, and from which hitherto all the social and political systems of the world have been developed. It is easy to ridicule either theory and to show the impossibility that either plan should succeed. If one were adopted, the country; if the other, the party would clearly become the enemy of all the rest of the human race. The strange thing is that in Russia there are men and women of high culture who are ready not only to advocate, but to lay down their lives for, such visionary schemes. There political opinion rises to an enthusiasm that borders on frenzy, and the articles of a party programme seem to possess the conscientious obligation of a dogma. A theism is taught with religious fervour, and women of unblemished reputation, whose whole personal life is centred in their husbands and their children, incur all but the heaviest penalties by insisting, whenever an opportunity offers, on the iniquity of marriage. For the Russians these vague theories seem to be what the Catholic Charch and their country are for the Poles—a thing to love, to believe in; but, above all, to suffer and to die for. Hence it comes that it has only been by denouncing and persecuting both the Nihilists and the Panslavists, and by yielding here a little and there a little to each in turn, that the imperial Government has hitherto been carried on.

On the causes of the political passion above referred to there is

On the causes of the political passion above referred to there is at present no space to dwell; nor can we linger on the deep melancholy which is the distinguishing characteristic of the whole literature of Russia, and which at length ruined the life even of Gogol, the healthiest of her great writers. Both have, to a great extent, the same origin, though perhaps a certain inclination to sadness is as natural to the Slav as joyousness is to the Italian. But these tendencies must be borne in mind in judging every single phase of Russian life, politics, and art, because they modify the general human impulses we all understand, and lend them a peculiar and sometimes an enigmatic form. The question that interests us at present is the origin of Nibiliam

the general human impulses we all understand, and lend them a peculiar and sometimes an enigmatic form. The question that interests us at present is the origin of Nihilism.

It is only repeating a truism to say that the great misfortune of Russia is that it possesses no middle class; but, though the fact is known, its vast social and political importance is hardly recognized in the West. It is not to the rank and wealth, but to the culture, of the nation that we refer. The higher society of St. Petersburg is as intellectual as that of any European capital, and those who belong to it possess a charm of manner and bearing which can now hardly be found anywhere else. They unite the wit of Paris to the cordiality of Vienna, and in addition to this they are endowed with a witchery peculiar to the Slav races. In science and literature, too, the claim of Russia to take her place among the leading nations of Europe would hardly be disputed but for the difficulties of the language. This is the human face of the Sphynx, and who can wonder that those who have gazed only on her eyes should forget her claws? And yet she is a monster, as yet half-brutish, who is proposing riddles to the modern world which have to be answered under what penalties we know too well. Nihilism is one of them.

The peasantry of Russia is the most ignorant in Europe, and, if we except the Irish, the most bigoted and excitable. It has been left to the teaching of priests at whose intellect and morals its coarsest jests are levelled, and whom no Russian gentleman thinks of treating as his equals. The deeply religious character of the race renders it still susceptible to the teachings of Christianity, and so the countrymen still continue to reverence the Charch whose ministers they either ridicule or abhor. But the parish priests have no healthy connexion either with the upper or the lower classes; they are the only persons of any education with

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whom the great majority of the poor are brought into constant contact, and so the ideas which in other nations filter down from class to class are in Russia confined to a single one.

Here, then, we have a small minority of highly cultured men and women who are feverishly anxious to seize the latest results of the investigations of the West, and morbidly sensitive to its opinion, and a vast majority of human beings who are politically stolid because they are untrained, who may be cast out of their groove by volcanic social changes like the emancipation of the serfs, though they are apt to fall back into something very like it again as soon as the momentary impulse is withdrawn. How much dynamite is hidden in this ponderous mass, and whether or no it can be rendered explosive, are the questions that the Nihilists have set themselves, but that only the coming century can decide. At present unprejudiced observers are of opinion that the peasants are incapable of forming a reasonable conviction on any matter that lies beyond the limits of their own villages, and that passionately as they feel and hastily as they would act on some questions, they are unable even to understand a revolutionary theory.

How can the physics that are greenerally called Liberal ideas.

on some questions, they are unable even to understand a revolutionary theory.

How can the phrases that are generally called Liberal ideas be applied to such a state of things? This is the question which the best heads in the country have been vainly endeavouring to solve for the last seventy years. In the opinion of the best informed and most moderate Russians a Chamber elected by anything approaching a popular vote would be more reactionary and more despotic than the most autocratic of the Czars has ever dared to be: while, under certain given metanges it might at once he seem approaching a popular vote would be more reactionary and more despotic than the most autocratic of the Czars has ever dared to be; while, under certain circumstances, it might at once be succeeded by an Assembly more violently democratic than even France has hitherto seen. Parliamentary government, as we understand it, is therefore impossible, and a Republic even more so. Yet Liberal ideas are one of the dominating forces of the intellectual life of Russia. Under Alexander I. they were alternately encouraged and repressed; during the reign of his son they filtered in, in spite of all the arbitrary energy of Nicolas. Alexander III., a weaker, though perhaps also a more humane, man, was powerless to oppose them. At least nine-tenths of the educated Russians of the present day are Liberal at heart, unless they are either officials or Panslavists.

No one in Russia believes that the present state of things can last much longer. Since the death of Nicolas corruption has spread so widely and deeply among the official class as to be almost unendurable, and partly at least on this account the internal action of the Government appears to those who are subject to it at once weak and cruel. Eleven persons may commit with impunity acts for which the twelfth is subjected to punishments that would seem to most men worse than death. The leading daily

that would seem to most men worse than death. The leading daily papers of Western Europe are usually ready enough to dwell upon all the details of a sensational case; there was only one of them, the Neue Freie Presse of Vienna, that could find room for a full werbal report of the trial of Vera Sassulitch, yet it was one of the most remarkable of our age. Though it was essentially political, it was tried before a jury and in an open court thronged by the most distinguished society of St. Petersburg. The prisoner was a most distinguished society of St. Petersburg. The prisoner was a girl accused of an attempt to murder General Trepow. Of her guilt there could be no doubt—nay, she confessed, or rather boasted of it. Yet, in the teeth of the evidence, the jury found for the prisoner, because that was the only way open to them of expressing the conviction that she had been subjected to an oppression which human nature could not endure. The Government was filled with terror at the effect produced by the disclosures made in the case; but, instead of reforming the abuses which had been exposed, it took steps to prevent any further public revelations. public revelations.

Under such circumstances it is hardly surprising that Russians should believe the worst of the authorities under whom they live. should believe the worst of the authorities under whom they live. It is said—not by extreme partisans, but by many who in other respects seem to be trustworthy men of moderate opinions, and who certainly are not zealots—that attempts are made both in the schools and colleges to tempt young men of unusual character or ability into secret Societies, in order that their careers may be ruined, and thus the most gifted of the future opponents of the Government be silenced; and, incredible as such stories must appear to an Englishman, the facts that came to light in the case already mentioned explain only too clearly how it is that they are generally believed. Hence the most generous impulses of youth, its sympathy with the weak and its hatred of injustice, are from the first brought into violent opposition to those who represent the existing order of things, and they are too often used as tools, by men whose lives have been wrecked and whose judgments are perverted by the wrongs to which they have been exposed. The youthmen whose lives have been wrecked and whose judgments are per-verted by the wrongs to which they have been exposed. The youth-ful Nihilist does not begin his career with an unnatural liking for assassination. A taste for dynamite, like that for caviare, is an acquired one, and it is not improbable that any person of strong feelings and vivid imagination who had passed through the requi-site training or been reduced to the necessary straits might

acquire it.

Nihilism, like the eloquence of a maniac, bears witness to the gifts as well as the sickness of the nation. It is not in an effete race that girls of noble birth and gentle breeding are to be found who steal away from the luxury of their homes and the affections of their friends not to meet the embraces of a favoured lover, but who steal away from the luxury of their homes and the affections of their friends, not to meet the embraces of a favoured lover, but to work in the mills, for the mere purpose of spreading the precepts of a new political gospel, well knowing that the only recognition which awaits them is that, as soon as they are detected, the prison doors will open to receive them, and who con-

tinue the hard and gloomy life of factory-hands for years, in the hope that the poor may some day be brought to enjoy a small part of the advantages to which they were born, but which they freely resigned. There is a grandeur and persistence in such self-sacrifice which, though it cannot excuse the error, at least shields it from contempt, and provokes a sigh of regret when we think of the great things such natures could accomplish if they were rightly led. rightly led.

But where is such leadership to be found? The kings of Russian But where is such leadership to be found? The kings of Russian thought are dumb. The present state of things seems intolerable to every man of culture who is interested in politics and has not sold his soul for an office. The panaceas of the West—Parliamentary or Republican government—clearly cannot be applied to this case. "That" the Panslavist replies, "only proves that modern civilization is a failure, and that the political forms and theories of other nations are warn out." theories of other nations are worn out.'

A COMPANY OF POOR MEN.

I T must be admitted that Britain is in a bad way at present. Not only has she to make up her mind about an extremely important matter, but she has to make it up in the absence of Mr. Matthew Arnold. Yet more, Mr. Arnold has not trusted to arr. Mattnew Arnold. Let more, Mr. Arnold has not trusted to the natural channels of information for producing the full distress-ing effect on pale Britannia. He is not like the youthful Miss Newcome, who knew that her infantine admirer would "see it in the papers" and troubled herself no more about letting him the papers," and troubled herself no more about letting him know her whereabouts. He must needs write a special letter to the Times to tell us all how

Bonny Matthew's gaun awa', Safely o'er the friendly main;

Safely o'er the friendly main; and how we must do our best without him, despite the unpleasant facts that the Marquess of Salisbury has a bad political temper, that Mme. de Sévigné wrote some extremely recondite letters about two hundred years ago, that Mr. Gladstone is all wrong, that Lord Randolph Churchill is all wrong, that Mr. Bryce is all wrong, that nobody but Mr. Matthew Arnold is all right, and that he is on the briny main, and cannot help us, even if (which he is apparently rather inclined to think it isn't) it were any good. This is not the way that the beautiful and benevolent fairies the tales behaved to their protégés when some trial was coming the tales behaved to their protégés when some trial was coming off. It is really conduct suited to eclipse the gaiety of nations.

off. It is really conduct suited to eclipse the gaiety of nations. Still, as ever, there are consolations. Mr. Matthew Arnold's home may for some time be in the Settin' Sun, and our tribulations over here may come to him but like a tale of little meaning. But we have Mr. Gladstone and Mr. Gladstone's colleagues, Mr. Arnold has left us to our own devices—fortunately also to Mr. Gladstone's. It has been justly recognized already by persons of discernment that Mr. Gladstone's distinction on Monday night between "general" truth on the one hand and "little" and Mr. Gladstone's. It has been justly recognized already by persons of discernment that Mr. Gladstone's distinction on Monday night between "general" truth on the one hand and "literal and absolute" truth on the other is even for him a gem. "La vérité vraie" nsed to be thought a French expression—the locution of a frivolous and immoral nation. Mr. Gladstone disproves this narrow and illiberal idea. About a hundred years ago Denis Diderot ("A bad man, my dear, a bad man," according to some people) was in a great state of tribulation. The excellent Denis, who was not a bad man at all, though he left to desire in some points of religious and political orthodoxy, had just discovered that his very ingenious and scoundrelly friend, Baron Grimm, "distinguished between two Justices," and he, Denis, did not like it. Who will play Diderot to Mr. Gladstone's Grimm, and be disturbed because Mr. Gladstone has distinguished between two Truths? We are not prepared ourselves to undertake that part. It doesn't surprise us at all. We have been familiar for too long a time with the gulf between literal and absolute truth on the one hand and Mr. Gladstone's singular body guard of hierarchical truths—General Truth, Colonel Truth, Captain Truth, Lieutenant Truth, and Mr. Noncommissioned-Officer Truth, who really has so very little truth about him, that you might mistake him for Private Falsehood. Still it is very agreeable to have the distinction emphasized at first hand, and just before an important constitutional crisie. What degree (it would be most interesting, but we fear rather impertinent, to ask) in the service of truth has Mr. Gladstone's attachment to Home Rule attained? Has it risen from the ranks? Is it a general officer? For that it has or should have got out into the literal and absolute revion, that it should from the ranks? Is it a general officer? For that it has or should

from the ranks? Is it a general officer? For that it has or should have got out into the literal and absolute region, that it should have ceased to be sacramentally devoted to something which is not literal and absolute truth, would be of course equally absurd to suppose and unreasonable to require.

Then, too, there is that interesting—though, of course, most calumnious—statement of "a Member of Parliament" who is said to have written to the New York Herald observing that "this is essentially a Ministry of poor men; their salaries are an object, and they are therefore anxious to remain in office as long as possible." Of course, we say, this is a calumny, probably a misreport. That poor man, Lord Spencer, who, when he is not in town or in the "damned Castle," resides in the workhouse of Althorp; that noted pauper, Lord Rosebery, and the rest, disprove it. Besides, even as to the less richly estated members, there is Mr. John Morley, who has a Marquisat de Quinet in his pen at less tas good as Scarron's; Mr. Broadhurst, who will never want as long as there are industrious Trade-Unionists ready to pay agitators, and so forth. So, as far as facts go, we say Out on this New York Herald libeller! Still it must be observed that this person, who

is a sympathizer, has hit on a very pleasant description of the Ministry. Everybody remembers the "company of poor men" who, so describing themselves, or being described in Puritan days and language, did greatly affect the imagination of Mr. Carlyle. That philosopher, who was not, however, slow to see the humorous side of things, did not, it is to be feared, think for the moment of the classical analogies of ibit eo quo vis qui zonam perdidit, or of the other passage about Graculus esurieus. The Correspondent of the New York Herald, a practical man, brings down the heroics of the seventeenth century, and turns into matter of fact the gibes of Horace and Juvenal after a very satisfactory manner. The Ministry are sure to stick to office, for they are poor; the attractions of quarter-day are neverfailing. It would appear that the writer is an Irish member, and, if so, he no doubt speaks feelingly. A company of poor men is not and cannot be indifferent to rack and manger. Granted that the present Ministry is different, the general principle remains true.

And this company-of-poor-men doctrine is particularly worth

Ministry is different, the general principle remains true.

And this company-of-poor-men doctrine is particularly worth attending to at this moment. In the first place, all the advocates of the Home Rule Bill are never tired of hoping that, as Ministries go and come, each will be more a company of poor men than the former. No more of your peers and country gentlemen who have high stomachs; no more of your purse-proud bankers, or your venal lawyers, or your insolent men of letters that usually talk of a noun and a verb and such abominable words as no Christian ear can endure to hear and (as Mr. Leicester, M.P., knoweth) no Christian pen endure to spell. Was it not only the other day that the labour candidates set up a huge howl to the effect that the Bill must pass, for if it didn't pass there would be a dissolution, and if there were a dissolution they, the labour candidates, would have no money, and if they had no money, the fierce democracy of England would have nothing to say to them? Here is the company-of-poor-men argument in yet another form as convincing, as edifying, as altogether satisfactory as can possibly be desired. Justly, justly does the public blood boil to think that a sort of mere marquesses and professors, of atrocious folk that can make jokes and have two gowns, should put off the millennium when Mr. Gladstone, separating accurately general truth from that merely literal and absolute variety which is as the letter that killeth, shall at the head of a company of poor men direct the affairs of the nation without hindrance and without let.

can make jokes and have two gowns, should put off the millennium when Mr. Gladstone, separating accurately general truth from that merely literal and absolute variety which is as the letter that killeth, shall at the head of a company of poor men direct the affairs of the nation without hindrance and without let.

Yet again, how much light, what a flood of light indeed, does this company-of-poor-men statement throw on the Irish desire for the Bill itself! Wicked persons have gone so far as to tot up the loaves, to enumerate the fishes, which will be at the disposal of the Lord of Avondale and his company of poor men when the Bill has passed. It ran to millions annually, we think, but a hundred thousand or two more or less does not matter. There are the judges, the wicked judges, who, as the same admirable speech of the Mr. Gladstone of the fifteenth century has it, have called poor men [such as Mr. Xavier O'Brien] before them about matters they were not able to answer, and have put them in prison, and have [unfortunately not always] hanged them, when, indeed, only for the cause for which they were summoned they were most worthy to live. There are the civil servants; there is the Constabulary, the Constabulary that is going to have it out with profligate Ulster; there are "places with pinsions" such as no Irishman even in Grattan's Parliament dreamt of. Ah! what a brisk application there will be for the Uhiltern Hundreds (what is the Irish Chiltern Hundreds?) in that noble Assembly on College Green. Writ, election, appointment to place with pinsion, fresh writ, fresh election, and so forth will go merrily round till all Irishmen of the three Southern provinces are ex-M.P.'s and present placemen. Is not that something for a company of poor men to look forward to? Is not this, as the impassioned orator had it, a country and a cause worth fighting for?

fighting for?

Still, taking the two parallels on which we have not insisted, but lightly touched, together, it may perhaps be thought that the excellent Grimm and his two Justices were on the whole more like Mr. Gladstone and his two Truths than the company of poor men that excited Mr. Carlyle's fancy were like the companies of poor men who excite hopes, and whose hopes are excited in the present political situation in London, England. No doubt from the proper point of view all the four are worthy of admiration. Mr. Gladstone has already received the most fervent testimonies of that admiration from Mr. Healy, and it only needs counter expressions of an equally handsome kind from Mr. Gladstone. In fact, there is a great deal of mutual admiration about just now, occasionally, it is true, chequered with small differences of opinion. Thus Mr. Spurgeon is a little troubled in his mind about the chief of the company of poor men, the author of the distinguo between "general" and "literal and absolute" truth. Mr. Spurgeon is sure that Mr. Gladstone's mistake is "one of those which can only be made by great and well-meaning men." Perhaps; just as no doubt it is only a great and well-meaning man who would dare make the distinction already referred to. But still, when one finds that Mr. Gladstone, that he pronounces "the whole scheme" to be "as full of dangers and absurdities as if it came from a madman," and that his remaining confidence only comes from the conviction that Mr. Gladstone "believes he is doing justice and acting for the good of all," the wicked cynic can't help smiling a little. "Would it not," he may say, "would it not, O excellent Mr. Spurgeon, be a little better to have a small and ill-meaning governor, who did not produce schemes as full of dangers and

absurdities as if they came from the hands of madmen?" That is just the question which the admirers of Mr. Gladstone, the followers of the company of poor men, seem to find it terribly difficult to answer.

LANDSCAPE AT THE EXHIBITIONS.

DEOPLE readily admit that the French have a nice little trick of handling, which, though it is very clever, is also very useless; but they altogether deny that they (the French) have any sense of colour, and allude plaintively to Venetian glow and richness. Now there is colour and colour, Dutch as well as Venetian, that composed with a decorative aim and that in which the aim has been to represent, in some key or another, relations of colour as they are actually felt in nature. True, the Romantic painters of 1830, Corot and such men, by observing before everything the action of light and air on a large scale, managed in great measure to combine these two ends; and we fully believe that, whenever a really broad view of nature is taken, the result, if not patently decorative, will always be at least harmonious. Certain it is that the sincerely representative rather than the romantic quality of French art has taken root here; but, even as it is, in open-air subjects at least the canvases of those influenced by this tradition strike one, in spite of their consecration to truth of aspect, as the most reposeful and subtly harmonious on the walls of the exhibitions. One does not see Venetian colour in them any more than one does by looking out of the window; but is it to be seen in the undigested pink, blue, and cadmium of the "regular liner"? Here, if anywhere, we might expect it, where the pursuit of truth is apparently neglected in favour of capricious schemes of tone, of arrangements in juicy brown or in every hue of the rain-bow. Whatever these works—attempts at truth by untrained minds, the efforts of bad taste at being Venetian or beautiful, vagaries of literary sentiment or symbolism—a great deal of talent and patience has often been expended on their production, and it will not be amiss to notice some of the most prominent.

Every one will remember that Mr. Brett used to be held up as

most uncompromising realist among English painters. This lly shows the primitive notion of realism which obtained at the time. Air, distance, the superior value of masses to their parts, and the importance of the impression made by the general aspect and the importance of the impression made by the general aspect of a scene, were counted as nothing compared with the jewel-like quality of spots of local colour, the patient elaboration of detail in or out of relation, and the arresting quality of false and strangely gaudy schemes of colour. No one can consider his "Argyll Eden" (Academy, 340) a true landscape, revealed as things are in nature, subtly and impalpably, by light and air; and few would wholly admire the disposition of the colour even in a rug or carpet. It is a vast catalogue of facts and objects, observed without relation to each other and somewhat rapifully and laboration. without relation to each other, and somewhat painfully and laboriously put together. Ingenious devices for doing what should not be done are plentiful in many of this painter's pictures, and are not absent from this. The best instance is the manner in which, in his finest picture, "Britannia's Realm," in South Kensington, he has managed to produce an enormous number of little waves going back to the horizon. As an aim, however, it was an unwise one, as he could never hope to make enough of unwise one, as he could never hope to make enough of them, and therefore the effect is little and limited where it should have been vast and multitudinous. In this year's picture, in which no realization of values has been attempted, it is perhaps superfluous to point out their absence from the green under the yacht and from the vicious blue, pink, and yellow of the distance. Parts would be admirable—such as the moving sky and the rocks in the foreground—if they were looked at by themselves. The picture altogether is the work of a powerful and earnest man who is fond of nature and who uses paint with forethought; but the fond of nature and who uses paint with forethought; but the fondness and the forethought are directed by a fanciful imagination rather than by an artistic intelligence. It is such work as fond of nature and who uses paint with forethought; but the fondness and the forethought are directed by a fanciful imagination rather than by an artistic intelligence. It is such work as this, rather than that of Frenchmen, which deserves to be called "clever" and "unsound." To those who know the solemnity and sobriety of the Fen counties, where vast stretches of space, even in the brightest sunshine, run away through subtle gradations of grey—at times russet, at times silver—and where rare objects stand out with sombre majesty against the vague land and immense sky, Mr. R. W. Macbeth's "Fen Lode" (604) will certainly appear a studio fantasy, and no attempt at reality. It must be admitted, however, that it has more beauty and more decorative unity than Mr. Brett's picture; that it is much better and more fervid than the painter's last year's work; and that it shows that, from a man of such power and taste, much more might be justly expected. His "Sodden Fen" (508) is still better; the foreground shows a broad and expert treatment of objects, but the tumble-down shanty is not imposing enough; and why, in a grey effect, should there be so much unreasonable heat and bad value, especially in the distant dyke? Mr. T. Austen Brown, in "Playmates" (481), demonstrates to admiration what an unsafe guide Mr. Macbeth is, and to what deplorable grief his imitators may come. Mr. Leader makes yet more pretence at realism; but, as it is only a make-believe, and he is entirely without Mr. Macbeth's taste, we do not know that he is the better for it. His "The End of the Day" (054) is a sunset which repeats somewhat weakly the scheme of his "February Fill-Dyke" and other pictures; there is the same juicy green, without aërial gradation, opposed to a hard tinny sky; too much detail and too much local colour are seen, and the forms are tame and without distinction.

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His "With Verdure Clad" (964) is a terrific jumble of several pictures; and, on the whole, in spite of false values, his "When the West with Evening Glows" (346) is far away his best work of this year. Mr. Briton Riviere's "Union is Strength"—a sheep and landscape picture—cannot, of course, stand on its very slender pretensions to realism; and yet it is in the idea that its silliness is most apparent, for it is not absolutely offensive in colouring. The sheep's ears look like a field of poppies, and the treatment of their wool is trivial and without invention. The same painter's "The Exile" (55), with its stringy, particoloured waves and cardboard sky, is perhaps worse in execution, though not so trivial in conception. A "Rizpah" (268), untrue as it is, is quite his strongest work. Mr. C. E. Johnson, in "Raising the Standard" (646), has spoiled what might have been a fine composition by his untimely vivacities of colour, and his notion that air and distance can be obtained by a scumble and the diminished size of distant objects. It is the fashion to pitch into Mr. Herbert, who certainly takes a good dose of the line; but, as might have been seen at the Graham Sale, he once painted very differently. He is no realist; yet in his picture of Our Lord on the Sea of Gennesareth (984) the water has a certain large run to it, and only wants some sort of workmanship to become effective. The boat and figures are pitiable; but the colour has a sort of harmony in its ugliness, which surely places it above the green tin of the toyshop to be seen in Miss Alice Havers's "Faithful Shepherdess" (1001); at any rate it would be less cruel if seen in a quiet place, and its conventionality less disturbing than Miss Havers's parody of the realistic manner. Mr. C. H. Poingdestre's "Entrance to the Village of Collepardo" (1009) is a fine romantic subject, which would have well borne a dignified conventional treatment, but does not bear such spotty stippling in bright shallow colours as he has chosen to bestow on it. Indeed, the rainbo

A strange longing for illogical and gaudy colour, in defiance of nature, bursts out here and there in pictures which have been painted with a more consistent truth. By far the most illustrious instance is Mr. Hook, who is one of our greatest painters as far as landscape, or rather seascape, is concerned. He combines a broad realization of truth with beautiful and refined colour; a broad realization of truth with beautiful and refined colour; and it is only when he introduces the British red figure that he offends against taste and judgment. Fortunately in the first room two of his canvases, "Sea Daisies" (60), with figures, and "The Broken Oar" (65), without, hang almost side by side, so that any one can see the result of introducing into a landscape, bathed in fresh cool air, figures steeped in a hot jelly-like colour. Mr. Hamilton Macallum is another devotee of last required in the first side of the state a manuscape, natured in fresh cool air, aggres steeped in a hot jelly-like colour. Mr. Hamilton Macallum is another devotee of hot figures in cool surroundings; but we think that in his "Kiss from the Sea" (Grosvenor, 81) he has made a step—a very small one—towards reform. It is absurd not to admit the limits of art, and to pine for the extremes of heat and coolness in the same picture; but, if the object of these painters is only to enhance the freshness of the ensemble by these illogical spots of red, the trick is both unworthy of them and useless in itself, as may be seen from the superior excellence of Mr. Hook's picture without figures. If, however, the warmness is meant to represent the local colour of a red face, which is unlikely—as clothes and boats and everything near them in most cases partake of the hue—then let them look at the girl in Mr. Clausen's admirably true "Holiday Time" (Grosvenor, 182), and see how the thing should be done. It is a matter of small importance what the majority of these painters do; for instance, would Mr. Colin Hunter's "The Woman's Part" (122) be much truer without the woman? But it is to the interest of every lover of art that Mr. Hook, a really great and imaginative painter, should do himself full justice.

out the woman? But it is to the interest of every lover of art that Mr. Hook, a really great and imaginative painter, should do himself full justice.

Painters of the English school, as well as those of French training and inclination, use colour with representative significance, and avoid glaring and meaningless tints or gaudy decorative effects. It is true, however, that their work in general suffers from want of value and ensemble, and that they are apt to handle with pettiness, and to observe parts without thinking of their connexion with the whole effect. Mr. Vicat Cole sends many canvases this year, and certainly one of them is excellent in sentiment and refined in conception. A "Great Marlow on the Thames" (1052), the best thing he has ever done, is better than his other essays in similar tone and effect, because the water comes up to the frame and the composition is without solid foreground—that awkward crux in style and treatment. His petty niggling style of workmanship would otherwise indubitably have led him to pile in little objects, as it has in the "Sultry Hour" (501). As it is, the picture, though rather hot, is harmonious and mellow throughout, and the empty water allows one to pass freely into the centre of the composition. Mr. Henry Moore has a fine canvas, "The Sound of Islay" (404), in which the size of the waves near at hand bear a good proportion to the whole of the subject. Mr. Mae Whirter is, on the whole, worse than usual; his stringy study of a birch-tree in snow, with pink ribbons in the sky, called "Winter Morning" (625), is perhaps his most ineffective effort; his "Three Witches" (455), as far as black-and-white arrangement is concerned, is forcible and striking, but the colour is altogether without tone and value. One of Mr. W. B. Davis's canvases, "A Flood on the Wye" (2c4), though it has not a satisfactory ensemble, or a fine system of handling, shows good points in composition, in drawing of cattle, and in the painting of

running water. Mr. Frank Walton, who figures a good deal on the line, attempts to tackle nature as she is; but, as he neither knows what treatment, value, and handling mean, nor is able to feel colour with subtlety, he fails most conspicuously. His "Waiting till the West Wind Blows" (96) shows the worst faults of bad English realism—the incapability of realizing anything but separate objects one by one, the absence of atmospheric unity in the colouring, and a complete want of art in the brushwork. A lot of rusty brown wires meant for branches are relieved falsely against a brassy sunset sky and purple distance; while similar sets of wires on the ground make a shift naïvely to represent bunches of reeds and grasses. All these strokes and masses are of the same quantity, whether far or near; that is to say, the picture is split up into a set of spelicans. Very different, indeed, is the grand and broad "Coast Marine" of Mr. Edwin Ellis, "The Haven Under the Hill" (321). This painter and Mr. Hook, and after them Mr. Henry Moore, are the great marine painters of the English school. All three have a dashing and effective technique that can vie with the style of foreign schools; and all three occasionally make faults of value and destroy the unity of their envelopment. Mr. Hook's colour is more refined than Mr. Ellis's, and he has the additional merit of having preceded him; but the younger man is better able to introduce figures, boats, and foreground details, without departing from the proportion of realism he wishes to admit in his picture. We must leave for further consideration many excellent landscapes in different schools both in the Academy and Grosvenor Gallery.

ORATORY AND DEBATING.

TF we may judge of its course and end from its beginning, the Parliament of 1836 is not likely to contribute many elegant or impressive passages to a future compiler of the eloquence of the British Senate. We may be mistaken. Contemporaries judging of contemporaries are almost superhumanly fallible. A future ago may recognize a Burke in Mr. Peter Rylands and a Charles Townshend in Mr. Labouchere, a Grattan in Mr. Healy, and a Chesterfield (as yet unennobled) in Sir William Harcourt. The debates on the Government of Ireland Bill, with the long-drawn and languid echoes of them faintly audible in the leading, but not lightsome, articles of the daily newspapers, naturally engender a feeling of depression and despondency in the reader, which may do injustice to the orators. Iteration, Dr. Chalmers said, was the only figure of speech for which he had any respect. If he had survived till now, he would have had a profound admiration for the present House of Commons. "Decies repetita placebit" is the principle on which our modern Parliamentary oratory is constructed. But this may be an illusion of fatigue from which posterity will awaken. The eloquence of the British Senate by a law of human feeling belongs to the past. Hume, in one of his essays, discusses the question why England, which can boast illustrious poets and philosophers, cites no great orator. The reason probably is, not that we have lacked great orators, but that with us great orators have usually been great statesmen or administrators. Poetry and philosopher and an essayist. In his own day he was ridiculed as "writing philosophy like a Lord Chancellor," a criticism which might seem rather to apply to Lord Brougham. In the same way an adversary might disparage Mr. Gladstone as writing Homeric criticism or patristic theology like a Prime Minister. Yet Bacon's oratory is the subject of one of the most celebrated literary tributes in our language. "There happened to be in my time one noble speaker," writes Ben Jonson, "who was full of gravity in his speaking.

man that heard him was lest he should make an end."

This instance is an exception to the general principle of contemporary misjudgments of oratorical faculty. It proves, however, that a great orator may be forgotten as a great orator simply because true oratory can never exist in and for itself. We think of Chatham as the great Minister who restored the ascendency of England in Europe; of Pitt as holding the helm of the State, not as bawling through the speaking-trumpet; of Fox, as the champion of popular principles of government; of Canning, as the successful antagonist of the doctrines of the Holy Alliance; of Peel as the Minister of Free-trade. In some of these eminent men, the association of oratoric reputation with political achievement is more prominent than in others; but in all it is secondary. Paradoxical as it may seem, Burke's reputation as an orator survives mainly because he was not an orator in the sense of being a persuasive and attractive Parliamentary speaker. His speeches last as literature, owing to the very qualities which made them unsuccessful as speeches. Instead of commanding where he spoke, and so entrancing his hearers that no man dare look away or cough, members not only looked but went away, and he seemed to afflict

the House with a universal catarrh. It was the glory of the hero of the Rolliad that

his cough, his laugh, his groan The Antwus Edmund had so oft o'erthrown;

and coughing, laughing, and groaning were the accompaniments through which, as through a disorderly crowd, Burke's voice made a passage for itself in debate. His speaking was diversified by intermittent wranglings with gentlemen opposite. It is, at least, a near approach to the truth to say that the literary survival of oratoric reputation is in the inverse ratio of oratoric ability. The speeches of the great Greek and Roman orators are, of course, an exception; but in the form in which we have them they are an exception; but in the form in which we have them they are nather pamphlets in oratoric guise, revised and corrected by their authors, than an exact reproduction of the words used. The con-ditions of the public life of antiquity were, however, so different from those of our own time as to throw no light, or only a dis-turbing and confusing light, upon the relation of Parliamentary

oratory to literature.

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The art of debating is a modern invention. It may almost be said to be an English practice, or the practice of English-speaking nations. The set speeches which are received with disfavour here, and which, indeed, are regarded almost as confessions of oratorical nations. The set speeches which are received with disfavour here, and which, indeed, are regarded almost as confessions of oratorical impotence, were the unvarying rule in ancient times. Pericles, who, according to Cieero, was, in the order of time, the first great orator of Greece, is reported to have been the first public speaker who adopted the practice of writing his speeches. This was the unvarying rule of Demosthenes, who is said to have been wholly without the power of speaking extempore, and who used to plead want of preparation when he was called on unexpectedly. Many of Cieero's speeches were unspoken; and of his inability to meet interruption there is a signal instance. The fact is that ancient oratory, when it was not the oratory of the bar, was the oratory of the stump or the platform, of which the bema and the roetra were the classical equivalents. The use of the tribune in most Continental Chambers substitutes for genuine discussion a series of set speeches, often ostentatiously read speeches, or recited pamphlets. In the United States, where, for better or worse, Parliamentary institutions are stereotyped in that stage of development which they had reached in England a century ago, and in which the fates of Ministries and the direction of policy are with the Executive and not with Congress, great themes and momentous issues are wanting. The occasion and excitement of oratory are lacking. The American people are more ingeniously inventive than any other nation that ever existed of devices for the saving of labour. By a happy economy of time and patience, speeches which voice of man never uttered, nor ear of man never heard, though it has entered into the heart of man to conceive them, are sent straightway from the writing-desk to the printer's office, and despatched by "the gentleman from Massachusetts" or from Ohio to a circle of admiring constituents. English Parliamentary speaking, even in its dullest days, was never so unreal as this. If in Hume's time it was not oratory, it was at least deba days, was never so unreal as this. If in Humes time it was not oratory, it was at least debating. He describes the eloquence of the best speakers as being much on the same level. It is impossible to give a preference to competing mediocrities, and he finds a parallel for this phenomenon in the fact that, while a hundred cabinet-makers in London can work a chair It is impossible to give a preference to competing mediocrities, and he finds a parallel for this phenomenon in the fact that, while a hundred cabinet-makers in London can work a chair or table equally well, no one poet can write verses with such spirit and elegance as Mr. Pope. "When Demosthenes was about to plead, all ingenious men flocked to Athens from the most remote parts of Greece as to the most celebrated spectacle of the world. At London you may see men sauntering in the Court of Requests, while the most important debate is carrying on in the two Houses; and many do not think themselves sufficiently compensated for the losing of their dinners by all the eloquence of the most celebrated speakers. When Mr. Cibber is to act, the curiosity of several is more excited than when our Prime Minister is to defend himself from a motion for his removal or impeachment." A similar phenomenon has been observed in our own time. At a first night of the Lyceum or St. James's Mr. Irving has proved a formidable rival to Mr. Gladstone, or Mrs. Kendal to Lord Randolph Churchill. Perhaps Hume's disparaging estimate of Parliamentary eloquence in his day may be attributed to the fact that he wrote at a time when Bolingbroke had for many years been silenced in the House of Lords and the voice of Wyndham had been hushed by death in the House of Commons. It was the prosaic period of Walpole, when a flat, unraised spirit prevailed. The elder Pitt was in his Parliamentary swadding clothes. But even of this period Voltaire wrote:—"Jo ne sais, si les harangues méditées qu'on prononçait autrefois dans Athènes et dans Rome l'emportent sur les discours non préparés du Chevalier Wyndham, de Lord Carteret," &c. The difference of judgment may perhaps be in part attributed to the fact that Voltaire was politically an Anglo-mariac, while Hume was French in taste and sentiment, even to the colour and texture of his style. But, whatever subsidiary reasons may be given, the explanation in large part lies in the fact that the great age of Parlia

Wilkes and the illustrious names of the great Whigs are associated, the American War of Independence and the French Revolutionary War quickened and stirred the national mind Revolutionary War quickened and stirred the national mind to its depths; and great triumphs and dangers and exploits found their interpretation in speech worthy of them. This is the period of which the elder Pitt and the younger Fox mark the limits. At present we seem to have reached a period when Parliament has become a place for the conversational transaction or obstruction of business. A more generous time would, it may be, produce Parliamentary heroes of the old type. But the speeches of debate at their best will never be the speeches of literature. The orator, like the actor, must be content with the audience of the moment, and be content to live as a name and as a tradition, unless great achievements of administration, of policy, and of legislation give him a place in history.

NEW LIGHT ON THE INVENTION OF PRINTING.

THE recent discovery of a document virtually determining the vexed question of the invention of printing in Europe in favour of Gutenberg has for some time past been known to bibliographers. It was the subject of a paper read at the meeting of the Library Association for 1884 by Mr. George Bullen, Keeper of Printed Books in the British Museum, which would have been printed long ago if it had been laid before a more energetic and mercurial society. Even then, however, the information would hardly have reached the public; nor are we aware that even Germany, the country most interested, has done anything to make it common property previous to the appearance of an article on the common property previous to the appearance of an article on the subject by Professor F. X. Kraus in the September number of the leading German magazine, the Deutsche Rundschau. The tale is needing German magazine, the Demacrac Atamas and the well worth telling again, especially as Professor Kraus's version is not entirely accurate or complete. The progress of knowledge has, indeed, already deprived the controversy on the invention of has, indeed, already deprived the controversy on the invention of printing of something of its interest. It has long been known that stereotypic printing was invented by the Chinese long before the fifteenth century, and, as we shall see presently, not even the first employment of movable types can be claimed by Gutenberg or any European. The controversy has also lost much of the international character which formerly enlivened and envenomed it. Few out of Holland now credit the Coster legend, or doubt that, so far as the Western world is concerned, printing was invented in Germany and by a German about 1450. It is still, however, a matter of moment that the glory of the greatest boon conferred on man since Prometheus should be bestowed where it rightfully belongs. If Gutenberg failed to receive honour due to him, the greatest benefactor of mankind would be the most injured of mortals. The spectacle, on the other hand, of humanity honouring a mere journeyman instead of its real benefactor must be a sad one for the angels, and only to be paralleled by the veneration paid in some Eastern countries to a monkey's tooth under the impression that it has aided the mastication of Buddha.

The document which has contributed so much to establish

paid in some Eastern countries to a monkey's tooth under the impression that it has aided the mastication of Buddha.

The document which has contributed so much to establish Gutenberg's claim to the invention of printing is a letter by a contemporary, Guillaume Fichet, to Robert Gaguin, written and printed in 1470, only two years after Gutenberg's death, and found prefixed, so far as hitherto known, to a single copy, not, as Professor Kraus states, several copies, of the Liber Orthographic of Gaspar Barzizius, the second book printed at Paris. This unique copy is preserved in the library at Basel, and the discovery was made by Dr. Siber, the learned and modest librarian of that city. Professor Kraus gives the honour of the find to the well-known French bibliophilist, M. Claudin, who is only entitled to what might have been the credit, but, under the circumstances, must be termed the discredit, of having been the first to publish it. M. Claudin, it appears, happening to be at the Basel Library, was shown the letter by Dr. Siber, whose modesty had kept him back from making it public, took an inaccurate copy, and on his return published this in Le Livre, not only without any acknowledgment of his indebtedness to Dr. Siber, but without so much as stating that the original was at Basel. The Nemesis which attends upon unhandsome proceedings caused him to commit some absurd mistakes, which was at Basel. The Nemesis which attends upon unhandsome proceedings caused him to commit some absurd mistakes, which need not be dwelt upon here, as correct transcripts of the document have since been made by two English scholars—Mr. Karl Pearson and Mr. H. Jenner—and used in Mr. Bullen's paper. Of the weight and directness of Fichet's testimony there can be no question. "They report," he says, "that not far from the city of Mentz there was a certain John surnamed Bonemon-times who first thought out (exceptions) the says of printing." the city of Mentz there was a certain John surnamed Bonemontanus, who first thought out (excogitaverit) the art of printing." He then dilates upon Gutenberg's superiority in virtue of his invention to the ancient gods and goddesses, benefactors of humanity, and concludes with bearing testimony to his rank as the instructor of those who subsequently practised the art of printing. "Nor will I be silent," he says, "concerning those who already surpass their master, among whom Udalricus, Michael, and Martinus are said to be chief." In presence of so distinct an assertion, the cavils which have been raised against Gutenberg's claim must be pronounced of little account. It is hardly possible that the Savoyard Fichet should have been so strongly impressed with the German printer's originality, desert, and pre-eminence as the father and teacher of printers in general, if the fact had not been notorious to his contemporaries. It was a happy impulse which made the worthy Fichet rise at daybreak on that cold dark January

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morning of 1470, and dash off his letter, as he says, in a prodi-gious hurry; rather boggling in his haste his elegant parallel between Gutenberg and Ceres, but clearly bringing out the one

point needful.

Professor Kraus notices the priority of the Chinese invention of block-printing to anything of the kind in Europe, and mentions the conjecture that it may have been introduced into the West by means of travellers or missionaries in Tartary. The questionable honour of the origination of this theory may belong to the Italian Carlo Passi, whom we do not remember to have seen quoted in this connexion. Passi, an Italian polygraphic writer of considerable miscellaneous information, was the author, among other performances, of a desulters nonymous commentary mong considerable miscellaneous information, was the author, among other performances, of a desultory anonymous commentary upon the history of Paolo Giovio, eventually published under the writer's name, and with the title "La Selva di varia Istoria," in 1564. Giovio having mentioned the Chinese books presented as curiosities by the Portuguese to Pope Leo X., Passi ("Selva," lib. i. ch. 39) proceeds to describe their peculiarities, which he does very accurately, and adds that missionaries and travellers "must have brought books printed in China into Muscovy, and taught the Muscovites the method of printing, and the Germans passing into Muscovy, being industrious persons, must themselves have found it out." A delightful argument to prove that the Russians imparted an art to the Germans, without a particle of proof that they possessed it themselves! It would be difficult to find a better illustration of the admirable precept that it is the historian's busithey possessed it themselves! It would be difficult to find a better illustration of the admirable precept that it is the historian's business to tell us not what must have happened, but what did happen. Passi adds that printers' types were originally cast in lead, which was given up as too heavy and expensive; of its softness he says nothing. He mentions Gutenberg as the first German printer, and Aldus as the most celebrated printer since his time; and adds that in his own day the Roman press under Paolo Manuzio had no equal in Italy. Paris, he says, is at the head of all centres of printing, and after it Lyons, Basel, Antwerp, and Venice. Italian typography has in general decayed through the avarice of the printers. It does not occur to him that the reaction against free learning affords a much better reason; indeed, he concludes his typography has in general decayed through the avarice of the printers. It does not occur to him that the reaction against free learning affords a much better reason; indeed, he concludes his observations with a proposal for a more stringent censorship, and a tax upon such bad books as, having been once printed, have acquired a sort of title to existence; the bad new books, it is supposed, will never pass the censor. To judge by his concluding remarks, Professor Kraus is not wholly out of sympathy with these ideas; and though he would scout the notion of Gutenberg having been taught his art by the Chinese through a Russian medium, he seems to think that block-printing may have been derived from China. The admission is a dangerous one for an advocate of Gutenberg; for, although Professor Kraus appears not to be aware of the fact, the art of printing with moveable types was known to the Coreans before it was practised in Europe. The British Museum possesses several Corean books so printed, and in the opinion of experts earlier than the middle of the fifteenth century. That the invention should have made no way, that the Coreans should have relapsed into block-printing, is of the fifteenth century. That the invention should have made no way, that the Coreans should have relapsed into block-printing, is a signal instance of the vis inertiæ of the human mind when it has no especial motive to exert itself.

We are sorry to observe in Professor Kraus's essay a remark capable of being employed to stimulate national ill will, though

are sure that such cannot have been his intention. Speaking of Dr. Hessels's change of view on the subject, and attempted refu-tation of the claims of Gutenberg which he had formerly advo-cated, Professor Kraus says:—"The University of Cambridge rewarded this development of his perception, directed against tation of the claims of Gutenberg which he had formerly advo-cated, Professor Kraus says:—"The University of Cambridge rewarded this development of his perception, directed against Germany, with the degree of Doctor." In the present irritable condition of national susceptibility all over Europe many German readers will be ready to interpret this unlucky phrase into an assertion that the University bestowed a degree upon Dr. Hessels in order to spite Prince Bismarck. Professor Kraus, we trust, does not mean to imply that no one is fit to receive a degree unless he believes in Gutenberg. We can assure him that the very last thing the University of Cambridge is likely to consider in the distribution of its honours is whether the recipient holds printing to have been invented by a German or a Dutchman. If Dr. Hessels could have proved that it had been invented by William Caxton, that would indeed have been something.

THE DUDLEY CHINA.

THE love of "matching" things is one of the commonest traits in collectors. No sooner do they possess themselves of some long-coveted specimen than they are seized with the desire of obtaining "the fellow to it," if indeed they have any reason for supposing that such a fellow exists. It is a curious fact, again, that in general they would rather spend a large sum in purchasing a companion-piece than in acquiring a fine example of a different work. We make an exception in the case of pictures, so far as replicas are concerned; but even with paintings many collectors. work. We make an exception in the case of pictures, so lar as replicas are concerned; but even with paintings many collectors, who have a fine work, would buy what is technically termed "the companion-picture" rather than a good picture by some artist unrepresented on their walls. The late Lord Dudley, who was one of the best known collectors of modern times, was no exception to the rule, and his perseverance in "matching" was exemplified in the cabinet of china that appeared at Messrs. Christie's galleries last week.

The seventh Earl of Chesterfield, somewhat less than twenty

years ago, possessed a Chelsea vase, which was considered by competent judges to be one of the finest pieces of porcelain in existence. It was two feet high; its ground was gros-bleu, very richly gilded, the was painted of radiant thinks of radiant thinks. petent judges to be one of the finest pieces of porcelain in existence. It was two feet high; its ground was gros-bleu, very richly gilded, and it had bold rococo scroll-work handles. One side was painted with a subject after Boucher, and the other with birds of radiant plumage. This wase was exhibited at the Leeds Exhibition, where it excited general admiration among connoisseurs. It was but natural that such a collector as the late Lord Dudley should wish to obtain so fine a work of art, and he eventually secured it for something over 2,000l. This wase, however, had a fellow, which had stood for nearly a century on—of all unlikely places—the chimney-piece of the Committee-room of the Foundling Hospital. Of course, as soon as Lord Dudley had gained possession of the Chesterfield wase, nothing would do but he must have the Foundling wase also. An enormous offer was made to the Committee, and these gentlemen, after considerable deliberation, sacrificed their treasure for the benefit of their charges. But this was not enough for Lord Dudley. There were two more Chelsea wases, practically identical in size and style with the Chesterfield and the Foundling vases, and these also were obtained by this indefatigable collector. Which pair came into his hands first we are not in a position to state, but these four vases afforded a remarkable instance of determined collecting; for their former owners, in at least two cases, were exceedingly disinclined to "part." Yesterday week the hammer fell at 2,000 guineas for each pair, but it was generally understood that they were unsold.

Among the Sèvres porcelain was a Vaisseau à Mât (the arms of the City of Paris) which with a couple of other wases.

each pair, but it was generally understood that they were unsold.

Among the Sèvres porcelain was a Vaisseau à Mât (the arms of the City of Paris), which, with a couple of other vases, went for 2,650 guineas. One of these curious Vaisseaux à Mât was sold for less than 12l. a century ago. The most interesting, although not the finest, pieces of Sèvres in the sale were two cups and saucers and two plates, having turquoise grounds, adorned with exquisita cameo portraits, and a floral E surmounted by an Imperial crown in their centres. These had originally formed part of the celebrated service of pâte tendre, made at Sèvres in 1778 for the Empress Catherine II. of Russia, a service for which that Czarina had objected to pay. Over the matter of these cups and saucers there was a fierce diplomatic correspondence, but the price—about 13,000l., or nearly 40,000l. at the present value of money—was at last paid. The adventures of this expensive crockery were not to end here. During a fire, some energetic person took the opportunity of decamping with 160 of the 744 pieces of which the set consisted, and conveyed them to England, where they were sold to Mr. Webb. Nor were they yet done with. The whereabouts of the stolen pieces was discovered by the Russians, and shortly before the Crimean War they were repurchased by the Emperor Nicholas, with a few exceptions, and it is but natural that these exceptions should be highly valued. Last week, in two instances before the Crimean War they were repurchased by the Emperor Nicholas, with a few exceptions, and it is but natural that these exceptions should be highly valued. Last week, in two instances specimens of this beautiful and interesting service realized less than on a former occasion. Nevertheless, a cup and saucer made 112 guineas, and a plate 140 guineas. The fine Sèvres Service, on an apple-green ground, which had once belonged to Prince Torlonia, brought in 3,437l. 11s. The medallions and floral paintings of this set were remarkably fine. A single cup and saucer, with a gros-bleu ground, beat each of the cups and saucers belonging to the Catherine II. set, as it sold for 235l. The Hope Dessert Service, which had been a present from Louis XVI., made 2,000l. all but 5l. It is of gros-bleu, and bears the arms of the Hope family. Most of the Sèvres vases went for less than they are known to have fetched at former sales, their prices varying from about 600 to 2,500 guineas a pair. The colours of their groundwork and the painting of their figures and flowers gave great pleasure to the large number of connoisseurs who went to see them. Dreaden was not so well represented; but the hady in the large petiticat, with her two pugs—a group 11½ inches high—was a gem in her way. She cost 205l., and now only made 163l. A Dreaden tea and coffee service went for considerably less than half its cost price. Among the few pieces of Vienna porcelain with which the sale began was a pretty écuelle, and the three lots of rock crystal which ended it were remarkably fine specimens of that kind of workmanship. The sale of the Dudley China has given an admirable opportunity for making comparisons between Sèvres and Cheless porcelain. There is much difference of opinion as to the virtues of these rival manufactures. We cannot enter upon any discussion of the question at this moment; but we may remind those who wrangle over the merits or demerits of old pieces of either sion of the question at this moment; but we may remind those who wrangle over the merits or demerits of old pieces of either workmanship that the pâte tendre of Sevres will bear fresh exposure in a turnace, and can therefore be worked upon according to the wishes of the modern dealer. Chelsea porcelain, on the other hand, will crack if submitted to the fire; so its purchaser,

at any rate, knows what he is buying.

It only remains for us to say that Messrs, Christie, Manson, & Wood's illustrated Catalogue of the Dudley Porcelain is one of the most interesting of a series which is gradually expanding into a small but valuable library.

ENGLISH ROMAN CATHOLICS AND IRISH HOME RULE.

T is often said or implied that Roman Catholics, as such, are interested in the cause of Home Rule, and hence probably the absurd report—which reappears in some fresh connexion every two or three years—that Mr. Gladstone has joined the Roman Church, has been recently revived. On the other hand the

Orangemen of Ulster, who naturally take a prominent place among the opponents of the Disruption scheme, are of course the historical representatives of a very sturdy Protestantism. Nor can it be plausibly denied, in the face of recent and too abundant evidence, that the great body of the Catholic prelacy and priesthood in Ireland have, from whatever motive—of sympathy, or self-interest, or despair of effective support of the English Government in any other course—thrown in their lot with the Nationalists; and that too in the teeth of Papal authority, and with so little reserve on matters where the ministers of all Churches might be expected to recognize common obligations and a common aim, that a to recognize common obligations and a common aim, that a derout member of their own communion and their own polidevoit member of their own communion and their own political party declared totidem verbis that "the Catholic Church had failed as a moral teacher in Ireland." All this is undeniable, but it would nevertheless be a great mistake to infer from it that Roman Catholic feeling generally, at least among the educated classes even in Ireland, is favourable to Home Rule, still less in England. Only the other day we heard of two Irish judges, both Catholics, expressing their satisfaction that they could fall back on the protection of Orange Ulstermen against their Parnellite coreligionists. Nor does this convey any impeachment of their Catholic orthodoxy. Mr. Gladstone complained in his opening speech on Home Rule that Irishmen were credited with "a double dose of original sin." It is the first we ever heard ourselves of that peculiar variety of theological pessimism, but if his new clients were credited with a double measure of actual sin—and it must be allowed that they have done a good deal of late to explain, if not to justify, such an indictment—high authority might be cited to show that the verdict is one of more than respectable antiquity. To a canonized saint of the seventh century it was revealed in vision that in that "country in the west part of the world," sometimes called in unconscious irony "the Isle of Saints," "there were most souls damned of any Christian land," and that, curiously enough, because of its "continual wars, root of hate and envy, and of vices contrary to charity." And a writer at the end of the fourteenth century, who records this vision, adds his emphatic testimony that "it cannot be denied by very estimation of man" that the same stigma still attached to Ireland in his own day. But if there is a very general feeling against the Gladstonian policy among educated Catholics in Ireland, it is probably the almost universal sentiment of their English coreligionists, whether converts or members of old Catholic families, as has been conspicuously illustrated by the old and often decisive method tical party declared totidem verbis that "the Catholic Church had failed as a moral teacher in Ireland." All this is unthis country who, though not an Irishman, is a Francia and Ruler, not to say a Socialist, of the extremest type, and he thought proper to go out of his way, in the interests of Irish Nationalism, to denounce and excommunicate the Primrose League, while exerting his whole influence, personal and official, to promote the murderous and seditious National League. But he soon found that he had overshot his mark. Not only was his right to pronounce such a sentence at once openly challenged by those immediately subject to his diocesan jurisdiction, but Cardinal Manning—whose personal leanings are suspected to be in the same direction—found it necessary to lose no time in disclaiming all complicity with the action of his episcopal brother; while the Holy See intervened with an unexampled promptness to reverse the judgment of the too impetuous prelate. Leo XIII. indeed was herein only acting in strict accordance with the convictions and policy he has all along avowed, but his Holiness may be reasonably presumed, in rebuking conduct he so sincerely disapproved, to have also had regard to the widespread irritation caused by Bishop Bagshawe's arbitrary procedure.

One indirect result of this little controversy now lies before us, in the shape of an "Address for the Inaugural Meeting of the Gracedieu Habitation of the Primrose League," which has just been published under the title of Unreason in High Places. It is by Mr. Edwin de Lisle, son of the late Mr. Ambrose de Lisle of Garendon and Gracedieu, himself a convert to Rome and one of the chief landowners in Leicestershire, whose munificent devotion to his adopted creed could as little be questioned as his loyalty to

by Mr. Edwin de Lisie, son or the late Mr. Amorose de Lisie of Garendon and Gracedieu, himself a convert to Rome and one of the chief landowners in Leicestevshire, whose munificent devotion to his adopted creed could as little be questioned as his loyalty to his Queen. Two of his sons fell on the battlefield in the service of their country, one at Delhi in the Indian Mutiny of 1857, another last year in the Soudan, and the eldest of the survivors has now come forward to vindicate in his own person what he evidently conceives to be the normal attitude of English Roman Catholics at this critical juncture of affairs. He begins by quoting the words of his relative Dr. Clifford, Bishop of Clifton, uncle of the present Lord Clifford, who declares that "there is a special call for English Catholics to exert themselves in the cause of loyalty and patriotism in view of the present grave constitutional crisis of their country," and that they should not hesistate for this purpose to join in action with their Protestant fellow-countrymen. "On the contrary, such united action is expressly recognized by the Holy Father in his Encyclical On the Constitution of States," and, it may be added, in his still more recent Letter to the English Bishops On Christian Education. The Bishop proceeds:—

In England, the recent appointment of a Royal Commission on Education

In England, the recent appointment of a Royal Commission on Education composed jointly of Protestants and Catholics, of which the Cardinal Archbishop of Westminster is a member, and from which much good is hoped for the cause of denominational education, is but one instance of the good which may result to true religion from the joint action of Englishmen, Catholics, and Protestants. It is in this sense that all members of the Primrose League pledge themselves to work for the maintenance of religion. What I have said of the lawfulness of Catholics joining the Primrose League, which is a loyal and patriotic, and also a Conservative Association,

applies in like manner to their joining similar associations of other political shades, provided they be equally loyal to the Queen, true to the constitution of the country, and be not opposed to morality or religion. I deem it necessary to add this remark because this is a question affecting not only the consciences, but the rights and liberties of Englishmen.

Mr. de Lisle observes on this that it is the object of the Primrose League "to smash and pulverize the Irish National League, or any other political combination which threatens to destroy the any other political combination which threatens to destroy the legislative, executive, and administrative unity of the greatest, the freest, the most industrious, and, in a very true sense, the most Christian of historic Empires." He goes on to insist that "the miseries of Ireland are not really political but economical," and can only be remedied by honest work on the part of the people aided by Government encouragement of public works, which can never "be thought of until law and order are reestablished." As it is, the weak and foolish avoidance of what is invidiously called "coercion"—in other words the refusal to enforce the law—has produced a "flagrant example of the nemesis of law in Ireland, where a wicked and irresponsible tribunal sits in judgment, and inflicts penalties too hideous to mention upon honest men, y oun. Ireland, where a wicked and irresponsible tribunal sits in judgment, and inflicts penalties too hideous to mention upon honest men, who pay their lawful rents, vote according to their consciences, and hate and detest that foreign imported agitation, which made the late revered monk and most eloquent of Irishmen, Father Tom Burke, exclaim; 'There is nothing left for me and such as me but to die. We owe them (the agitators) a debt of gratitude indeed, but it is a debt for having made us a nation of atheists and indeed, but it is a debt for having made us a nation of atheists and murderers." Father Burke, as our readers may be aware, was an Irish Dominican preacher of high repute for eloquence, and an ardent patriot. We by no means say that we should have been prepared to agree with all his opinions, as neither probably would Mr. Edwin de Lisle, but that only adds point to the incisive force of his censure.

We have not accepted a brief for the Primrose League, which many may on various grounds object who sympathize in the main with its political aims, and notably with its deter-mined resistance to the Disruption policy of the present Cabinet. There is certainly, as the lecturer points out, nothing in the formal profession required of its members which might not be subscribed by politicians of all schools who are not actuated "either by hatred of religion, or love of change, or want of pride in the history and victories both civil and military of the English people," in short by anybody who is not "a revolutionist or an unbeliever." It is not however with any view of urging the claims of the Primrose League on the notice of our readers that we note the following a significant persons have because it that we quote the following significant passage, but because it contains an exposition in plain and manly terms, from one who is spoken of in his own county as a probable candidate for Parliament at the next election, of what we conceive to be the prevalent view of English Roman Catholics on existing questions of grave national interest; and that consideration will sufficiently excuse the length of the following extract, with which for the

present we must conclude :-

excuse the length of the following extract, with which for the present we must conclude:

Now if to oppose Home Rule, or Autonomy for Ireland, or a Statutory Parliament in College Green, or whatever euphemistic name the Separatists like to give to that impossible thing, which shall never be, so long as Englishmen are Englishmen, is the immediate most important duty of the Primrose League, there are other things which are equally important because they are permanent obligations. They are the maintenance of Religion by safeguarding the free, unfettered, and denominational teaching of the children in our schools, so that they may live in the atmosphere and drink in the truths of Christianity not in a vague and hazy kind of way, but with that actuality and precision with which their parents have embraced the tenets of the church, or body to which they belong. And since the Church of England is the Church of the great majority of our countrymen, we are absolutely committed to the principle of an Established Church, by which the public acknowledgment of the worship and reverence due to Almighty God are recognized, and the surest means obtained of keeping at least the great outlines of our national policy and education within the limits of righteousness and justice, and the Revealed Law of Christ our Saviour and future Judge.

We are also opposed to every republican aspiration and knavish trick which would seek to abolish or curtail the prerogatives of the Crown, with a view some day to rob us of that monarchical and imperial dignity which is worn with so much grace and distinction by our present most Gracious Sovereign—a dignity, which stands not only as the symbol of a world-wide unity and hitherto unconquered power both by land and sea, but also as the keystone of our social system, which preserves on the one hand the glories of civilization, the hereditary honours and memory of the achievements of our great families, whilst opening with the other the road to fame, and wealth, and power, to all whom talent, energy,

MRS. LANGTRY'S MATINEE.

THE varied performance which took place on Monday last at the Prince's Theatre may well be called "Mrs. Langtry's Matinée," for she not only bore the burden and heat of the day in the matter of its organization, but she also put the whole of her theatre at the disposal and for the benefit of the cause of charity she had at heart. To be ill is bad enough at any time, even when surrounded by every comfort that love and affection can devise; but to be ill when alone in a foreign land is a horror which all kind-hearted people gladly alleviate. It was but little wonder, therefore, that, in spite of the weather, which was at its worst on Monday, a large audience, including the Prince and Princess of Wales, should assemble and fill the Prince's Theatre in response to the appeal to raise sufficient funds to provide a bed in the French Hospital in London for the use of French musical and dramatic artists.

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On the principle somewhat of the proverb that "he who drives fat oxen should himself be fat," it was natural that a performance in aid of a French charity should consist of French pieces, musical or otherwise. Accordingly, the programme opened with M. de Najac's pleasant little drawing-room comedy, Madame recoitelle? which was played by M. and Mme. Febvre. When these "victimes innocentes d'un étage supplémentaire" had cleared up the mistake which had brought the gentleman, bearer of a most delicate mission, into the apartment of the wrong lady, Mlle. Gerfaut next appeared, and recited, or rather read, a "Prologue inédit," written for the occasion by M. Truffier. She was followed by M. Febvre, who delivered as he only can "Le Régiment qui passe," by M. Jean Aicard. The tender, half-humorous, half-pathetic intonation of the last words,

Le baiser de la vierge était pour le drapeau!

Le baiser de la vierge était pour le drapeau!

was absolutely perfect.

The pièce de résistance of the performance was the comedy of MM. Meilhac and Halévy, Les Brebis de Panurge, in which Mrs. Langtry played for the first time in French. Much curiosity had been excited as to how "elle se tierait d'affaire" under the circumstances; but even those who made cheerful prognostications as to her success were surprised at the result, for it was beyond their expectations. Mrs. Langtry's rendering of the difficult part in which she takes the audience into her confidence as to the ruse she is playing off on her friend was excellent from first to last. There was a most notable spontaneity in her acting which was delightful, and her sudden change of expression and triumphant glee when, behind the back of her friend, she exclaims "Elle sautera!" called forth an outburst of applause. However, neither the talent of Mrs. Langtry nor of M. Febvre, who resumed his original character of Durand, the lover who suffers from incurable banalité, could make appear within the bounds of reason the idea that a lady, into whose presence an unknown person forces himself with a declaration of his unfortunate passion for her friend, should immediately espouse his cause so warmly that, to persuade her friend of his entrancing charms, she runs the risk of seriously compromising herself. Full of the idea that all women are like the "Brebis de Panurge," and only need a leader to commit any folly, Mme. de Nervil simulates a wild passion for the unattractive Durand, and surrounds him with such a halo of romantic adoration that her friend Gabrielle is unable to resist the combined attractions of force of example and the leader to commit any folly, Mme. de Nervil sandaces a manages in for the unattractive Durand, and surrounds him with such a halo of romantic adoration that her friend Gabrielle is unable to resist the combined attractions of force of example and the womanly delight in taking away another woman's lover, and so consents to marry the lover she had hitherto disdained. M. Febvre acted with that perfection of finish which belongs to him, and Mme. d'Airolles undertook the somewhat insignificant part of Gabrielle. Señor Sarasate on the violin, M. Lasserre on the violoncello, M. Saint-Saëns on the piano, helped to keep up the high level of excellence of the whole programme, in which they were assisted by Mlle. Antoinette Trebelli, who looked well and sang with all the freshness of youth. A word of praise should also be given to the performance of M. Gibert, who, though not mentioned in the programme, sang two most amusing French chansonnettes, one of which, "Gustave l'irrésistible," was rendered with intinite delicaey and humour.

THE LOCAL BUDGET OF ENGLAND AND WALES.

THE Local Government Board has very much improved the returns of revenue and expenditure of the various local authorities of England and Wales; but there is much still to be done, and especially it is to be hoped that the Local Government Board may expedite the issue of the returns. The publication of the last part of the returns for 1883-4 has only just been made. We freely admit that it is a laborious and tedious task to collect, examine, tabulate, and systematize the accounts of 28,402 local authorities; but surely it need not take two whole years. While saying this, however, we gladly admit that the details now given are very full and explicit. For the year 1883-84 the total receipts of all the local authorities of England and Wales, not including loans raised, amounted to 43,192,257l. Of this income THE Local Government Board has very much improved the receipts of all the local authorities of England and Wales, not including loans raised, amounted to 43,192,257l. Of this income 24,934,147l, were raised from the rates, being about 62 per cent. of the total; 3,457,888l. were raised by tolls, dues, and duties; and 3,361,858l. came out of Parliamentary grants; the remainder were received either in the shape of returns from property, or payment for services rendered, or payment for sales, or repayments of loans. The proceeds of repayments and sales of property ought not, however, to be included in the revenue account. They belong to capital, and ought to have been strictly applied to redemption of debt. It will be seen, then, that while the receipts of all kinds of the various local authorities of England and Wales amounted to very nearly half the revenue of the United Kingdom in the same year, only 62 per cent. of that revenue, or, in round figures, 25 millions, were raised by means of rates. Even if we include tolls, dues, and duties under the head of taxation, the proceeds of local taxation amounted to only about two-thirds of the total revenue of the local authorities. The receipts from property were very considerable. Gasworks yielded receipts from property were very considerable. Gasworks yielded 3,380,799l.; waterworks, 2,003,440l.; sales of property, 717,557l.; and receipts from real and funded property, excluding sales, 1,166,099l., making together 7,287,895l. Markets, cemeteries, sewage-farms, and various other properties yielded 674,022l. in addition; so that the total receipts very nearly amounted to

8 millions, or not far short of one-fifth of the total. Repayments in respect of private improvement works amounted to 903,851l. Turning to the other side of the account, the total expenditure amounted to 43,378,267l., showing a slight deficit of 186,07cl. As no information is given regarding this deficit, we presume that it was covered by balances brought forward from the previous year. In the expenditure, however, there is included a sum of 9,808,144l, as payments in respect of principal and interest of loans. The charge of the debt of the local authorities thus nearly approached to millions, or not far short of one-fourth of their total expenditure. Next to the charge of debt, the heaviest item is that for no millions, or not far short of one-fourth of their total expenditure. Next to the charge of debt, the heaviest item is that for the relief of the poor, amounting to 6,775,478L, being about 16 per cent. of the total, and pauper lunatics and lunatic asylums cost 1,418,431L, making, along with the direct relief of the poor, 8,194,909L, or together about 19 per cent. of the total expenditure. Highways, street improvements, and turnpike roads cost 5,544,832L; police cost 3,437,562L; education, including reformatories and industrial schools, not more than 2,876,119L. The other items are very long and, for the most part, are not large in amount. Salaries and establishments of all kinds amounted in the aggregate to 1,250,76L.

and establishments of all kinds amounted in the aggregate to 1,750,776l.

The local authorities, it will be seen from the above, receive a very considerable proportion of their income from properties owned by them. The largest proportion is yielded by gasworks. In the year under review gasworks, the property of the authorities, yielded an income of 3,380,799l. On the other hand, these gasworks cost in the same year 2,350,828l., leaving a net income of 1,020,071l. But there was a debt, amounting in the aggregate to 13,056,228l., secured upon those gasworks, and, as a matter of course, the net revenue derived from the gasworks had, in the first place, to be applied to the payment of interest and the repayment of the principal of this debt of a little over 13 millions. It will be seen that the net income amounted to a little over 74 per cent. upon the debt. It follows that the investment in gasworks has proved remunerative; it not only covers interest per cent, upon the debt. It follows that the investment in gasworks has proved remunerative; it not only covers interest and sinking fund, but leaves a profit to the local authorities. The income derived from waterworks was 2,003,440l., and the expenditure upon them during the year was 856,360l. There was a net income derived from waterworks was 2,003,440l., and the expenditure upon them during the year was 856,360l. There was a net income, therefore, of 1,147,080l., but the debt secured upon waterworks amounted to 28,778,430l.; the net income, therefore, did not quite amount to 4 per cent. upon the debt. The investment in waterworks, therefore, is less profitable than in gasworks. The debt in each case is secured upon the gasworks and waterworks, and becomes a burden upon the rates only in case the income from the properties is not sufficient to pay the interest. Even in the worst case, however, the burden upon the rates must be very trifling. Real and funded property yielded 1,166,099l.; but the income from other properties is trifling, or rather the income from those properties is barely sufficient to cover the expenditure in some cases, and in others is quite nominal or does not exist. The harbour, pier, and dock authorities, for example, from tonnage and ballast dues, rates, tolls, rents, fines, penalties, sales of materials, and other receipts, realized in the enalties, sales of materials, and other receipts, realized in the ear under review as much as 2,442,284L; but, on the other hand, year under review as much as 2,442,284.; but, on the other hand, their expenditure amounted to as much as 2,242,6451.; so that the balance of net receipt was so small as to be hardly worth taking into account. The other public works, even where they yielded no revenue, contributed largely to the comfort, convenience, and health of the public, and indirectly far more than repay the outlay that they have occasioned. It is, of course, quite true that expenditure may be too great and too rapid even on the best objects, and it would be unwise of the local authorities to run too heavily into

diture may be too great and too rapid even on the best objects, and it would be unwise of the local authorities to run too heavily into debt, however good the object may be in itself which they have in view; but so far they do not seem to have been guilty of any very great want of foresight in this respect.

The total loans raised in the year 1883-84 amounted to 7,928,753l.; in the year preceding they were as much as 10,291,822l.; and in the year 1881-82 and the year 1833-84, therefore, there was a reduction of one-half in the amount raised by loans. Apparently, then, the local authorities had become apprehensive that they were rushing too rapidly into debt, and had begun to practice more caution. That this was a wise proceeding will not be disputed, for between 1870 and 1882 the addition made to the debt was very serious, the debt, in fact, having been multiplied about four times. At the end of 1883, it amounted altogether to 164,879,947l. A large part of this debt, however, as we shall presently point out, is not secured upon the rates only in the second place. It is undoubtedly a large sum; but that it is nothing to cause any very serious alarm appears from the fact that the valuation for the poor-rate in the same year amounted to 143,222,438l. In other words, the debts of the various local authorities of England and Wales exceeded the annual value, according to the valuation for the poor-rate, of the invadem only by about 21 williams of various local authorities of England and Wales exceeded the annual value, according to the valuation for the poor-rate, of the rateable property of the kingdom only by about 21½ millions, or about 15 per cent. The heaviest proportion of the debt is secured upon the waterworks, amounting to as much as 28,778,4301.; but, as already pointed out, the income from the waterworks would yield a dividend of somewhat over 7½ per cent. upon this debt. The next heaviest item amounts to 27,156,9504., and is secured upon harbours, docks, and piers. As already pointed out, these harbours, docks, and piers yielded in the year with which we are here concerned an income of 2,442,2841.; and of this as much as 1,076,2651. was applied to the payment of interest on the debt, 105,1091 was applied to sinking fund, and 20,7124 to the repayment of principal. The next heaviest amount is

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14,788,400., raised for sewerage and sewage-disposal purposes;
next, 14,607,452. for highways, streets improvement, and turnpike roads; and the next, 13,752,255., for schools; while gasworks are mortgaged for 13,050,228., and 6,119,324. have been
raised for poor-law purposes, 3,150,920. for lunatic asylums,
4,837,786. for markets, and 3,530,129. for artisans' and labourers'
dwellings improvement schemes. The other amounts are severally
not large. It will be seen, then, that, in return for the 165 millions of debt outstanding at the end of March 1884, the local
authorities of England and Wales possessed much property, some
of which was highly valuable. Against nearly 42 millions secured
upon gasworks and waterworks, for example, there is to be set off
these gas and waterworks themselves, which yield, as we have
seen, in the one case over 7½ per cent. per annum, and in the other
case nearly 4 per cent. To this has to be added the 27,156,950.
secured upon harbours, docks, and piers, which pay interest on the
debt and leave a small sum over to be applied in reduction of
principal, making a total against which there is property yielding
income of very nearly 69 millions. In addition to this, markets,
artisans' and labourers' dwellings, cemeteries and burial-grounds,
tramways, baths and washhouses, and private improvement works
yield a certain revenue. On these a debt of somewhat over
12½ millions has been raised; making the total debt incurred
on account of works which yield incomes of one nature or another
somewhat over 8½ millions, bringing down the debt against
which no assets are held that yield revenue to about 83½ millions.
It will be seen that when the question of the debt of the local
authorities is looked at in this light it is not so formidable as at
first sight it appears to be. But, of course, the real justification
for the dobt incurred on account of these schemes is their usefulness either from a sanitary, an educational, or an economic point
of view. Take, for exam ashhouses, and the like; while as regards schoolhouses which do not yield income the expenditure upon them is justified by the fact that they contribute to make the population better citizens and more productive workpeople.

CONCERTS.

MARVELLOUSLY as he played in his first historical concert, there is no doubt that Herr Rubinstein only began to deal with thoroughly congenial matter when he came to Beethoven. IVI there is no doubt that Herr Rubinstein only began to deal with thoroughly congenial matter when he came to Beethoven. His sympathies are not with the regular melody and clear-cut, gem-like structure of the older music—music which requires a rendering rather perfectly smooth and stately than personal and expository. His function, in fact, is to give a clue to vast and complicated labyrinths of passionate phrases; to bring to life the ideas that swarm in a thousand distracting waves of form, and to reader emotionally simple what at first sight seems vague and unfathomable as the sea itself. Eight sonatas by the greatest master of the piano formed the programme of Friday afternoon, and gave him ample opportunity of showing his sympathetic comprehension of the mind of Beethoven, and his absolute mastery of the immense difficulties of his work. That in C sharp minor (the so-called "Moonlight") came first; and it was not so much in the unmuffled re-"Moonlight") came first; and it was not so much in the unmuffled re-gularity and bell-like enunciation of the triplets that he distinguished playing of the mournful chant which it is their office to accompany. The Allegretto and Trio he took neither very softly nor very quickly, keeping the sentiment more in harmony with the character of the preceding movement than is often done. The tremendous Finale flowed from his hands in a broad tide of passent that the tremendous finale flowed from his hands in a broad tide of passent that the tremendous finale flowed from his hands in a broad tide of passent that the first that t tremendous Finate howed from his hands in a broad tide of passionate emotion, not as that frantic succession of different kinds of sound and fury which emanates from the mechanically brilliant performer. Most players fail to make the two heavy chords charged up to by the opening phrases important enough for their situation. Herr Rubinstein, without thumping or playing too loud, gave them the rousing effect of thunder, and no one who heard it will forcet the savere energy of the second theme as it. heard it will forget the savage energy of the second theme as it rang out above the sullen roar of the rolling and tempestuous accompaniment. In contrast with such movements most of his adagios were calmly and suavely executed; that to Op. 31, No. 2 in D Minor, was also admirably mysterious and impressive. The "Waldstein" ("L'Aurore") of course excited profound interest, as one of those sonatas which most certainly demand interpretation, and one of those sonatas which most certainly demand interpretation, and require of the virtuoso a sentiment, if not an imagination, as lofty as the composer's own. Herr Rubinstein treated it freely as to details, giving, for instance, the opening whirr which heralds the entrance of the first theme forte, but forging a unity of sentiment which explained every detail, and made a complete work of art of the whole interpretation. The romantic and mysteriously suggestive Adagio may have been somewhat too coldly and precisely rendered, a rare fault indeed with this fiery and tempestuous player. No such reproach, however, attaches to his rendering of the incomparable Rondo, which was an almost perfect combination of energy of expression and limpid fluency of articulation. As for the next number, the Appassionata, we do not wish, for some time, to hear it played by any one else. Under the nervous, yet exquisitely gradated, touch of Herr Rubinstein, the giant theme of the opening movement, Allegro Assai, leapt out with electrical effect. The three last numbers, Op. 101 A major, Op. 109 B mejor, and Op. 111 C minor, are in Beethoven's

last style, and the easy way in which all the difficulties so terrible to most players disappeared, and left nothing but passionate melody, showed better than anything else Herr Rubinstein's gift of reading between the lines of this complicated music, which, played coldly as written, can give after all only an à peu près of the composer's intention. Specially noticeable for the elegant suppleness of its rendering was the lovely Andante with Variations of the E major Sonata; as for the C minor dedicated to the Archduke Rodolphe, the last sonata Beethoven wrote, it was simply a miracle of every variety of technical skill, a masterpiece of interpretation, and a fitting apotheosis to such a Titanic work as Herr Rubinstein's afternoon's achievement. These HUABIC WORK AS Herr Kubinstein's afternoon's achievement. These flights of rapid figures, these thundering bass rashes, these pro-longed trills, endless runs, and involved syncopations, melted into torrents of melody, and were interfused with such a spirit of vital unity, that it is difficult to believe that even Liszt himself could have treated the media.

The programme of Mme. Frickenhaus and Herr Ludwig's second The programme of Mme. Frickenhaus and Herr Ludwig's second concert, in Prince's Hall, was not very lively. It began with a Quartet in E flat (Op. 38), by Rheinberger, which opened with a solemn organ-like introduction, leading into a fairly dignified, but rather sedate, Allegro. In the Adagio an effective bit of piano solo was all that was of interest, nor was the Minuet anything but heavy. Fortunately the Finale was more inspiring—was livelier in motion, and contained some fine singing melodies for the strings which were contracted with historic presents. heavy. Fortunately the Finale was more inspiring—was invener in motion, and contained some fine singing melodies for the strings, which were contrasted with pizzicato passages. Mme. Frickenhaus plays straightforwardly and with a sound technique; but we cannot help complaining of a certain tameness in her reading and lack of variety in her touch. M. Ludwig played with his usual energy, but was not adequately backed by his colleagues. His performance of Tartini's Trille du Diable was spirited, but his transfer of the straightforwardly pure concept to the full interest that such as the such that the straightforward in the such that the such His performance of Tartini's Trille du Diable was spirited, but his tone was scarcely pure enough to do full justice to the music. Mme. Frickenhaus gave Chopin's Scherzo (No. 4 in E major) with complete technical mastery of all its difficulties, but without due comprehension of the master's peculiar sentiment; she is, unfortunately, too apt to make little distinction in her manner of playing different composers' works. Certainly Gade's Sonata in D minor (Op. 21) for piano and violin was both the most lively and graceful number of the evening, and by far the best rendered. Mozart's Quartet in A major, somewhat heavily played, brought the concert to a close. the concert to a close.

THE WIFE'S SACRIFICE.

F only the creations of our modern dramatists were a little If only the creations of our modern dramatists were a little more of this world and "the human heart by which we live," what trials to our faith we should be spared! We should not then feel, as we now do in our leading theatres, the bitterness of our divorce from the art of Shakspeare and Molière. The eternal verities of human nature are as nothing weighed in the balance with the playwright's display of dexterity and stagecraft. Let him but concoct five strong situations upon which the curtain is certain to fall amid the plaudits of an excited audience, and the play is made. These are the artistic principles adhered to in certain to fall amid the plaudits of an excited audience, and the play is made. These are the artistic principles adhered to in The Wife's Sacrifice, an adaptation by Messrs. Sydney Grundy and Sutherland Edwards of the Martyre of MM. D'Ennery and Tarbé, produced at the St. James's on Tuesday. In the first act the motive of the heroine's action is revealed to the audience, by which device the flow of sympathy towards her is at once set free. Isabelle, Countess de Moray, rejoices in the love of her husband, in the happiness of her home, and is in all respects everything that a wife should be; yet she deliberately inflicts on those she loves the most cruel agony, and on herself a martyrdom of many years' torture yet more excruciating. She wrecks her home; suffers divorce; sees the husband she idolizes marry another woman, and divorce; sees the husband she idolizes marry another woman, and that woman her enemy; is separated from her daughter, her father, and her mother, well aware that a few words of explanation, perfectly natural in the circumstances, would avert all these calamities. More than this, she prolongs the torture through many years with a persistency which the dramatists—incredible as it may seem—have forgotten to justify. The self-sacrifies which they regard as martyrdom transcends credibility—not because the type of character is superhuman, but because the action does not spring naturally from a psychological source. The sacrifice that appears so monstrous in Isabelle could easily have been humanized if the dramatist had been more observant of nature and truth, and less intent on the manufacture of exciting situations. The source of action might have been traced to an idiosyncrasy of character such as an inordinate sense of self-righteousness or an enthusiasm for an ideal that disturbed of self-righteousness or an enthusiasm for an ideal that disturbed the reason and disorganized the moral principle. Of any such acceptable justification of Isabelle's conduct there is not the faintest suggestion. Under all the accumulated anguish her mind suffers no derangement, nor does her purpose falter till the fifth act, when she sees her daughter about to be one more victim of her

act, when she sees her daughter about to be one more victim of her inscrutable and culpable folly. Act after act the whole play through false sentiment reigns, and the heroism—such as it is—is of the adorable French quality that mounts the stilts and fondly conceives it attains to the sublime heights of the clouds.

Briefly to show the artifice and inadequacy of the leading motive we must glance at the first act. Here we find domiciled in the happy domestic circle of the Count de Moray an Italian adventurer named Palmieri and his sister. Palmieri arouses the suspicions of the Count by privately relating how he has been the witness of a secret meeting between the Countess and an unknown young man, when he learned that the former was anxious to

receive a number of letters from the young man for which she had undertaken to give fifty thousand francs. The truth of this story is partly corroborated by the jeweller to whom the Countess had arranged to sell certain diamonds in order to obtain the money. But the young man, Robert Burel, is simply the natural brother of the Countess, the son of her mother, Mme. de la Marche, prior to her marriage. It is to hide her mother's shame that the Countess attempts to purchase the silence and absence of Burel. In his impatience the young man enters the Count's house, and, after a painful scene with the Countess and her mother, to whom he does not reveal himself, he is left alone with his half-sister. Here they are detected by the Count in an embrace. The jealous husband furiously demands an explanation and the letters; whereupon the Countess refuses to explain, and calls upon Burel to throw the letters in the fire. This he does, and the Count shoots the supposed lover dead in the presence of Admiral de la Marche and his wife, who enter at the critical moment. It is needless to show how inexplicable is the silence of Isabelle; her confession would not necessarily involve a public exposure of her mother. A word to the Count would have been sufficient, and no one else need have known the truth. The delivery of the letters were in itself enough to appease the passion of the Count, and would make any other revelation superfluous. As it is, a French nobleman shoots a stranger in his salon, and is tried for murder. The wife persists in acting a falsehood, declares Burel was her lover, and forces herself and those dear to her to pass through the ordeal of martyrdom. As we have already submitted, the monstrous nature of that martyrdom is not necessarily incredible, save in the circumstances of the play. If only the character of Isabelle were revealed in the opening scenes so as to suggest by a few subtle strokes and illuminative touches some rare psychological condition, the course

that martyrdom is not necessarily incredible, save in the circumstances of the play. If only the character of Isabelle were revealed in the opening scenes so as to suggest by a few subtle strokes and illuminative touches some rare psychological condition, the course of the drama and its dénouement might be acceptable. But she is not so distinguished. Her subsequent conduct is inconsistent with her position as a happy wife and mother, and violates all the duties of that position. We do not care to dwell on the ever-increasing absurdities that spring from this initial incongruity; if that be credible, all else is rational.

Where the foundation is sapped there is little call for close investigation of the superstructure. The work of adaptation has, however, been effected with judgment and skill, though it inevitably fails to conceal the weak points of the artificers. So transparently inapt and futile is the fifth act that they may be said to have forgotten to take down their scaffolding and repair the evidence of over-busy toil. Notwithstanding all this, the piece abounds in situations that are not only very telling as stage effects, but also highly ingenious and occasionally very impressive. The interpretation, on the whole, is remarkably sound. Mrs. Kendal, as the Countess de Moray, has not many great opportunities, but where they exist they are invested with the fullest significance. She is altogether successful in rescuing the part from the monotony into which it must needs fall in less competent hands; for it must not be forgotten the Countess is not the only martyr, or alone the most miserable of women. She has to endure the competition of the weak-minded Mme. de in less competent hands; for it must not be forgotten the Countess is not the only martyr, or alone the most miserable of women. She has to endure the competition of the weak-minded Mme. de la Marche, of the desolated husband, of her daughter Pauline, who declares herself the most wretched of her sex when threatened with a forced union with the designing Palmieri. In the fourth act, when the Count and Countess meet after years of separation, Mrs. Kendal's acting possesses wonderful versatility, expressing with exquisite delicacy the most varied emotions—stormful appeal, excess of invective, the subdued pathos of unmerited suffering, the dignity of outraged maternity, the acute anguish of despair, form a succession of emotional transitions of the most convincing and spontaneous power. Mr. Kendal, as the Count, has to struggle with many disillusioning circumstances, yet his acting is, on the whole, discreet and consistent, and in the fourth act is endowed with passion that almost reaches intensity. The character of Mr. Drake is admirably rendered by Mr. Hare, who gives excellent relief to the sombre melodrama, and accentuates by character of Mr. Drake is admirably rendered by Mr. Hare, who gives excellent relief to the sombre melodrama, and accentuates by many delightful touches of nature the more acute instances of the false sentiment of the play. The part is, indeed, very individual. Mr. Brookfield, as the schemer Palmieri, plays with excellent sobriety, and gives a most acceptable portraiture of a gentlemanlike rogue—a type of complacent cunning that is not less original than incisive. The somewhat thankless rôle of Mile. Palmieri is well sustained by Miss Vane; and Miss Webster's sympathetic and ingenuous Pauline is a thoroughly delightful impersonation. The small but exacting part of Robert Burel is creditably performed by Mr. Herbert Waring. Mr. Clifford Cooper is unsuited to the part of Admiral's wife, is genuinely impressive in the first act. The smaller parts are in the capable hands of Messrs. Cathcart, Hendrie, and Paget.

Our attention has been called to a passage in the notice of Clito in the Saturday Review of May 8, in which it was said that a certain daily journal was "overwhelmed with enthusiasm" concerning the play. It has been pointed out to us that these words are excessive as applied to the article which might seem to be specially indicated, and we gladly admit that the expression was too strong. We further take this occasion of saying that the words, even as they stood, imputed no kind of mala fides or failure in honesty of purpose to any dramatic critic.

THE DERBY.

T is not our custom to prophesy about races; but not long ago we made an exception to our rule, and foretold that the great we made an exception to our rule, and foretold that the great three-year-old races of this season would be unusually interesting. Although what we said proved true enough as to the Two Thousand, we could scarcely have been wider of the mark with regard to the Derby. Last year the relative merits of Saraband, Minting, The Bard, and Ormonde had been matters of warm dispute among racing men, and the close struggle between the two first named for the Middle Park Plate had not satisfied the supporters of Saraband that that colt was inferior to Minting. No

Minting, The Bard, and Ormonde had been matters of warm dispute among racing men, and the close struggle between the two first named for the Middle Park Plate had not satisfied the supporters of Saraband that that colt was inferior to Minting. Nor were outsiders wanting—Gay Hermit, Braw Lass, Whitefriar, Murdoch, and others being backed for considerable sums. All promised well until the Two Thousand, and it was hoped that a fine race between Minting, Ormonde, Saraband, and perhaps even St. Mirin and Mephisto, would rather add to than take away from the interest of the approaching Derby. Instead of this, Ormonde, as the newspaper reports worded it, "sailed home a gallant and ensy winner by a couple of lengths," and thenceforth the Derby was pronounced to be "over."

The history of the betting on a Derby may almost be said to be the history of the race. At the end of last July, when Saraband had won four races and The Bard fourteen, the former was first favourite, at 11 to 1. A few days later Minting won the Prince of Wales's Stakes at Goodwood in a canter by five lengths, and was greatly admired by the large crowd of critics there assembled. The result was that he dethroned Saraband, and became first favourite for the Derby at 6 to 1, while Saraband went to 8 to 1. When Minting had won the Champagne Stakes at Doncaster he became a still better favourite, and the absurdly short odds, for that date, of 4 to 1 were offered against him. There was not much betting on the Derby from that time until the Newmarket meetings. Half an hour before the race for the Middle Park Plate Ormonde made his first appearance in public, and he beat Modwena, upon whom odds had been laid, so easily that Minting's half-length victory over Saraband for the Middle Park Plate did not very materially strengthen his position in the Derby betting, especially as Braw Lass divided the pair. Much as this performance on the part of Braw Lass was discredited, her victory in the Great Sapling Plate at the Houghton Meeting gave some sort of confirmat

Whitefriar were each backed at 16 to 1. So much for the Derby betting of last year.

Early this spring Ormonde became a decided first favourite at 5 to 1, and both Minting and Saraband stood at 6½ to 1. The Bard had risen greatly in the estimation of backers, and in March 7 to 1 was taken about bim. Whitefriar still stood at 16 to 1, and 20 to 1 was taken against Gay Hermit. Some of this horse's running had been very good. He had won half a dozen races, worth nearly 5,000l., and, although his form had been rather in and out, he had beaten some celebrated two-year-olds, including Philosophy Modwan, Braw Lass Devil to Pay, and Grav Friars. and out, he had beaten some celebrated two-year-olds, including Philosophy, Modwena, Braw Lass, Devil to Pay, and Grey Friars. At Lincoln the Duke of Portland's Arcadian won the Blankery Stakes, after which he was backed for the Derby at 100 to 1; but a few days later he won the Leicestershire Handicap, and, moderate as his form had been last year, he was now backed for the Derby at 20 to 1. Shortly afterwards he won an unimportant race at Newmarket; but at Chester he was easily beaten at 7 lbs. by Coracle, and Coracle had been unplaced for the Two Thousand; so Arcadian disappeared from the Derby betting.

The Newmarket Craven Meeting brought out two new outsiders. Grey Friars was the favourite for the Biennial, but he was beaten by Button Park, a colt by Avontes, who started at 20 to 1.

by Button Park, a colt by Avontes, who started at 20 to 1. A ccuple of days later Button Park beat Sunrise, a filly that had run well last year, and he was backed for the Derby at 28 to 1. He subsequently started first favourite for the Payne Stakes, but He subsequently started first favourite for the Payne Stakes, but he met with such a decisive defeat that 100 to I was offered in vain against him for the Derby, and his name after this but rarely appeared in the quotations, although he eventually started at 66 to I. Lord Zetland's Grey Friars, two days after he had been beaten by Button Park, won the Craven Stakes from eight other three-year-olds, including Braw Lass, who started first favourite; but Volta, who was giving him 10 lbs., ran him to half a length, so the performance was not considered a very high one, and 66 to I was laid against him for the Derby. At the Second Spring Meeting he won the Payne Stakes so easily that he at once jumped to 25 to I for the Derby, and gradually rose in the betting until he reached 12 to I, odds which were considerably lengthened again before the race, for which he started third favourite. Ke Fr ho following the ham and sure of Min and of last bed and with the house of the ham with the house of the ham with the house of the ham and the house of the

We must return now to Ormonde, The Bard, Minting, and Saraband, who firmly held their ground as the leading favourites, Saraband, who firmly held their ground as the leading lavournes, at odds varying from 3 to 1 to about 6 to 1, until the eve of the Two Thousand. For that race Minting, Saraband, and Ormonde were the favourites in the order given; but after Ormonde's easy victory, odds of 2 to 1 and more were laid on him for the Derby. Not long afterwards Mr. Vyner, the owner of Minting, announced that in consequence of the defeat, by a couple of lengths, which ith nd,

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his horse had received from Ormonde in the Two Thousand, he did not intend to run him for the Derby, if Ormonde kept well and went to the post. The case of Saraband seemed worse than that of Minting on his Two Thousand form, as he had finished a dozen lengths behind him; yet he lingered among the favourites for the Derby at about 11 to 1 until eight days before the race, when he was what is technically called "knocked out," and he went in a few minutes to 33 to 1. A day or two later, however, he came back again to 16 to 1; but on Monday last he was sent to 50 to 1, and on Tuesday he was scratched on account of a death in the family of his owner.

Nearly a fortnight before the Derby the Kempton Park Grand Prize was won by Scherzo, a colt by Galopin, who had hitherto met with a series of unbroken defeats. The field behind him on the occasion of his first victory did not comprise anything of high repute, and his success did not bring him into the Derby betting for some days; but by degrees people thought better of it, and for a time he became a strong outsider at 20 to 1. Then there was another outsider called Helter Skelter, a colt by Pell Mell out of Crucifixion, against whose form nothing could be said, as he had never run in public. This colt, with Gay Hermit, Button Park, and St. Mirin, was in the Manton stable, and about this "Manton lot," as it was called, there was considerable mystery to within a day or two of the race. It turned out that St. Mirin was the best of them; but even he started at 40 to 1, and both Helter Skelter and Gay Hermit were scratched.

The start could scarcely have been more punctual. Coracle and Ariel made the running up the hill and down the hill, indeed

of them; but even he started at 40 to 1, and both Helter Skelter and Gay Hermit were scratched.

The start could scarcely have been more punctual. Coracle and Ariel made the running up the hill and down the hill, indeed almost as far as the road; and at the top of the hill they were seven or eight lengths in front of the rest of the field. During the greater part of the race Archer lay rather more forward with Ormonde than did Wood with The Bard. In coming down the hill the two favourites worked their way to the front, and after crossing the road they came away by themselves to fight out what was practically a match. As they came nearer and nearer there was, after all, some little excitement in this year's Derby, although most people felt confident that Ormonde would come forward and win as he liked whenever it might please Archer to let him. Half way up the straight one of the pair was getting an advantage; but it was The Bard, and not Ormonde, that had the best of it by a neck. At the distance, however, Archer roused Ormonde, and from that point he had it all his own way, gamely as his opponent struggled; and the Duke of Westminster's bay colt Ormonde, by Bend Or out of Lily Agnes, by Macaroni (yellow jacket and black cap), won by a length and a half from Mr. R. Peck's chestnut colt The Bard, by Petrarch out of Magdalene, by Syrian (blue and orange sleeves). In consequence of the extreme favouritism of Ormonde and the high repute of The Bard (25 to 1 was laid, bar two), there was less betting than usual. As a sort of compensation, people amused themselves by "place" betting; and there was, in fact, a finer race for third place than for the stakes themselves. St. Mirin was third, a long way behind The Bard; but he only beat his stable-companion Button Park by a head, and Button Park was only a neck in front of Chelsea. It is a matter of special satisfaction that the Derby Day should have been so fine this year, and that the race should have been contested by two such grand horses as Ormonde and The Bard, becau

will carry away pleasant recollections of our greatest national festival.

The usual criticism of the three-year-olds of the season by the Keeper of the Match Book appeared last week in the form of the Free Handicap Sweepstakes. This authority estimated the principal horses that were at that time expected to run in the Derby as follows:—Ormonde 10 lbs. better than The Bard; The Bard 2 lbs. better than Saraband and Grey Friars; and this pair 2 lbs. better than Saraband and Grey Friars; and this pair 2 lbs. better than Scherzo and Gay Hermit. It will be observed that the handicapper considered that there was a stone between the best and the worst of this half-dozen; whereas last year, when he was successful in placing the first and second (he has done it two years running), he only allowed a margin of 3 lbs. between the six Derby horses that he put at the top of his handicap. To show how opinions differ among racing authorities, we may notice a few of the disagreements between the handicappers at Newmarket and Manchester. The former places The Bard 2 lbs. above Ashplant, and 10 lbs. above Castor and St. Michael; but the latter places The Bard 2 lbs. below Ashplant, only 5 lbs. above Oastor, and 6 lbs. above St. Michael. Newmarket puts Oberon 4 lbs. above St. Michael; Manchester puts St. Michael 1 lb. above Oberon. Backers of Minting will not fail to have observed that that colt was estimated only 7 lbs. below Ormonde in the Free Handicap, and will complain that, considering the uncertainties and chances of racing, they ought to have had "a run."

Both the French and the Austrian Derbys were run on Sunday last. The former produced a splendid race, ending in a dead heat between Baron A. de Schickler's Sycomore, who started at 10 to 1, and Count de Berteux's Upas, who started at 40 to 1. Jupin, winner of the Grande Poule des Produits of 3,1434., St. Honoré, and Gamin, the winner of the Poule d'Essai of 2,3364., were the three favourites; but neither of them was placed. Our English jockey J. Watts rode Sycomore. The

REVIEWS.

THE DESPATCHES OF EARL GOWER.

THE DESPATCHES OF EARL GOWER.*

The right of the Crown to treasure-trove is, so to speak, inverted in the matter of documents; it is the Crown, in the shape of the taxpayer, that gives up the windfall, and it is the decipherer that takes the profit. It seems that the Master of the Rolls cannot spend any of the grant on reasonably modern and tolerably interesting manuscripts. It seems also that a student and teacher of history may approve cordially of disinterments that have supplied materials to writers of early and middle English history, and at the same time groan over the neglect of records which, if printed, would help him to enrich and diversify his own lectures on the eighteenth century. Mr. Browning maintains that things of about a hundred years since are not so fully known as they may be, and that aids to this better knowledge are within reach if one could but get the paymaster to treat them fairly. He has a fixed method of treating such grievances; he contrasts England with Germany, France, and other countries. We dare not hint a doubt as to the superior liberality of the foreigners; only this other point may be timidly raised—surely we have already in print a very ample set of family papers which bear upon our modern history; we have good biographies of most of the men that have flourished in those generations which are as yet too raw for the minute historians; we have publishers who will buy the muniments of any prime minister, any viceroy, any well-known ambassador; we have for patron Mr. Mudie. The great Duke has been honoured down to the depths of his waste-paper baskets; were he Simon de Montfort he could not have been more honoured. After all, relazioni are not so very important in an age of journalism and Parliamentary papers; to understand how wars were averted and concluded what we require is the direct communications of the principals. An ambassador may be accredited to a Court which is playing with him, whilst it is transacting its business through its own envoy resident abroad; a Gower may

publishers who declined the Gower MS. were clearly right; they would not have found it at all popular. The early letters of Lord Gower are much drier than those that follow; it is human to stop when one has turned over a score of leaves and found them insipid. It is obvious from the first that the Ambassador had hardly anything to do in France. He had, speaking roughly, no serious conferences with any one; the only person of any semblance of authority that he conferred with was Montmorin, and Montmorin was little more than a tuckam minister. Nothing seems to have passed between the two that might not have been published at the time; nothing seems to have been feasible for them that would stop the decline of the French Monarchy, which had been so rapid before Gower's arrival. This degradation of authority went on more slowly during the first year or so of his residence. And why? Because Mirabeau was doing something, not very much, to stop it. The editor points out that Gower could not transact business with Mirabeau, who was not a King's Minister; it may be added, that Mirabeau could not unofficially confer with the English Ambassador for fear of complicating with suspicions his already ambiguous operations. So far it is no reproach to Gower that he was insignificant; nor is it to be doubted that he served his country creditably. But in the Mirabeau period he seems to have had no opportunity of action beyond helping in a secondary way to keep France from backing Spain in the Nootka Sound dispute. He had an easy berth for the greater part of his residence. Yet one feels that, if he had been up to the level of English diplomatists, or of English ambassadors at the French seat of Government, his house would have been the resort, if not of Mirabeau, at least of other Parliamentary and administrative Frenchmen zealous for their experimental Constitution; they were, so far as Frenchmen can be, admirers of English things and persons. A Fox, a Shelburne, a Malmesbury, or a Mornington, in Gower's place might have been to

^{*} The Despatches of Earl Gower, English Ambassador at Paris from June 1790 to August 1792; to which are added the Despatches of Mr. Lindsay and Mr. Monro, and the Diary of Viscount Palmerston in France during July and August, 1791. Edited for the Syndics of the University Press by Oscar Browning, M.A., F.R. Hist. S. Cambridge: University Press.

me, through Mr. Elliott, their earnest desire to use their influence with the Court of Madrid," &c. On the 26th he writes:—

Mr. Elliott being very anxious that your Grace should be informed without loss of time of the disposition of the leading men of the prevailing party with whom he has had communication, I shall send Morley to London to-night, who will be the bearer of this despatch. I must observe to your Grace that the opportunities which Mr. Elliot has had of conversing with the members of the Comité diplomatique, and which from my situation it was not in my power to have, have enabled him to convince them of the pacific intentions of His Majesty, and I can add with pleasure that they seem anxiously inclined to co-operate with His Majesty's Ministers in order to induce Spain to comply with his just demands.

Mirabeau was Chairman of this Foreign Affairs Committee before he became President of the Assembly. In February 1791 he seemed to Gower to be leading the Assembly wisely and vigorously; but the two were not in communication. In March Gower states that "the King's person is completely in the hands of Mr. de la Fayette; the Government of the kingdom seems to be going fast into those of Mr. de Mirabeau, whose conduct... has been much and deservedly applauded." In April, after Mirabeau's death, he reports that he "knows that Mr. de la Marck has communicated to Mr. de Montmorin some papers left by Mirabeau which may enable him, if properly supported, to stem the torrent of Republicanism." It is noteworthy that he considers the "aristocratic party" quite as mischievous as the "democratic." He nowhere utters that opinion which is with us established, that La Fayette was far less capable of checking anarchy than Mirabeau. The letters show that besides La Fayette there was Bailly for a support of the tottering throne. With neither of these dignitaries does Gower communicate. As things get worse he becomes more intelligent, but he is never keen. A cleverer man, dealing with the incidents, would have originated some designs, if not in concert with Montmorin or La Fayette, at least in correspondence with Grenville. The facts as they are stated in the despatches would almost of themselves suggest, but when generalized by the reporter would have driven into Grenville's mind the conclusion, that the best thing for the saving of the French Government was to persuade the Austrians to enforce on Condé and his fellow-plotters the acceptance of hospitality in Bohemia or Styria instead of letting them hang about the frontier of France. England and Austria together would probably have convinced Prussia and Switzerland that it was no kindness to King Louis to let his friends menace his Parliament and Ministers. The emigration itself was the most flagrant proof of the nervousness which caused the miseries of France; but, if the emigra

It would be no bad exercise for a student to construct from these despatches, without other data, an explanation of the French failure, a theory of their mistakes, always assuming that their politicians sincerely tried to make a constitutional Monarchy that would work. If we had this task set us by such an "University Lecturer" as the editor, we should certainly indicate two aberrations; the Assembly went wholly astray when it assumed the office of a judicial court, and again when it overruled and rescinded a Ministerial order; instances of both these forms of usurpation are given by the English observer, but without the comments that would occur to an English politician. Both these errors might have been pointed out to the authors and lovers of the French Constitution; and they might have been subsequently avoided. It is poor wisdom to repeat the Carlyle grunt as to the

avoided. It is poor wiscom to repeat the Constitution not marching.

It is a comfort to know that our Ambassador was not nervous nor heartless; that he maintained, till his credentials withered in the hot breath of anarchy, that phlegmatic dignity on which the Ministers of inferior States naturally relied in days of flurry and perplexity. He perhaps never read his Burke; he certainly escaped the fascination of the French Queen; but he faithfully served his own King by honouring King Louis in the very antechamber of "the Sovereign People."

Respectable as our Embassy was, there is no proof that it counted for much in the ups and downs of the two years. We abstained from intervention. No intervention would have been of

Respectable as our Embassy was, there is no proof that it counted for much in the ups and downs of the two years. We abstained from intervention. No intervention would have been of use except endeavours to rid the French frontier of the émigrés. King George was not in a position for advising Louis; George's representative was not qualified by force of character for advising the French politicians; and he no doubt judged rightly in keeping out of all backstair communications with the French Queen. Such reports as he made to our Foreign Office tended, so far as they went, towards that cold neutrality which Mr. Pitt consistently maintained. In the way of diplomatic history, therefore, this series of private reports is by no means important.

As an observer, Lord Gower is not to be compared with Dr. Moore; but he begins much earlier than Moore, and he must henceforth be reckoned as a contributor to the not very abundant stock of incidents observed by foreigners sojourning in Paris during the years in which Mirabeau and La Fayette were the most conspicuous Frenchmen. Amongst the things noted by the

As an observer, Lord Gower is not to be compared with Dr. Moore; but he begins much earlier than Moore, and he must henceforth be reckoned as a contributor to the not very abundant stock of incidents observed by foreigners sojourning in Paris during the years in which Mirabeau and La Fayette were the most conspicuous Frenchmen. Amongst the things noted by the reporter, which may possibly be as new to others as to ourselves, we would select the following particulars. In July 1790 Bouillé at Mets allowed Austrian troops to pass through French territory on their way to the Austrian Netherlands. In December Montmorin applied in a friendly way to our Government for the suppression of a gang known to be forging assignats in London. In April 1791 Lord Gower went after dinner to "M. de Montmorin's drawing-room," and found it full of company, and "perceived that the

female part of it consisted of the ladies who in this town go under the denomination of dames de la halle or poissardes; they were at that moment taking leave of the Minister with the most cordial embraces"; by coming late he had himself escaped what his diplomatic brethren had undergone in the way of hugging. About the same time some hundreds of nuns and Sæurs Gruss were whipped by the poissardes for attending mass said by non-juror priests. In May of the same year "some even go so far as to surmise that money from His Majesty's Civil List" helps the Prussian purse in keeping "Condé's little army" on foot.

Early in 1792 we get to a thing which, whether true or not, is at least amusing:—"The King was desirous of seeing a curious secrétaire which has been made here for the King of Naples, and which is calculated to hold a great quantity of papers; when it

Early in 1792 we get to a thing which, whether true or not, is at least amusing:—"The King was desirous of seeing a curious secrétaire which has been made here for the King of Naples, and which is calculated to hold a great quantity of papers; when it arrived there was no difficulty in allowing it to be brought into the Royal apartment; but when it was to be carried back, the guard insisted upon searching it accurately least his Majesty should be concealed in it." That guard must have been reading the Life of Greting.

This MS. has undergone a recension at the seat of learning to which it owes its typographical birth; it follows that it is liable to conjectural emendations. We read:—"The National Assembly has decreed that justice shall be administered in the name of the King. That the venality of officers of judicature shall be abolished and that the judges shall be paid by the State." For "officers" read "offices." "Mr. de Narbonne's fall from his horse will probably be attended with no other bad consequences for him than the loss of a finger; it has been observed on this occasion qu'il est à un doint de sa vorte." For norte read "nerte."

will probably be attended with no other bad consequences for him than the loss of a finger; it has been observed on this occasion qu'il est à un doigt de sa porte." For porte read "perte."

The editor declines the task of elucidating everything that is obscure or recondite in his author; he kindly leaves something for diviners, and one's curiosity is tickled by the following incident. The fédérés "from Brest arrived yesterday, and, after having partaken of what they choose to call a fraternal fête-civique on the ruins of the Bastille, they seized upon some canon in a neighbouring church and were proceeding to the palace, but Mr. Péthion and Mr. Santerre, the leading men in the Faubourg St.-Antoine, harangued the mob and dissuaded them from their wicked purpose." What did they mean to do with the canon? to eathim? If there was only one canon, why say "some" instead of "a certain" canon? Is it possible that my lord wrote, or meant, "some cannon"? But the whole passage looks as if it ought to go to the editor of Punch to be worried.

Mr. Browning might as well have told us what Mr. Lindsay it

of the editor of Punch to be worned.

Mr. Browning might as well have told us what Mr. Lindsay it was that was left behind by the Ambassador. This is one out of about twenty names left out of the "Onomasticon" which in this volume is substituted for the index of ordinary life. Mr. Lindsay writes better than his chief, and has the honour of living, without insult, through the three perilous weeks that come between the beginning of the French King's close imprisonment and the September massacre. In this period the security of King's messengers fails; the privilege of the Envoy totters; Lindsay wishes he had a cypher for correspondence. He seems to confer at ease with the sensible and spirited American Envoy Gouverneur Morris. He reports that the Assembly thinks of shifting the seat of Government to Tours; but the Fédérés bar the move. He ascribes the delay about the granting of his passports to the conflict of the Assembly with the Municipality; both claim the Government. On his departure "diplomatic history" hangs by the single thread of a wholly unofficial person's credibility, and the George Monro who writes to Lord Grenville has no introductions, except that he is called by the editor a colonel and a spy. In this third series of reports there is a gap, of which the editor takes no heed, extending over about three months.

Monro reports of the notorious firebrand Genest that he is sent to the United States to make a defensive and offensive treaty; if this was the talk of the streets, it proves that the French mis-

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Monro reports of the notorious firebrand Genest that he is sent to the United States to make a defensive and offensive treaty; if this was the talk of the streets, it proves that the French misunderstood their American friends; Genest had no more chance with the President than Talleyrand with Mr. Pitt. Monro seems to have listened to some illiterate people; for, "while the Counsel of the King was addressing the Convention, one of Robespierre's party called out, Monsieur le Président, nous demandons que vous faire taire ce gueux-là." He speaks very coolly of his own danger when denounced as a spy by one who had known him before; he assures his employer that he will let no secret escape. He gives him warning of the probable arrival in England or Ireland of a M'Donald and two brothers called Sheare, violent and desperate men, capable of setting fire to the dockyards or breeding disturbances in Ireland. There is hardly anything else in his fifty pages that cannot be got in better shape from the well-known French memoirs on which Thiers and others have founded their narratives.

Thus far the volume is disappointing. But, after parting with the Colonel, we enjoy about ninety pages of pleasant surprise. Of these pages, twenty-eight, printed with the same honours as Gower, Lindsay, and Monro, are occupied by a somewhat light-hearted diarist, whose touch and tone are such as belit his race; he is the father of that man whom the modern French have called a very great enemy of France, Lord Palmerston. The diary of the father helps one to understand the son. It is redolent of unstrained leisurely discernment, with instinctive avoidance of cant. The diarist takes us back to July 1791. He goes with a French nobleman to the Assembly, in the spirit of an enlightened tourist; he is interested, without being excited, in the assertion of authority and civilization by military firing on the people; he gives a roseate account of the theatres, particularly of a romantic opera

which presents two scenes at once divided by a screen; he lionizes the Hotel Dieu, and its patients, two in a bed; and his account of the ventilation helps one to understand how twelve and ten years earlier D'Orvilliers and De Grasse failed at sea for want of healthy crews; he describes the Bicêtre prison with its immates talking through the bars to free men standing in the courts; and he ends with this neat and strong contribution to history:—

We found that, notwithstanding the new laws in favour of liberty, the prison was full of people who had been there many months and some of them years without being brought to any trial or having any hearing. The truth is that hitherto the machine does not move. The destruction of eld institutions has been complete enough, but the substitution of new ones is very imperfect and in many cases quite ineffectual.

Sixty-two pages of small type contain documents in French of which the editor says that they were sent to Lord Elgin in the nummer of 1794. Has the editor read them attentively? The first of them bears this superscription, "endorsed in Lord Elgin's Feb. 14," and two are dated April 7. It is only a comparatively unimportant part of the information that is dated June.

Mr. Browning calls these anonymous reports "some remarkable accounts of the political, military, and social condition of France." This is faint praise, and creates no expectation of the strong, solid, brilliant writing that serves to pad the volume. We cannot pretend to verify the statements; but we say without hesitation that they are the only statements we have ever met with that reachle us to understand how the Tayror increased itself in mat they are the only statements we have ever met with that enable us to understand how the Terror incarnated itself in methodical creators and supporters of crushing armies. This appendix deserves much fuller treatment than can be here given to it. The four publishers probably did not look at it; if they did they made a "remarkable" mistake in rejecting it.

THE GIFTS OF COMUS.

THE brace of Jesuit fathers—Brumoy and Baugeant—who wrote the anonymous preface to this anonymous old cookerybook, tell us that both the cooks and the gournets of one hundred bool, tell us that both the cooks and the gourmets of one hundred and fifty years ago distinguished two sorts of French cookery—the old and the new. The old had come from the Italians, "who polished all Europe," but, for all that, was then everywhere known and practised as a French art. It was complicated, its receipts being a mass of minutiæ. About 1720 it began to be superseded in Paris by a sort of chemistry which consisted in decomposing, digesting, and quintessencing all sorts of meats, extracting in sauces or broths or brews the light and nutritive juices, mingling and commingling them so that none should dominate racing in sauces or broths or brews the light and nutritive juices, mingling and commingling them so that none should dominate while all should be apparent; and Les Dons de Comus was perhaps the first book of the new school. Another Traité de la Ouisine had just then been published, by one Menon it would appear, but it was a mere réchauffé of Massialot's work. This now long-forgotten gift of the god of revelvy took so wall that these long-forgotten gift of the god of revelry took so well that three years later Marin, the "Officier"—the cook, no less—who produced it issued a sequel in three volumes, with a preface by De

Querlon.

The first point in the history of cookery that strikes one is that entremets were just then beginning to get confounded with horsd'œuvres, and these with entrées; the recent revolution in taste had extended even to the order of the dishes. Except in "repasts of ceremony," there were no fixed rules; and Marin, while on the subject, remarked, under the head of Spring, that the sterility of that season—whose flowers he was evidently quite ready to bother—left him no entremets but ham, or what his skill could crypte out of vegetables. There was then of course as yet no evolve out of vegetables. There was then, of course, as yet no such thing as a restaurant in the sense of an eating-house. The word still held the meaning which its oversetting 'Storative maintains to this day in Oxford Nightcaps—a renovator; and Marin's "sauce au restaurant succulent" even in print breeds a strong weakness for renovation in that kind. He describes it as "fit for an infinity of uses in the new cookery." But the base of his art, the soul of his sauces, to reproduce the metaphor of the two ecclesiasts, was his stock or quintessence, which was also his foremost restaurant. Brillat-Savarin evidently inherited from Marin—to whom he never even distantly alludes—his "magistère restaurant A, improvisé pour le cas de la méditation XXV."—there is the new-killed fowl, pounded bones and all in a mortar, in both; but there is one ingredient excellently well chosen in Marin's recipe for stock—"an old partridge, well hung." Just beginning to be high. Admirable. So as to impart that eclectic and indescribable, almost clusive, superiority of odour and flavour which superlative soup should exhale. And then the satisfactory old fellow would not waste a young bird on his stock-pot, when the fitness of things required it elsewhere, à l'achia, à la burlubi, or à la rocambole. An old partridge, well hung—it is almost touching.

Notwithstanding the shuffling of the dishes, Marin in his menus always made his potages the first course; and it is important to remark that a potage was then a very substantial pottage. For instance, there was the potage de santé, with a fowl, pigeons, or a leg of veal on it—dessus—the whole garnished with small onions; or a julienne was garnished with asparagus tops and a leg of veal; or a julienne was garnished with asparagus tops and a leg of veal or it—dessus—the whole garnished with small onions; or a julienne was garnished with asparagus tops and a leg of veal or it—dessus—the whole garnished with small onions; or a julienne was garnished with asparagus tops and a leg of veal or it—dess evolve out of vegetables. There was then, of course, as yet no such thing as a restaurant in the sense of an eating-house. The

Then there were no end of ollas, and an olla is a serious dish-Then there were no end of ollas, and an olla is a serious dish—oille or olle, as he calls it—which did duty for a potage. One of these oilles, à la jambe de bois, is a reminder of flint soup or limestone broth; another was à l'Angloise; another with peas, and so forth. Among the potages, too, figures a long list of Croûtes, among which croûte au pot does not emerge; but there are croûtes with crayfish, or with mussels, with truffles, with marrow and asparagus tops combined, with Parmesan cheese, and with mushrooms.

marrow and asparagus tops combined, with Tanasas with mushrooms.

One peculiarity of the cookery of the day was the great number of kabobs or hâtelettes, as morsels roast or grilled on a skewer or à la brochette were then called. They were of Eastern origin, no doubt, as every stroller in the bazaars can tell. The hâtelette seems now to survive mainly for mutton kidneys; but the skewers then bore sweetbreads, beef-palates, "all sorts of cooked meat"—which throws a good light on "what to dowith the cold mutton"; eels—worth dwelling on; salmon; oysters and the tails of river crayfish alternately; mussels, and even eggs. And besides the hâtelette there was the hâtereau, which we shall take the liberty of translating devil; and thus were served fillets of beef, veal, turkey, or fowl, and the great pigeons of the pays de Caux—Cochois, as Marin disguises them; as well as slices of a medley of fish. Another old term and another good thing that has gone out was the profiterolle, which meant a dish cooked under the coals, or rather charcoals. Perhaps the salamander and the Dutch oven took its place. haps the salamander and the Dutch oven took its place.

Marin does not keep you in his kitchen, or in the office of which he was the officier; he takes you to market, and tells much that is of interest a century and a half after date. Four-year-old mutton can then scarcely have been known, for lamb fed in a barrel on of interest a century and a half after date. Four-year-old mutton can then scarcely have been known, for lamb fed in a barrel on oats took the place of mutton in spring and summer; and, indeed, the clerical epicures who wrote the preface adopt a Greek saying that the most delicate meat is that which is least meat, and the most exquisite fish that which is least fish. Still lamb in general was not thought very excellent for kitchen purposes, because of its want of flavour. It is remarkable that the French still hold to this opinion. We eat more lamb, and produce it better in every way, while their strong point is, of course, veal. A Darwinian might trace this to the wolves. The farmer's few sheep are as tame as bunnies, and are led to the fields by the knitting-women of the family; the lambs, being in the way, are killed off early, and in the south-west of France you buy a quarter of lamb in the season—small, it is true—for half-a-crown at the outside. The pastrycooks in Marin's day made their veal-patties of legs of pork, and probably do so still; and he warns us solemnly that pork is best for roasting and for curing at six months old, after feeding for twelve days on six bushels of good cats. Kid was dressed like mutton, and if you chose you could give it the flavour of venison; and then "venaison, or wild black meat," included wild-swine, old and young, as well as bucks, does, and fawns. Rabbits—perhaps he was not far wrong—were good only in pies, hot or cold; and some of the best ducks and geese came from Metz, where they were fattened by the Jews. The list of feathered game comprised thrushes, blackbirds, and, horrible to relate, the robin redbreast, who was "another little bird with a distinguished flavour." The best came from Lorraine, and they were to be spitted like the ortolan, and used as entrees with various minor sances. Waterhens, divers, widgeon, and "other aquatic birds," by a pious fiction at which old Mother Church long winked, were then fish on fast-days. Peafowl, old and young, were still lar by a pious fiction at which old Mother Church long winked, were then fish on fast-days. Peafowl, old and young, were still larded and roasted like turkeys; but half the brunt of the cook's work was borne by the useful barndoor, of which, it is worth noticing, the only special variety named is the Campine—so called from the Kempenland in the Low Countries—our spangled Hamburg; the "fancy" had not yet got to work. It is especially noteworthy that the Parisian cooks of those days took their roast fowl—and doubtless other roasts—from the rotisseur "round the corner." This casts a very rosaic meaning on Brillat-Savarin's aphorism that the Parisan cooks of those days took their roast low!—and doubtless other roasts—from the rôtisseur "round the corner." This casts a very prosaic meaning on Brillat-Savarin's aphorism of a century later "on devient cuisinier, mais on naît rôtisseur." The business was carried on from father to son, and the boy doubtless tended the spit from his earliest years. The work of roasting was so engrossed by the rôtisseurs, and so well done, that private cooks did not meddle with it. They thus saved a large fire, just as the poorer quarters of London, where the Sunday joint is sent to the baker's, still do; but, on the other hand, they never learned how to roast.

never learned how to roast.

Lobsters and crabs came up to Paris ready cooked, and were eaten simply with salt; hot lobster sandwiches had still to be invented. Fresh sardines were sent from Dieppe—the Sussex fishermen maintain that "they steamers" have driven the fish away—they now come from Arcachon. Green oysters hailed, as now, from Marennes and also from England; "white oysters" were doubtless our natives. Marin was very strong on eggs—after meat, he averred, the most nourishing, assimilable, and healthy of foods; the poor shared them with the rich, and the whole with the invalid. He therefore gave endless ways of cooking them, and an infinity of omelettes. He even printed the means of a foods; the poor shared them with the rich, and the whole with the invalid. He therefore gave endless ways of cooking them, and an infinity of omelettes. He even printed the menus of a dinner for twelve and a supper for seven, each of four courses, and all wholly and solely of eggs. The dishes included skewered eggs, meringues of eggs, eggs as sole and as whiting, a hot pie of fresh eggs, which would lead one to fear they were not all so, but rather suited to the palate of the city dame in the old play, who liked the whites "of a delicate blue." She ought to have married the man who preferred his potatoes "with a bone in them." We light also upon eggs "à la grand'mère," the mode of preparing which is not given—perhaps, it might be surmised, for obvious reasons;

^{*} Les Dons de Comus, ou les Délices de la Table . . . dans le goût le plus cureau. A Paris, chez Prault, fils, Quay de Conty, vis-à-vis la descente da Pont Neuf, à la Charité. M.DCC.XXXIX.

but no; all preconceived notions on the subject must be abandoned, because the dish figures as a hot entremets. The dinner contained twenty and the supper nineteen dishes of eggs, and the effect ought to have been to excite the state of mind shown by the parson in the old Joe, who dined with the miserly squire who had a warren, and whose grace after meat ran:—

Of rabbits roast and rabbits boiled,
Of rabbits cooked and rabbits spoiled,
Of rabbits young and rabbits old,
Of rabbits hot and rabbits cold,
Of rabbits tender and rabbits tough,
The Lord be praised we've had enough

Marin was evidently a most inventive genius; another of his menus for six is a summer dinner all served in fillets, even including French beans and artichokes; and, he adds, "the fruit may be served in the same way, for singularity." But this savours more of conjuring than of cookery. Then there is a cold supper, all the dishes of which are smothered in jelly, and perhaps the carliest menu for an ambigu dejeuner for twelve, which contains

all the dishes of which are smothered in jelly, and perhaps the earliest menu for an ambigu déjeuner for twelve, which contains seventeen dishes, all put on together.

We have marked a number of easy though out-of-the-way dishes that offer wrinkles which here and there a gourmet even nowadays may care to note. And first, instead of the everlasting maître d'hôtel, Marin grilled his kidneys with shalots. A leg of Welsh mutton larded with new truffles, when they are in season, from November to February, sounds well. When we are all robbed of our beer, hop soup may not be despised. Bone a turkey, and roll him with oysters or with pickled gherkins, and cook his giblets en matelote with pieces of eel and rabbit. To produce a roast fowl unusually tender, protect it from the fire with slices of bread. Cook a carp with truffles. Roast your largest eels; fricassée the others in champagne, and then shred them up and make omelettes with them. Make a roast joint of a plentiful cut of sturgeon, but baste it well, and eat it with a sharp sauce. Vary the eternal salt fish, when its days come round, by making a pie of it, and serving with cream for a sauce; make a similar experiment on the too-despised mussel. Roast fresh mackerel with sorrel sauce, and when you tire of that make a pie of them too. Oyster fritters might be made of the Portuguese, which no one with a palate can eat raw; mule's-foot is their name in the Bay of Biscay. Mussel soup is not to be found in ordinary cookery-books; nor are eggs dressed in champagne, or with oysters; nor is river crayfish sausage to be bought in all the shops. It may be difficult to suggest anything new about pheasants; but after a battue a hotch-potch of the short bones of the legs, served with thick pheasant soup as a sauce, might pass muster. Fry mushrooms in cream; and do not forget cream, and also marrow, omelettes. Mint sauce is for the most part a thing which every one thinks he or she can make; take refuge from it in chopped parsley and chives worked up in cream, and also marrow, omelettes. Mint sauce is for the most part a thing which every one thinks he or she can make; take refuge from it in chopped parsley and chives worked up in fresh butter, add pepper and salt and half a glass of champagne, simmer a moment, and squeeze in the juice of a Seville orange. And when you make oyster sauce add a mushroom, a shalot, some parsley, and a truffle. It is worthy of remembrance that Marin roasted his hams.

In green meats are to be found a few hints which we present to the vegetarians, who must be at their wit's end for a novelty. The only objection to boiled lettuce is that it is a trifle insipid; therefore your modern French cook stews it au court bouillon; but Marin, by a stroke of genius, stuffed it, and he did the same with Brussels sprouts. Every one ought to know that a boiled cucumber is worth all the vegetable-marrows that ever ripened; but Marin fried his whole, or made patties of them. Turnips he served with mustard sauce, and instead of parsley-leaves he put its roots in his soups. He had the courage, too, to say of new peas that "the good are not the first, although they are the dearest." He highly approved of "sortcrotes," as he called them, both French and German.

We had intended to give Marin's views on wines, including that of Nuitz, "for the health," and that of Haï, as the best in Champagne; whence also came a Tokai, and a wonderful Bon-chrétien pear. Liqueurs, too, would claim a few words, were it only to wonder whether Eau de Barbades could be anything else but Jamaica rum; Esquibar was clearly usquebaugh, and eau-de-vie d'Irlande smells of petheen a mile off; but space, as known to printers, owns but half the dimensions to which it soars in the higher mathematics.

ARAB TRIBES.*

DURING the Easter Term of the past year Professor Robertson DURING the Easter Term of the past year Professor Robertson Smith delivered a series of lectures at Cambridge, in which he collected all available historical evidence as to the genesis of the tribal system which has prevailed in Arabia since the time of the Prophet, and took occasion to point out how closely the facts of the case correspond with the theory propounded in the well-known work of the late J. F. McLennan on Primitive Marriage. This work, where the task is essayed of tracing the steps of social evolution effected in respect of marriage and kinship, was based on a comprehensive study of modern rude societies; but for the most part its author had neglected such facts as may be derived from the history of the Semitic nations in general, and of

the Arabs in particular. It is, therefore, as Professor Robertson Smith remarks, the more striking to find a confirmation of the soundness of McLennan's theory when we see its perfect applicability to societies in a quarter of the globe which was least under the cognisance of its author.

The results arrived at by Professor Robertson Smith will prove of special interest not only to the general student of early society, but also to all who make a study of the history of Islam, for it follows naturally that the condition, social and political, of ancient Arabia has a very "important bearing on the most fundamental problems of Arabian history and on the genesis of Islam itself." The genealogies of the Arabs as presented to us in the elaborate system of the Moslem historians and poets, although professing to have been handed down intact from time immemorial, in their present form date only from the first century of the Hejira and the Caliphate of Omar. That great administrator had instituted registers for the regular distribution among true believers of the pensions and pay accruing from the spoil of the infidel.

The pension system, as Sprenger has explained at length, afforded a since the second since the result is result be added to the property of the results of the sadded to the results of the sadded to the results.

pensions and pay accruing from the spoil of the infidel.

The pension system, as Sprenger has explained at length, afforded a direct stimulus to genealogical research, and also, it must be added, to genealogical fiction; while the vast registers connected with it afforded the genealogists an opportunity, which certainly never existed before, to embrace in one scheme the relations of a great circle of Arab kindreds. At the same time, in consequence of the victories of Islam, many tribes, or at least large sections of them, migrated to distant lands, where they received estates or were settled in military colonies and . . . as the old groups were in the various provinces, shuffled through each other in very various combinations, it plainly became an object of interest to reduce to system the relationships of all the Arab tribes.

Now, it will be noted that the general content who can be added.

system the relationships of all the Arab vioce.

Now it will be noted that the genealogists who set themselves to reduce to system all these links of kindred had a task involving interests—namely, pay and pension—and the to reduce to system all these links of kindred had a task involving very practical interests—namely, pay and pension—and the questions raised were not mere matters of archeological curiosity, but had also direct bearing on the political combinations of the time. "Scientific impartiality, therefore, was not to be looked for; even if the genealogist himself was an incorruptible judge—and hardly any Oriental is so—he was certain to have much spurious evidence laid before him," and hence, as Professor Robertson Smith points out, it is not surprising to find how very uncertain is the detail of even the main stem of the genealogical tree. In the first place, the genealogists, it is shown, very frequently with deliberation falsified the old tradition for reasons of political expediency, obscurer tribes taking the lineage of the more famous clans, and falsely claiming kindred with them the more readily to obtain their aid against enemies; and, in frequently with deliberation falsified the old tradition for reasons of political expediency, obscurer tribes taking the lineage of the more famous clans, and falsely claiming kindred with them the more readily to obtain their aid against enemies; and, in the second place, the genealogists often found themselves obliged to insert a number of "dummy" ancestors in order to make the lines connecting historical contemporaries with the common father tolerably equal in length, the backbone of the system being the highly apocryphal pedigree of the Prophet, and the common ancestor of the tribe having forcibly to be brought into this stemma by making him out as the brother or cousin of some ascendant of Mohammed. In short, says Professor Robertson Smith, "no one who has worked through any part of the material in detail can fail to conclude that the system of the genealogists and the methods by which traditional data are worked into the system are totally unworthy of credit," and he next shows how very insufficient for explaining the facts of the case are the cardinal principles laid down by the Arab genealogists; namely, that every tribe is a homogeneous group—i.e. a collection of people of the same blood—and that kinship is only to be reckoned through male descent. The argument deduced is necessarily too long to give in this place, but the general result arrived at very clearly proves that male kinship in early Arabia had been preceded by a system of kinship through women only; and that in historical times real or fictitious bonds of blood came to be used to cement every political alliance—the terms of the political alliance being either unconsciously or purposely translated by the genealogist into the language of kinship. How kindred was counted in Arabia, and what it really meant, appears most clearly in the law of blood-feud. In this we have a practical test afforded for defining the limits of effective kinship:—

A kindred group is a group within which there is no blood-feud. If a man kills one of his own

A kindred group is a group within which there is no blood-feud. If a man kills one of his own kin he finds no one to take his part. Either he is put to death by his own people, or he becomes an outlaw and must take refuge in an alien group. On the other hand, if the slayer and the slain are of different kindred groups a blood-feud at once arises, and the slain man may be avenged by any member of his own group on any member of the group of the slayer. This is the general rule of blood revenge all over the world, and, with certain minor modifications, it holds good in Arabia at the present day, in spite of Islam, as it held good in the oldest times of which we have record.

The chief point here is that those involved in the blood-fead were reckoned to be not only the family or household, not merely the relatives of the slayer or the slain within certain degrees of kinship, as we understand the term, but the parties drawn in were the whole tribe of each man, recognizing no difference of blood-guiltiness according to degrees of relationship. This was the ancient custom which subsequent ages modified to a certain extent; but that this really was the antique rule, our author shows from innumerable instances in Arab history. Further the communal origin of the institution is very plainly indicated in the rule for the distribution of booty. As in point of fact all the clansmen risked life equally in the blood-feud, and all were equally responsible for the payment of the blood-wit, and since war among the tribes was only nother name for lawful revenge of among the tribes was only nother name for lawful revenge of blood—the warriors did not take booty each man for himself, but the spoil was equally to be ivided among all after a fourth part

Kinship and Marriage in Early Arabia. By W. Robertson Smith,
 Lord Almoner's Professor of Arabic in the University of Cambridge.
 Cambridge: at the University Press.

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had been set apart for the chief. The old law of inheritance among the nomads also followed that of booty, and " thus the whole law of the old Arabs really resolves itself into a law of war—bloodof the old Arabs really resolves itself into a law of war—blood-feud, blood-wit and booty are the points on which everything terms." Before passing on to other subjects, we may remark how completely the organization of a Bedawin tribe marches with the old tribal law. It is only on the war-path and on the march, which is conducted with all the precautions of war, that the Sheikh exercises any active authority over his clansmen. In other words, the tribe is organized solely for offence and defence. Except in war and in matters of war individual free will is absoluted to the property of the points. Except in war and in matters of war individual free will is absolutely uncontrolled; and, as Professor Robertson Smith points out, no mistake can be greater than to suppose that Arab society is based on the patriarchal authority of the father over his sons. Perhaps in no part of the world is parental authority weaker than in the desert, and the license of the individual is only circumscribed by imperious necessity, which binds together all the members of the clan for mutual help against a common enemy. The history of the divisions and aggregations of the Arab tribes makes it very clear that with them the purpose of society was primarily to unite men for offence and defence, and for this the only effective bond was the bond of blood, wherein relationship was not reckoned by counting degrees from a common ancestor, but was held to involve equally each and all of the members of the tribe as a whole. tribe as a whole.

the tribe as a whole.

The marriage customs among the Arabs were peculiar, and before Islam—in the Days of Ignorance, as the Moslems say—the utter want of fixity in the marriage-tie was such as to favour the system of female kinship, or at least greatly to modify the law of male descent. Blood-relationship reckoned only through the mother is the natural and necessary rule in a state of society such as was universal in old Arabia, where women did not leave their people to follow a husband abroad, and where divorce was so frequent and the average duration of a marriage so short that a woman's people to follow a husband abroad, and where divorce was so frequent and the average duration of a marriage so short that a woman's family might at any one time embrace several children by different fathers, all too young to dispense with a mother's care. In such cases the children, when they grow up, will naturally belong to the mother's tribe. During the century, however, which preceded the birth of Mohammed, the extraordinary laxity which had been characteristic of the relations between the sexes in ancient Arabia had become considerably modified by the more general prevalence of "marriages of dominion," where the woman followed the husband and abandoned her own tribe, having come to him either by capture or, according to the later and more civilized prevalence of "marriages of dominion," where the woman followed the husband and abandoned her own tribe, having come to him either by capture or, according to the later and more civilized method, by purchase. This, too, was in fact the theory of the rule instituted by the Prophet; for Moslem law lays down that marriage is purchase, the party from whom the husband buys being the father, though the grim logical conclusion is not enforced, for the law directs that the price paid shall become the property, not of the father, but of the girl, and the rights purchased by the husband are ruled to be intransferable. In pre-falamic Arabia, however, this was not the case. The rights of the husband over the wife, conveyed to him by the contract of marriage, were so far of the nature of property that they could be transferred by him to another, and passed with the rest of the man's goods to his heirs. At the same time, the wife was not a slave, although her condition might often in its practical results resemble that of slavery; for the freeborn Arab woman always could, and often did, claim the protection of her kin. And thus, in spite of the extraordinary powers claimed by the husband over the wife, she never lost her sense of personal dignity as a freewoman, and, having helpers in the men of her tribe, held herself far above the condition of the bondswoman, who had no free kinsmen to take her part. The legislation introduced by the Prophet, although at first sight it appears to have raised the condition of women by bestowing on them a legal status, and no longer permitting their being regarded as part of the husband's goods and chattels, ultimately tended to their debasement by establishing as the one legitimate type the "marriage of dominion by purchase," and also by weakening the principle

status, and no longer permitting their being regarded as part of the husband's goods and chattels, ultimately tended to their debasement by establishing as the one legitimate type the "marriage of dominion by purchase," and also by weakening the principle that married women should count on their own kin to protect them against their husbands. In this, as in so much else, the law of the Koran, though at the time a boon and an advance, has become abortive by the inflexibility of its precepts, which precludes progress, and, as is the case in so many other reforms effected by Mohammed, what was good for the time being has been too dearly bought at the price that it must be accepted as final.

Professor Robertson Smith's volume contains many other matters that it would have been a pleasure to discuss had the space at our disposal permitted of it; however, even then it would hardly have been fair to pick out all the plums. On the subjects of polyandry and prohibited degrees many curious facts are set in a new light, and we regret being unable to do more than allude to the subjects. In the first of these Professor Robertson Smith essays to find the explanation of many of the more peculiar marriage customs of the Arabs. The chapter devoted to Totemism contains an interesting account of Arab tribal names, and a suggestion is made that travellers would do well to make note of the Wasm, or Tribe-marks, which are so frequently found cut on rocks in the country occupied by Arab tribes. From a collection of these, interesting results might be deduced, for these Wasm have every appearance of having originally been rude pictorial representations of the Totem, the Arab tribes. From a collection of these, interesting results might be deduced, for these Wasm have every appearance of having originally been rude pictorial representations of the Totem, the mysterious animal, or natural object, from which the tribe derived its name. The connexion further between the word Wasm, the Tribe-mark, and Washm, Tattooing, is worthy of remark. This

method of adornment was forbidden by the Prophet, and it seems probable that the custom had in ancient times its origin in some practice of a religious nature. The custom of marking the person in sign of consecration to a deity is referred to in the Bible, and tattooing is specially condemned as a heathenish practice in Leviticus. Among the Arabs it certainly appears to have had some connexion with the Totem-gods, who were counted as the fathers of the tribe that worshipped them. Biblical students will find many interesting notes on Professor Robertson Smith's pages, where light is thrown on some of the more obscure passages in the history of the Northern Semites in Palestine by a comparison with the customs of their Southern brethren of Arabia. The etymology of one or two Biblical names also is explained in the result of Professor Robertson Smith's researches into the system of male and of female kinship, and his theory of the true significance of a particular class of Semitic proper names, which has always been a puzzle to Hebraists, and of which the Biblical Ahab "Father's brother" is the best known example, is worthy of all attention. Nor, unless we are mistaken, has it appeared before now in print. method of adornment was forbidden by the Prophet, and it seems now in print.

FOUR NOVELS.

It is surely a gratifying sign of the times that, out of a batch of four novels taken at random, not one of them should be in three volumes. The wind of publication is indeed tempered, and, though the number of novels is daily growing larger, if they content themselves with appearing in single volumes, they can still be borne with a certain equanimity. If they were all as excellent as Mr. John Coventry's, instead of being borne with equanimity they would be received with joy, for many a moon has come and gone since we have read so charming a little story as his. It comes to us over the sea from America, which is appropriate, for Mr. Coventry's here in two different generations did so likewise, to seek "after his kind." The story is but a slight one, but, such as it is, it keeps the reader's interest unflagging to the last page. The book opens with a short prologue, which tells how "Devil Dick Shustoke, of Garrison, in the County of Baltimore, Gent.," set sail in August 1782 from Baltimore, having made the county too hot to hold him with his dare-devil pranks, and was never heard of in that county again. His ship went down with all hands, and the story reopens in our own times, amongst the Shustokes of Overstoke, the parent stem from which the Maryland Shustokes traced their descent. Nothing can be more charming than the descriptions of the old Squire and his niece Barbara, a bright, clever, impetuous girl, who alternates from wrongheadedness to gentle and tender submission when her heart is touched in the right place. It is hard to say which is the most pleasing of the three girls whose presence adoras Mr. Coventry's pages—wilful Barbara, lovely Winifred Blythe, full of wisdom and charity towards all men, or Phyllis, the true English country girl, all shyness and retiring modesty and simple unconsciousness of her own beauty. Unfortunately, such girls are rapidly becoming as extinct as the dodo, and we therefore owe gratitude to Mr. Coventry for having given us such charming specimens. It would be unfair to unra

the writing is beyond praise; the characters are all living creatures of flesh and blood, each in their own sphere; and the description of the mellow, rounded beauty of English Midland scenery is but one more of the many and manifold charms of the book. The only word of blame we have to say is in surprise that Messrs. Henry Holt & Co. should have seen fit to publish so rarely excellent a piece of work in such an eminently unattractive exterior. The author of Flora takes us into the secret ways of Christian Rome under the persecutions. The Catacomb period, with its extinct art and its physical as well as moral aloofness from the history that was passing in the light and air, has not been much explored by modern literature. There is but one interest that will lead writer and reader into the hiding-places of the time, and that is religion—the same interest which inspired that model story of the Catacombs, Cardinal Wiseman's Fabiola. Flora, too, is written with a single religious intention. And it conforms to its or the Catacomes, Cardinal Wisemans Fabiota. Flora, too, is written with a single religious intention. And it conforms to its model, inasmuch as the author follows the fortunes of a fictitious heroine whose companions are historical and legendary. The name, indeed, belonged to a woman who lived a Christian and died a martyr in decadent Imperial Rome; for it seems that, close by the shrine of St. Martina on the Forum, is a stone bearing the reason of Flora, the relativistic value of the day of the state of t name of Flora, the palm of victory, and the date of death. Every suggestion of place and time has been utilized by the author with singular ingenuity. No local legend, curiously enough, having taken form about the record of the stone, invention has had free play. The heroine is descended from a personage in the Gospel; she has St. Lawrence for her cousin, St. Martina, St. Reparata (the patroness of Florence before the Madonna and St. John were made supreme in the City of Flowers), St. Agatha, St. Cecilia,

[·] After His Kind. By John Coventry. New York: Holt & Co.

Flora, the Roman Martyr. London: Burns & Oates. 1886. Old St. Margaret's. By Stackpool E. O'Dell. London: Wyman & Sons.

A Barren Title. By T. W. Speight. London: Chatto & Windus.

and St. Hippolytus for her friends. The epochs of her career are marked by their martyrdoms, and by her own also in the *dénoument*. It is not inconceivable that readers who have explored not only all the probable, but all the possible, ways of a heroine's marriage, and have ceased to enjoy any novelty in her even being left like Ariadne on the seashore, "forlorn and desolate," may be roused anew by the final scene of Flora in the Colissum.

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Another semi-religious story, written with equal intentness, is Mr. O'Dell's Old St. Margaret's. Two things excite Mr. O'Dell's ire to the highest pitch—one is the doctrine of Eternal Damnation; the other, the existence of public-houses; and to upset these two arch-enemies to human happiness here and hereafter, he has written this book. But Mr. O'Dell is not wise, and in the apparent hope of lightening the solemn interest of his subject he allows himself to be playful, and poses openly as successor to the author of the Christmas Carol. The wearisomeness of his attempts at levity is beyond words, and is a very great blot on what would otherwise be a powerful book. Mr. O'Dell has but a small opinion of critics and their ways, on which he makes the following remarks:—

There is no one who can see so clearly the faults and failings of a book

and their ways, on which he makes the following remarks:—

There is no one who can see so clearly the faults and failings of a book as a trained, unbiassed critic; but they are few and far between. From the Critic of the Corn Exchange or the Money Market to the Critic of Art or Poetry, with a few exceptions, they are biassed, and that bias is owing to the papers for which they write; and the paper is biassed by its readers. The critic knows full well the lines upon which the paper runs, and that he must not give utterance to a sentence which may impede the progress of that paper. . . . A critic will oftentimes so arrange his ideas as to be very nearly independent of what he criticizes. His principal idea is to increase the success of the paper by pleasing its readers.

Soon after this "side-light" on the dark workings of the critical mind, we are told that a certain lady's "pen was not the pen of a slave, nor of a biassed mind, nor of a paltry, bitter, and unforgiving soul," and with this announcement still running in our biassed mind, we turn to the series of extracts from laudatory journalistic

slave, nor of a biassed mind, nor of a paltry, bitter, and unforgiving soul," and with this announcement still running in our biassed mind, we turn to the series of extracts from laudatory journalistic notices which adorn the first page of Mr. O'Dell's book. It must be a matter of great congratulation to the various papers therein mentioned that they have each got a critic whose "pen is not the pen of a slave," &c. &c., or is the praise perhaps as great a proof of slavery as censure would have been? If Mr. O'Dell had compressed his book into half its present size, he might well have been congratulated on producing a forcible picture of what one brave, noble-hearted man can do single-handed in the fight with the powers of evil that abide in so many of the East End slums; but, as it is, he has spoilt his book by trivialities and digressions without end, though no doubt we are "biassed" in saying so.

A Barren Title is a pleasant little story, not certainly burdened with any great amount of probability, but not so bad withal. The scamp and spendthrift who hides himself in Bloomsbury under the name of John Fildew, suddenly blossoms into the Earl of Loughton on the death of his cousin. John Fildew had married years before in America; but, undeterred by this fact, or by the existence of a grown-up son who has developed into a clever painter, he presents himself to the Dowager Countess of Loughton, proves his identity in spite of her, and, by dint of cool assertion and impudence, drives a bargain with her to the effect "that he will not marry" if his debts are paid and he receives an allowance of six hundred a year. It is worth the old lady's while to make this sacrifice to secure the succession of the estates to her favourite grandchild, so she consents with as good a grace as is possible to the demands of her graceless nephew. It estates to her favourite grandchild, so she consents with as good a grace as is possible to the demands of her graceless nephew. It a grace as is possible to the demands of her graceless nephew. It seems strange that, though her family lawyer is present at all the interviews, and finally settles and carries out the details of the arrangement, it never seems to occur to him, to her, or to anybody to inquire into the scapegrace's past life, as to whether he had a wife living or not. Needless to say the full-grown son turns up at the end of the book; but, as he is not only an estimable young man, but has already secured the affections of the heiress to the Loughton estates, matters end pleasantly all round, and to none more so than to the fraudulent Earl, who dies like a phænix in a blaze of glory, after having proved the very latent goodness of his character by rescuing a child from a burning house at the expense of his own life.

HERALDRY AND GENEALOGY.*

WHEN people talked more about, and believed more than they do now in the glories of coat armour and Norman blood, they unfortunately did not pursue their studies in a scientific manner. The heralds' visitations, of which the Harleian and some other Societies seem to have found such inexhaustible supplies, really conduce very little to our knowledge, except of the actual generation in which each family list was made. Whenever we come to a difficulty, the visitation records give us no help. Any one who is conversant with the questions which chiefly exercise the modern historical genealogist, could name off book half a dozen different versions of the same family descent, and support each with good Heralds'-College-and-

· Heraldry, English and Foreign. By Canon Jenkins. London: Kegan

The Official Baronage. By J. E. Doyle. Second and Cheaper Edition. 3 vols. London: Longmans & Co. 1886.

The Genealogies of Morgan and Glamorgan. By George T. Clark. London: Wyman. 1886.

Heraldic Visitati tions of Staffordshire in 1614, &c. Edited by H. Sydney London: Mitchell & Hughes.

King-of-Arms authority. The Grosvenors, the Wentworths, the Howards, the Spencers, the Seymours—in short, almost all the so-called "best families"—are indebted to the visitations for pedigrees full of flaws; flaws, in some cases, so serious that they cannot now be repaired. Many Celtic pedigrees, such as those of the Highland families of Scotland and of the Irish and Welsh chiefs of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, are also hopelessly flawed, even without the blunders of the professional pedigree-makers, owing to the loose usages as to marriage which prevailed among the tribes. Mr. Clark has well observed that the Welsh squires paid but little respect to the sacrament of marriage, "and even after the Reformation continued to form unions of a patriarchal character, which, though regularly recognized and recorded, had not the sanction of the Church." In Ireland, on more than one occasion, when the Tudors granted cognized and recorded, had not the sanction of the Church." In Ireland, on more than one occasion, when the Tudors granted titles or peerages to native chiefs the new lord had to select an heir from among his numerous offspring, and have him named in the patent. In Scotland even the Stuarts have a broken pedigree, according to English ideas, if not also according to Scottish law. When, therefore, really competent historical and antiquarian authorities take up questions which concern family descent in the first instance, and national history only in the second, we are obliged to them for undertaking a very thankless task and for doing work which has a very remote, if any, reward. The combination of heraldry with genealogy adds an element of picturesqueness to dry details and serves to attract students; but here also the dust of two centuries has to be brushed away, and the culpable, intentional mystifications which have so long done duty for heraldry have to be exposed. Such tasks are uncongenial and unpleasant have to be exposed. Such tasks are uncongenial and unpleasant to men of taste or learning; and such heraldic and genealogical authorities as the late Mr. Nichols, Mr. Evelyn Shirley, or Colonel Chester brought upon themselves the bitter hatred of the professional "name and county" heralds, and also the distrust of archæologists, who had so often been puzzled and deceived by pedigree-makers. The monumental work of Mr. James Doyle, pedigree-makers. The monumental work of Mr. James Doyle, which in its larger form has already been reviewed in these columns, adds portraiture and handwriting to armorial bearings as elements in genealogical history. Something of the kind has already been reviewed as in the case of adds portraiture and handwriting to allocked in genealogical history. Something of the kind has already been done for particular families, and attempted, as in the case of Drummond's unfinished work, on a larger scale; but Mr. Doyle's self-denying ordinances have enabled him to carry the system nearer to completeness than has hitherto been found possible. When we have the baronies as well as the higher titles from his notes, it will be possible for the historian to refer confidently to the work as what too many have learned by sad experience to look when as east praying for, a trustworthy peerage.

the work as what too many have learned by sad experience to look upon as past praying for, a trustworthy peerage.

Welsh pedigrees have been for centuries at once the laughing-stock of the serious student and the well-preserved hunting-ground of the professional pedigree-maker. To plant a family tree in Wales was to establish what Dr. Johnson might have called a potentiality of nobility beyond the dreams of heraldry. Mr. Clark comes forward with a thick volume of carefully-classified pedigrees of the older families of "the lordships of Morgan and Glamorgan," which, so far are those districts are concerned, will impose a check more the explorant imagination of the herald of commerce. Unupon the exuberant imagination of the herald of commerce. Unfortunately there are other counties in Wales besides Glamorgan; but, from the greater mixture of races, it is one of the most important, and Mr. Clark's collection stands alone. Only a few printed notices of Glamorgan families exist, and the greater part printed notices of Glamorgan families exist, and the greater part of the information in this portly octavo volume has been made up from original sources and manuscript evidence. The difference, as Mr. Clark observes, "between the Celtic and the Teutonic races is in nothing more clearly marked than in their treatment of their genealogies." An English pedigree is not considered valid unless each descent is verified, each date of birth, marriage, or death accurately set down, and any connexion with a landed estate duly recorded. But Mr. Clark does not find these accuracies of detail in a Welsh pedigree; on the contrary, it seems as if the Welsh rather despised them. The absence of surnames and the continued repetition of a very limited number of Christian names make identification difficult. Dates and estates are rarely mentioned, and there is great diversity as to wives and younger children among manuscripts which otherwise agree. The loseness of many social and family ties was remarkable down to a very late period; and Mr. Clark names one family as especially noted for the irregularity of its connexions, and for the high position which some of the descendants of these unions have attained. In Glamorgan the oldest and best pedigrees are traced to an otherwise agree. which some of the descendants of these unions have attained. In Glamorgan the oldest and best pedigrees are traced to an otherwise unidentified chieftain named Gwaethfoed; but of his stock only two families are now known to be extant in the male line. It was from one of his sons that "Williams, otherwise Cromwell," is supposed to have derived. Other patriarchs are noticed in the introduction, some of them derived from the native princes dispossessed by the Normans; and Mr. Clark distinguishes carefully between those who bear one cost of arms under half a dozen different modern surnames and those who bear another. In fact, the shield has evidently been found the first and best guide in the identification of the family. Mr. Clark's book extends to more than six hundred pages besides folding pedigrees, and contains ample indexes of names and places. To understand it fully, and to understand also the extraordinary amount of labour involved in its production, the reader should consult with it the lucid papers which Mr. Clark has contributed from time to time to the Archeological Journal on Welsh and English castles, and especially on the history of The Land of Morgan, which have been collected and published separately.

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To turn abruptly from Mr. Clark's book to a collection of Heraldic Visitations of Staffordshire has a curious effect on the mind. The appearance of comparative order, simplicity, and regularity in the English pedigrees, the minute division of families, the exact assignment of each to its own place of abode, and the rarity of different surnames among men of the same paternal descent, marks something more than a mere difference of law or social usage. In Scotland, though the English and Norman territorial surnames are everywhere common, and though the name of an estate has long been a distinguishing mark among families, there is something of the same uncertainty, and—apart from the irregularities above mentioned in Scottish pedigrees—there are many of the same features as in the Welsh family histories. The marrow boundaries of an English pedigree strike the reader forcibly as he turns from Glamorgan to Staffordshire. The subject is of wider importance and interest than can be developed by any detail of its genealogical or heraldic features; and might be worthy of investigation on anthropological principles.

There is something similar in the difference between the sober, simple, and perhaps slightly monotonous rules of English heraldry, and the anomalous exceptions to every rule which may be found recorded by old Nisbet in his book on Scottish arms. Canon Jenkins contrasts the English heraldic usages with those of France and Germany and Litay. The difficulties experienced by students

and the anomalous exceptions to every rule which may be found recorded by old Nisbet in his book on Scottish arms. Canon Jenkins contrasts the English heraldic usages with those of France and Germany and Italy. The difficulties experienced by students who are only accustomed to our methods of blazon when they are confronted with the unusual and complicated devices of a Continental shield have induced him to offer his readers rather some notes on the universal principles of the art than a complete series of the definitions and usages of any one country. The representation, for example, on p. 83 of the shield of arms of the Emperor Charles V. is very instructive. Here "German, Spanish, and French blazonry are brought into very effective juxtaposition." The charges show the different kingdoms and principalities which were united under his sovereignty. "The ancient and regular method of quartering" is well exemplified in this famous historical coat; but a modern herald, especially in England and if he was concerned with the arms of a private person, would place the original family bearings in the first and last "quarters," the others taking their rank in the order in which they were brought in. The drawings with which Canon Jenkins has illustrated his interesting and very pretty little volume are patterns of clearness, correctness, and heraldic feeling, as distinguished from exaggeration on one side and conventionality on the other. The examples are well chosen, and the author is evidently more conversant with foreign heraldry than is at all usual in England. There is probably no such coat known to our heralds as that borne by the family of Ausberg of Bayaria: but the French deexamples are well chosen, and the author is evidently more conversant with foreign heraldry than is at all usual in England. There is probably no such coat known to our heralds as that borne by the family of Ausberg of Bavaria; but the French description, "Mi-coupé en pointe, mi-parti, et recoupé vers le chef," is, as Mr. Jenkins observes, too complicated, and he would substitute "Per fesse en equerre, argent and sable," or in English, "Parted per fesse and stepped in the centre." This last strikes us as needlessly difficult; "Sable, a chief and quarter argent," would seem to fit better with the exigencies of the situation. The English historically interesting coat of Woodville, or Wydeville, is very similar, and is not, we venture to think, adequately given either by the French "argent, à la fasce-canton à dextre de gueles," or by the English "Argent, a fesse and canton, gules." Mr. Jenkins himself in describing a "canton" assigns to it only the "third part of the chief," and Mr. Doyle gives the Wydeville arms as "a fess and quarter." Doctors differ, and this may be considered hypercriticism, where the wide scope and clear teaching of a most useful little volume are considered. Slight errors may also be noted where, on p. 78, a shield is both drawn and described as "A serse "A gales." errors may also be noted where, on p. 78, a shield is both drawn and described as "Azure and gules," where it should be "Argent and gules," and at p. 46, where the "vaire" is "or and gules." But these are small matters, and would not be worth mentioning except in order to make such perfect work more perfect still.

A DREADFUL EXAMPLE.

SOME books may be regarded as, in pulpit style, "Dreadful Examples." They show the depths to which an author may sink, and in what abysses of platitude he can disport himself. Among these examples is the sketch of Apollonius of Tyana, which we owe to the labours of Mr. Daniel M. Tredwell. His which we owe to the labours of Mr. Daniel M. Tredwell. His volume demonstrates what a man may come to who, being without scholarship or critical sense, endeavours to make multifarious reading and disbelief in miracles do duty for both. "In the eighteenth century," says M. Chassang, in his book on Apollonius, "the anti-Christian controversialists used Apollonius as a stalkinghorse in their attacks on Christianity. By this time the God has ranished, the philosopher has failed, and of Apollonius there is nothing left but the miracle-monger. He has been represented as a successor of Pythagoras, and a rival of Our Lord; he is now regarded simply as a precursor of Swedenborg's."

Mr. Tredwell's belated interest in Apollonius appears to be derived from his polémique antichrétienne. He wants to use the Sophist of Tyana as a kind of rival of Our Lord's, but he does not quite know how to set about it. "The superstructure of the begraphy of Apollonius, like that of Jesus, is upon miracle," he says, a position which it would be easy to dispute were it worth while. Out of a preface full of muddled references to G. H.

Lewes, Cardinal Newman, Mr. Buckle, Des Cartes, Comte, "Eusebius, Lardner, Renan, Strauss, and Schenkel" (what a combination!), we gather little except that Mr. Tredwell does not believe in miracles, and is set upon confuting a person or a periodical named The Brooklyn Clergyman. For this darkness in which the preface leaves us Mr. Tredwell's style is responsible. "The ingenious and interlarded fictions of Eusebius, Lardner, Renan, Strauss, and Schenkel, which were pregnant with great promises of enlightenment, have done nothing save the entailment of vast complexities upon the subject." What Strauss has in common with Eusebius of Cæsarea, or Lardner's interlarded fictions with either; how fictions (even interlarded fictions) can be pregnant with promises of enlightenment, or of anything else; and how a pregnant interlarded fiction can produce the "entailment of complexities," we know not, and shall never know. "Igsplain this, men and hangels," we may say, in the words of a critic only too familiar with Dr. Lardner. Mr. Tredwell finally announces thus the object of his quest:—"What is the status and relative value of the two records, Matthew and Philostratus" (he means the records of Matthew and Philostratus" as historical mentors?" Dimly one discerns that the Vita Apollonii is to be set up against St. Matthew's Gospel.

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that the Vita Apollonn is to be see up - Gospel.

As a matter of course, the two documents do not challenge comparison. The Sophist Philostratus produced a kind of historical and geographical novel, describing the wanderings of a very remarkable prig. M. Chassang very properly treated of Philostratus in his Histoire du Roman dans l'Antiquité. As for Philostratus, we may say of him, with M. Chassang:—"He is but a rhetorician, who takes short views, and is mainly concerned with style, and with the task of amusing a princess and an age greedy of the marvellous. It is vain to ask Philostratus for his opinion of Apollonius: he has no opinion. Here Apollonius is a god, there a 'demon,' there a man. Contradictions abound."

The most advanced critic would hardly apply these terms to St.

a 'demon,' there a man. Contradictions abound."

The most advanced critic would hardly apply these terms to St.

Matthew's Gospel. There are miracles in both documents, and
that is almost the only point of contact between them. The story
of Philostratus produces the effect of a true narrative, or even of a or l'mostratus produces the effect of a true mirrative, or even of a narrative told with real emotion, less than the story of Adam Bede or of Rawdon Crawley. But as far as contradictions are concerned, Mr. Tredwell is quite a match for the old rhetorician. On p. 351 he returns to his arguments about miracles. He declares Mr. Tredwell is quite a many and the common property of all miracles. He declares (speaking of Apollonius) that "no man ever lived who more utterly rejected all vulgar artifices for producing effect upon other men." The statement is wild, for the whole art of Apollonius, especially his silence and habit of using gestures where an unaffected man would have spoken, also his charlatanism about dreams, were emphatically "vulgar artifices." But so were his miracles, which Mr. Tredwell, in a foot-note in the passage, calls "the same old familiar frauds handed down from all time, and the common property of all miracle-mongers." This note was same old familiar frauds handed down around the common property of all miracle-mongers." This note was written when Mr. Tredwell had been mentioning the miracles written when has been been defined by the beatened to denounce as "old familiar following the beatened to be the beatened to be the beatened to be the beatened to be th written when Mr. Tredwell had been mentioning the miracles of Our Lord, which he hastened to denounce as "old familiar frauds." He forgot that the miracles of Apollonius must fall under the same category, and in a breath he declares that his hero was incapable of vulgar artifices, and that he was a miraclemonger and guilty of old familiar frauds. He goes on, in the same page, to speak about "the diabolical purpose of Jesus's mission," though his argument is, that Jesus and Apollonius are counterparts, and that Apollonius was "a great and good man." If he takes refuge in the argument that all the stories of miracles are myths, he discredits his own authority, Philostratus, and it becomes impossible to find out (as Mr. Grote says in the case of Greek heroic legends) what the historical residuum in the legend of Apollonius may really have been. In fact, Mr. Tredwell quotes the Westminster Review to this very effect on his next page. In one respect he is extremely unlike Dame Quickly—there is no knowing where to have him.

one respect he is extremely any one respect he is extremely any one ing where to have him.

Mr. Tredwell's object, he says, is to "roll back the curtain of partisan bitterness," and see the known world as it was in the time of Apollonius. One who would roll back curtains of bitterness should himself be less of a partisan. He goes on to hope that his readers "will observe a punctilious conservatism," as he "lays in the background of neutral tints," which seems to be the next process in the argument after the curtain of bitterness has been rolled back. These amusingly ambiguous remarks are accompanied in the argument after the curtain of hitterness has been rolled back. These amusingly ambiguous remarks are accompanied by a foot-note, from Alexander Wilder, M.D. We don't want any Wilder; Mr. Tredwell unaided "by himself surprises." A few remarks on "the only literature of primitive man" and on "a stock of remainders of miracles" are proffered. After some miscellaneous remarks on Cardinal Newman and Charles Leslie, we reach Philostratus, who was "The Talleyrand of the Second Century." He was by no means so amusing as the later Talleyrand, but was probably even more untrustworthy. The least credulous critic would hesitate to accept a gospel on the authority of Talleyrand, but Mr. Tredwell has a high opinion of the veracity of Philostratus. "A copy of his Vita Apollonii in Greek" (in Greek, mind you) "may be found in the Library of Congress"—probably it may also be found in the shop of any respectable classical bookseller. Mr. Tredwell is great in notes, but why does he advance Tillemont as an authority about Alexander Severus? Philostratus remarks, "I have seen the will of Apollonius, which conclusively proves him to have been Alexander Severus? Philostratus remarks, "I have seen the will of Apollonius, which conclusively proves him to have been an inspired man." This, as Mr. Tredwell observes, with a flash of common sense, "is very inconclusive indeed to all who have not seen the will." It is not a bit more inconclusive than Tillemont's

^{*}Apollonius of Tyana. By Daniel M. Tredwell. New York: F. Tredwell. 1886.

story about Alexander Severus, to all who are not told what Tillemont's authority was. Funnier yet is the support Mr. Tredwell finds for his own statement that "the genius of History has assigned Philostratus an important niche in her temple." For this remark he gravely quotes the Universal Pronouncing Dictionary of Biography and Mythology, also History of Philosophy, Fabricus, Bibliotheca Græca, Rehfus. We greatly long to have Mr. Tredwell's notions of Fabricus and his Quellen. Another footnote hastens up to inform us, à propos of Julia Domna's library, that "we have no information to be relied upon concerning Grecian books before the wars of Troy and Thebes," and so on, and so on, with a quotation of a charge of plagiarism from a library at Memphis against Homer! Next this astonishing scholar, Mr. Tredwell, assures us that Julia Domna's library "remained intact until the time of Justinian, A.D. 410, who renovated it of its 'philosophical chaff,' as he called it, but which was really a wedge entered for its destruction." This sentence is absolute nonsense, and seems to show that Mr. Tredwell uses long absolute nonsense, and seems to show that Mr. Tredwell uses long words, such as "renovate," without the faintest suspicion of their

really a wedge entered for its destruction." This sentence is absolute nonsense, and seems to show that Mr. Tredwell uses long words, such as "renovate," without the faintest suspicion of their meaning. When he comes, after this lucid account of the patroness of Philostratus, to describe that author's authority, the book by Damis, he calls it "a plain story made up of intensely interesting and well-selected events put down as they transpired." He supposes that Marcus Aurelius learned the Stoic doctrine from Apollonius of Tyana, though he shows that he is not unaware that there was another Apollonius, he of Chalcis, who really was the tutor of the Emperor.

It would be a waste of time to follow much further this farrago of undigested miscellaneous information. Mr. Tredwell not only says that the Lyceum was "first built by Pericles," but that the statesman "taught philosophy there." He might as well say that the Athenæum was built by Mr. Henry Irving, who "taught philosophy there." Here is a string of authorities for what happened on the eighth day of the Eleusinia, all quoted as if they were of equal weight by Mr. Tredwell—Banier, Thomas Taylor, Mme. Blavatsky, Alexander Wilder, M.D., Herodotus, and Lydia M. Child! He presently falls foul of Roman taste, as not up to the present Locofoco ticket, to quote Mr. Hannibal Chollop:—"The Romans cared little for natural beauty. . . . The idea of such a thing as an American park or an American playground never occurred to them. Their most famous villas were painfully and artificially stiff," and not at all like a brown stone house on Fifth Avenoo.

Mr. Tredwell is, to advanced literature, precisely what Mr. Joseph Cookis to conservative and scientific theology. Practically speaking, he knows nothing, and is nowhere. He writes in the worst possible style, he quotes in a manner as pedantic as absurd, and he turns the honest priggishness and simplicity of Philostratus into a narrative scarcely intelligible, so many and irrelevant are the interpolations. Apollonius, or rathe common sense, before attempting a work on an obscure and difficult

THREE NOVELS.

His WEDDED WIFE deals with the ridiculous old story of a girl being married in a Scotch hotel, without knowing anything about it. She, of course, does not discover that she is married until she is standing at the altar with another man; when the gay baronet, who plotted with his wicked servant against the lady and his bosom friend, arrives and claims her. The wicked servant is supposed to be the exact reptica of the wicked baronet, so that one may be mistaken for the other when dead. His Wedded Wife's own mother was swindled exactly in the same way some years before. This simple and venerable plot is lengthily and tediously told. The writing is not up to the average even of the "Favourite Fiction Series." Out of the dozens of shilling books now pouring into the market, there are too many of the same class as His Wedded Wife.

We turn with great pleasure to an author whose tone is always. HIS WEDDED WIFE deals with the ridiculous old story of

as His Wedded Wife.

We turn with great pleasure to an author whose tone is always healthy and moral. In Buried Diamonds there is much to interest and nothing to offend the most placid of readers. Yet in this work, charming as it is, we regret to find that Miss Tytler by no means reaches the standard she promised to attain in Citoyenne Jacqueline. It is true that the characters are all remarkable and the details of scenery perfect; but occasionally the plot halts a little and the writing becomes slightly laborious. This story deals with the history of a family named Prior, coal-owners. Mr. Prior has a secret sorrow because he imagines there is coal on the estate of his son-in-law, Lambton Crabtree, and he lives in dread lest the latter should discover it. This selfish person naturally has

a loving and devoted wife, who does not quite understand him; and three children. Jack, a wilful, honest, but very plain son, at loggerheads with his parents, has started for Australia before the opening of the story. Jane, good, kindly, charming, and a bit of a blue-stocking. Susan, married to the above Crabtree, pretty, sparkling, and certainly wicked. The two children of a deceased daughter live with the Priors, and Jane for a time becomes their governess, upon a system of her own; but she finds that this task interferes too much with her own studies. So looking about for an "Admirable Crichton" to continue the little one's education, she discovers the heroine of the story, Bennet Grey. This lady is mysterious, very lovely, and very learned, but bright and girlish with all her learning. She wins all their hearts, and ultimately turns out to be an heiress, and enlearned, but bright and girlish with all her learning. She wins all their hearts, and ultimately turns out to be an heirees, and engaged to Jack Prior. When this is discovered the elders take it so much to heart, that all the young girl's work in winning their affections—a most difficult task—is forgotten by them. But just at this crisis Jack Prior returns from abroad, and, not feeling quite sure of his reception at the paternal home, he stays for a night at the house of his sister, Susan Crabtree, who lives at the bank of the neighbouring town. During this night Susan robs the bank, and manages to get her brother suspected of the crime, However, they are both arrested. Then comes Bennet Grey's opportunity: she stands up for her lover and gets counsel for him. opportunity; she stands up for her lover and gets counsel for him, and comforts the old people. Lambton Crabtree, an obnoxious person, disappears about this time; and the artful Susan, when all else has failed, confesses that she acted under her husband's strange to say, she as well as her innocent ree. Susan joins her husband in Sweden, and directions; and, directions; and, strange to say, she as well as her innocent brother is set free. Susan joins her husband in Sweden, and is thoroughly got rid of, to the delight of all her relations. Then follows a realistic colliery explosion, in which Jack distinguishes himself so much that his father forgives him and consents to his marriage. Bennet, when Bennet Prior, buys the field which John Prior imagined to be the cause of his troubles, and gives it to her father in law, but re-cell is found and every one is hopey. to her father-in-law; but no coal is found, and every one is happy. The history of Jane is very pleasant, and the description of the night-school for young men organized by the two girls is one of the best things in the book. Mrs. Prior, with her embroidered quilts, is a type of mother which has unfortunately quite disappeared.

a loving and devoted wife, who does not quite understand him;

appeared.

There arise periodically amongst the publications of the day books so full of malice and thinly disguised revelations, concerning well-known personages, that the public is at a loss to understand why they are published; how they can benefit the writer, or give pleasure to the reader. The Romance of a German Court, a translation of Le Roi de Thessalie, is a work of this type, and if it was written, as rumoured, by a person closely connected with the august lady here traduced, the bad taste is still more remarkable. But this we doubt; and if the book is, as it appears to be, a first work, and that of a young writer, it is undeniably clever. At the same time, such talents should have found wider scope, and easily evolved a tale equally glowing, without pandering to the taste of the curious and reviling a personage whose life has been full of noble and charitable deeds. If, however, it was writen in a generous impulse to vindicate the reputation of an injured lady, full of noble and charitable deeds. If, however, it was written in a generous impulse to vindicate the reputation of an injured lady, that end is not gained by blackening every other creature in the book, and the heaps of coarse abuse showered upon every one who did not agree with her conduct does not tend in the slightest degree to whiten her character. At this "German Court" the manners and ways savoured more of the fourteenth than the nineteenth century. Men insisted upon "private interviews" to the terror of their victims, and husbands horsewhipped their wives. The descriptions of scenery are remarkably vivid. The author is fond of storms, but it is doubtful if a man with two minutes to live would describe one so fully as Baron Mineleko does. When not spiteful she speaks in this way:—

Before reaching twenty feelings have not the strength they acquire when years have moulded the character, and the love of those days is to that which comes later on, as the light froth which rises to the surface of the cauldron, wherein boil the deep passions which consume us then.

But her general style is:-

On his arm hung the Countess de Horstemann, familiarly known as the "buffet phylloxera," and the nickname suited her exactly; for just as this horrible disease ruins our vineyards and wines, so after a visit from the Countess, the buffet was cleared as if a vicious wind had blown over it. Surreptitiously, with a dexterity which bordered on the marvellous, she hooked up with her crooked fingers, which somewhat resembled the long claws of a crab, every eatable which could be carried off and made them disappear in a deep pocket made for that especial purpose.

An immense amount of invective is used against all the people of the Court, and, after trying hard to prejudice the reader against the "Queen of the Orient," there is a clumsy attempt to excuse her faults on the ground that

Her hardened old heart possessed but one virtue, her maternal love; and that love she carried to its utmost limits; tigers love their young

REMINISCENCES OF AN ATTACHÉ.

M.R. JERNINGHAM might have made more of his materials than he has done in this little volume. The most interesting portion relates to the three years which preceded the downfall of the Third Empire. Any one in a diplomatic position there during that eventful period who kept a diary, as Mr.

Reminiscences of an Attaché. By Hubert E. H. Jerningham. Edinburgh and London: William Blackwood & Sons. 1886.

His Wedded Wife. By the Author of "A Fatal Dower," "Barbara, London: W. Stevens.

Buried Diamonds. By Sarah Tytler, Author of "Saint Mungo's City,"
"Citoyenne Jacqueline," &c. 3 vols. London: Chatto & Windus. 1886.
The Romance of a German Court. A Translation of Ary Ecilaw's "Le
Roi de Thessalie." 2 vols. London: Remington & Co. 1886.

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Jerningham tells us in his Preface that he did, cannot fail to have a large stock of material to draw upon. Mr. Jerningham, too, enjoyed exceptional advantages. A young diplomatist obtains as of right, and almost without trouble on his part, instant admission to the best official society of any capital to which he may be appointed. In the smaller capitals the diplomatic body forms an important element in general society, which is not too large to absorb and include the official set; these places are the paradise of Attachés, who, if they have any social qualifications whatever, are necessarily in great request. But in large capitals like Paris and London the diplomatic body is itself so numerous that its junior members do not at first find themselves invited to other than the purely official receptions, and must, like other people, slowly work their way into whichever of the many sets their tastes and affinities prompt them to seek admission. In other words, foreign diplomatists are lost in the vortex of fashionable life, and and amnities prompt them to seek admission. In other words, foreign diplomatists are lost in the vortex of fashionable life, and only begin to feel at home towards the end of the two or three only begin to feel at home towards the end of the two or three years to which their stay at one post is usually limited. Mr. Jerningham, who was lucky enough to begin his diplomatic experiences as Attaché to Her Majesty's Embassy at Paris, was free from the above disadvantages, and began where most of his colleagues left off. A Roman Catholic by religion, and a member of a family which in former days had showed much kindness to the émigrés who had found their way to England, Mr. Jerningham had mainly been brought up abroad; he completed his education at the University of Paris, and had already made many friends there before his appointment to the Embassy. His foreign education at times betrays itself in the turn of his phrases, some of which are French rather than English; for instance, Mr. Jerningham does not seem quite to have apprehended the distinction between are French rather than English; for instance, Mr. Jerningham does not seem quite to have apprehended the distinction between will and shall, would and should, and he occasionally slips into little inelegancies, such as the use of the compound don't in serious narrative. There are, no doubt, few Englishmen who are capable of writing a letter in French; but Mr. Jerningham might have given his readers credit for being able to understand one when written in that tongue; he need scarcely have been at the pains to translate for their benefit Alexandre Dumas's letter on pp. 69-73, or to give a note of Victor Hugo's both in translation and in the original. Mr. Jerningham's intimate acquaintance with French was extremely useful to him in his profession; he was constantly employed by the Ambassador on messages to the "chefs de cabinet" of the various Ministers, and on many of those little confidential missions which are more prudently transacted by word of mouth than by written communication. His religion and family connexions, moreover, unlocked to him the doors of those exclusive and aristocratic salons of the Faubourg St.-Germain which recognized no claim to their hospitality advanced by diplomatists accredited to the Empire of Napoleon III. Germain which recognized no claim to their hospitality advanced by diplomatists accredited to the Empire of Napoleon III. In his own tastes, however, Mr. Jerningham was neither narrow-minded nor exclusive; he was a very butterfly of society, and sipped the sweets of every flower which those brilliant years of 1867 and 1868 offered to his volatile attentions. Glimpses are presented to us of such contrasted personages as Montalembert and Emile Ollivier, Guizot and Gambetta, Lacordaire and the author of Monte Cristo. For Mr. Jerningham's purposes any peg is good enough to hang a hat upon; Dickens and Thackeray are dragged in on the strength of two letters borrowed from a friend; Thiers was "interviewed" with truly American assurance by the young Attaché, who does not shrink from recording an indiscreet, it successful, attempt to extract an autograph from Mr. Gladstone. Of Parisian experiences there is much that is amusing; especially so is the chapter on "Queer Folks," which gives a good idea of the variety of applicants for protection and other favours who take up much of the time of the junior members of Her Majesty's diplomatic service. The Exhibition of 1867, and the fêtes given in connexion therewith to most of the crowned heads of Europe who successively visited Paris, naturally form and the fêtes given in connexion therewith to most of the crowned heads of Europe who successively visited Paris, naturally form the theme of reminiscences which to those who took part in any of them are most interesting. Mr. Jerningham tells a good story of a mistake with regard to the personality of a grand duchess which occurred at the ball given by Lord Cowley; another of Fuad Pacha's ready wit in promptly translating into diplomatic language a grunt given by His Imperial Majesty the Sultan. The review of 60,000 French troops in the Bois de Boulogne before the Czar and the King of Prussia, with Prince Gortchakoff and Bismarck as their attendants, is duly recorded, as also the The review of 60,000 French troops in the Bois de Boulogne before the Czar and the King of Prussia, with Prince Gortchakoff and Bismarck as their attendants, is duly recorded, as also the ceremonies at the opening and closing of the Exhibition; but it is somewhat strange that Mr. Jerningham omits all mention of the dramatic incident of the distribution of prizes in presence of a crowd of royalties at the Palais de l'Industrie on the 1st of July. Napoleon III. had that morning received a despatch announcing the execution of the unfortunate Maximilian of Mexico, but he suppressed the intelligence, and went through the brilliant ceremony with the despatch in his pocket. The news was not made public till the next day. This was the beginning of the end. In little more than three years the tragedy of Querétaro was avenged at Sédan. Mr. Jerningham may be right in saying that the Emperor was a friend to all, and fell through his friends, and that he was very true to England, whatever he may have been to other countries; though there is less justification for adding that "England failed him unfortunately in Denmark, fortunately in Mexico, and fatally in 1870." The sentence sounds epigrammatic, but the qualifying adverbs will not all three apply to the same predicate, whether they be intended for Napoleon or for England. During his residence at Paris Mr. Jerningham formed the acquaintance of the Marquise de Boissy, better known in England

as "La Guiccioli," and he published in 1869 an English translation of her Recollections of Lord Byron. He takes credit to himself for producing by this translation the controversy in which Mrs. Beecher Stowe took so prominent a part, with the result that her story was promptly demolished by Mr. Hayward in the pages of the Quarterly. This literary partnership led to many conversations with "La Guiccioli," who seems never to have tired of singing the praises of her girlish love; while at the same time she vehemently assoverated that the generally received version of her relations with the poet was nothing but slanderous fiction. Mr. Jerningham, like most other people, could not but be

much struck by the courage of the person who, with such reputation as the world and Byron's name had given her, could thus publish the life of her lover, and write it with undiminished admiration of his great talents, and equal blindness to his glaring faults.

and equal blindness to his glaring faults.

Mr. Jerningham even had the temerity to broach the delicate subject of the parentage of Allegra, and he gives in detail a curious version of the story which he took down from Mme. de Boissy's own lips; he disclaims responsibility for the accuracy of her statements, and indeed gives good reasons for casting doubt on them, but he pledges himself for the correctness of his transcription of her words.

I. Legitimist as he is in his sympathies, derived from family traditions and college friendships, Mr. Jerningham does not refrain from noting the decay of public spirit among the "ancienne noblesse," and the reasons which he assigns for it are worthy of attention. Between 1860 and 1870 the old French society of the Faubourg, while ostentatiously expressing their detestation

of attention. Between 1800 and 1870 the old French society of the Faubourg, while estentationsly expressing their detestation of the Imperial Government, were silently pleased with the success that the Empire achieved for the nation. "Though they invariably stamped their letters with the Emperor's head downthe Faubourg, while ostentatiously expressing their detestation of the Imperial Government, were silently pleased with the success that the Empire achieved for the nation. "Though they invariably stamped their letters with the Emperor's head downwards, they felt that he was keeping up the prestige and honour of the country." But the humiliation of 1870 sank deep into the heart of every Frenchman, and there arose a spirit of indifference and disgust, due to the reflection that from among them no man of superior capacity sprang to the front to save them from disgrace. The Republicans, who were ever in earnest, took advantage of this growing indifference, and were able to make good their own pretensions to power upon the ruins of Monarchy. Mr. Jerningham left Paris before these bad days came, and necessarily therefore had but a limited acquaintance with the men who overthrew the Second Empire. Thiers and Gambetta, however, both appear in his pages. Of Gambetta there is an interesting glimpse in the days before he was launched into fame. The future Dictator, then a struggling and almost penniless barrister, had made his way by his own vigour and energy to the chair of a debating society of which Mr. Jerningham became a member. Thiers, as has been mentioned above, was deliberately sought out and questioned by the young Attaché, whether with or without the knowledge of his chief he does not inform us; but, inasmuch as Thiers began his conversation by making sure that his interlocutor belonged to the British Embassy, it is probable that he intended his views to be repeated to all whom they might concern. The interview took place in 1869, just previous to the general elections, the result of which, notwithstanding the official manipulation of the electoral districts, induced the Emperor to lay aside in great measure the exercise of that personal government which had hitherto carried everything before it. Thiers distinctly expressed his opinion that the coming elections were the most important that had ever been held in type kept a whole city of a million inhabitants in a state of frenzied alarm. Mr. Jerningham was mixed up in the riots, and arrived at the conviction that the police, arrogant and brutal in times of security, were useless in times of necessity; his belief in the stability of the Empire as a Government was shaken from that day. That his apprehensions were shared by others is shown by the remarks addressed to him by M. Daru, Minister for Foreign Affairs, at the last reception which he attended at the French Foreign Office. M. Daru civilly expressed his regret at his leaving, and on Mr. Jerningham's remarking that Paris was Capua, the Minister gravely replied, "It will not be so long. Events are about to take place which will far exceed in importance anything that has gone before." Of his diplomatic experiences at Constantinople, to which he was transferred, Mr. Jerningham tells us nothing, except

that Mr. Gladstone recommended him to study the Bulgarian question, and that General Ignatieff pointed out to him on a ma in 1870 the limits which he assumed as fitting for the religiou and political aspirations of Bulgaria, and that these subsequently proved to be the exact limits of his Treaty of San Stefano.

ENGLISH WORTHIES.*

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SOME flippant person is said to have remarked, on casting his eye over the list of Mr. Lang's projected series, that an English Worthy might apparently also be a consummate scoundrel. The remark was probably directed at Marlborough and Shaftesbury, and certainly neither of these remarkable persons has been since his death in exactly the odour of sanctity. Shaftesbury, however, unlike Marlborough, has no set-off of unquestionable achievement to his questionable performances; and though, as Mr. Browning has it, "nobody thinks him a dunce," yet that is almost the only bad thing that is not generally thought of him. Gibbeted at the outset in the greatest political satire in English, or perhaps in any language, looked on equally askance by Tories who hated his principles and Whigs who felt that he had temporarily ruined their cause and done not a little to discredit it permanently, Shaftesbury has certainly had a hard time of it. And we do not know that his state is much the more gracious in that the only two authorities favourable to him, Martyn in the last century and the late Mr. Christie in this, have committed themselves to that

rarily ruined their cause and done not a little to discredit it permanently. Shaftesbury has certainly had a hard time of it. And we do not know that his state is much the more gracious in that the only two authorities favourable to him, Martyn in the last century and the late Mr. Christie in this, have committed themselves to that blind thick-and-thin championship which is usually more damaging than the wildest abuse. It is true that Martyn seems to have been a very dull man, and that Mr. Christie was certainly the reverse of dull. But he had attached himself to Shaftesbury quand même, and few things are more amusing (though it must be said that the poet, as the second love, gets much the worse treatment) than the fashion in which the biographer of Shaftesbury and the editor of Dryden tries to reconcile his two duties:

Mr. Traill was not likely to fall into the error of blind advocacy, or into the opposite error of fancy portraits à la manière noire, and after the fashion of Macaulay. His book may be the less welcome to that general reader who likes his effects strong, and is particularly angry with any author who wants him to use his own reason a little, and does not provide him with a ready-made idol or victim as the case may be. In exactly the same proportion should the book be welcome to a better class of students. We do not hesitate to say that it is absolutely the first complete and judicial study of the character of a man who, as Mr. Traill contends (and we think justly contends, though we might put in a saving clause in Halliar's favour), did more than any one else to establish the English system of Parliamentary Opposition and party tactics generally. The material is indeed, as Mr. Traill contends (and we think justly contends, though we might put in a saving clause in Halliar's favour), did more than any one else to establish the English system of Parliamentary Opposition and party tactics generally. The material is indeed, as Mr. Traill contends of the first partier of the favourable of the materia

Advice that ruin to whole tribes procured, But secret kept till your own banks secured.

The clumsy verse and perplexed grammar show that Dryden did not even revise this part of the poem, but the matter, not the form, is important. The matter, moreover, is endorsed by Burnet, whose sources of information were independent and good if the channel was a prejudiced one, and who says that Shaftesbury "certainly knew of it beforehand and took his own money out of the banker's hands and warned some of

* English Worthies-Shaftesbury. By H. D. Traill. London: Longmans & Co. 1886.

his friends to do the like." The only positive answer to the minor part of the accusation (which Christie characteristically and most illogically thinks "may be presumed to be a calumny," since the charge of actually advising the Stop is abandoned) is a MS, statement presumed to be by one of Shaftesbury's secretaries, which is of a curiously indirect character even if it be accepted. "I knew," he says, "the banker with whom the Earl [who, by the way, was not then an earl] placed his money, and he was one that never had any dealings with the Exchequer to lend money to the King." Now Shaftesbury is known to have been an active speculator, and it is extremely probable that he had more than one single banker. The charge, of course, though discreditable, is not an utterly damning one, and it is chiefly interesting as affecting Mr. Traill's complete acquittal of his worthy from all charges of venality.

charges of venality.

This, however, is the only omission approaching to importance that we can find in the book, and even here the discussion of the main question—Ashley's complicity in the "Stop"—is ample. All that we can find in the book, and even here the discussion of the main question—Ashley's complicity in the "Stop"—is ample. All the remaining chances and changes of Shaftesbury's curious life are recounted with quite sufficient detail, and discussed not merely sine ira et studio, but also without that irritating and inept balancing which seeks to disguise an inability to form an independent judgment under agreement with a little of everybody's opinion by turns. As far as Mr. Traill has adopted any single criterion or suggested any single motive in regard to Shaftesbury's constant tergiversations, he has chosen, and is no doubt right in choosing, the desire of the man to be on the winning side. We should, indeed, say ourselves that there is hardly in English history an example of such a complete merging of political principle and theory in the mere playing the game; or, at least, only one other such example, which is even more curious than Shaftesbury's. Active Royalist, active Parliamentarian, active Cromwellite, active Minister of Charles II.'s arbitrary Government, and most active of all opponents of that arbitrary Government, he would be a mass of unintelligible contradictions if the one connecting and explaining link, the love of power and political activity, excluding any consideration of political consistency and political principle, were lost sight of. Even when it is kept in sight his conduct in reference to the Exclusion Bill is not quite clear, and can only be explained, as Mr. Traill explains it, by supposing that age and disease had impaired the fineness, though not the vigour, of his intellect, and that in the intoxication of popularity he made the two great mistakes, first, of forgetting that London was not England, and, secondly, of, for the first time, breaking down his bridges and waging a πόλεμος ἄσπονδος. In dealing with all these questions the biographer's touch will be found to be an he made the two great mistakes, first, of forgetting that London was not England, and, secondly, of, for the first time, breaking down his bridges and waging a $\pi\delta\lambda\epsilon\mu os$ $\delta\sigma\pi o\nu\delta os$. In dealing with all these questions the biographer's touch will be found to be an excellent touch, though we confess that he seems to us to be sometimes a little hard on Charles II. That agreeable person was not exactly a model character, whether as king or as man; some parts of his conduct in both capacities are very curious and disgusting. But still, considering the game he had to play, there is a good deal of excuse for him. That, however, is by the way, and it is fair to say that Mr. Traill goes further than we should in attributing to him at least one virtue, sincere attachment to his in attributing to him at least one virtue, sincere attachment to his

later religion.

We have been reminded more strongly than ever by this interesting and valuable book of one of the most singular lacune that exists in English history—the want of a full and dispassionate account, based on original research, of Charles II.'s reign. If not the most honourable, it is certainly—with its showy Dutch wars, plagues, fires, and plots, and its gradual formation of the modern political system—one of the most interesting periods of the whole thousand years. Yet it has remained almost entirely untouched as a separate subject. The book before us is the first really critical estimate of Shaftesbury, and companion estimates of Danby and Halifax, without which the politics of the reign cannot be understood, are wanting. Mr. Traill himself has to confess only partial understanding of the great collapse of the Whigs at and after the Parliament of Oxford. The earlier politics of the reign in the period before the Triple Alliance and the Cabal have never been satisfactorily discussed. Even the striking and dramatic been satisfactorily discussed. Even the striking and dramatic incidents of battle, plague, fire, and plot are chiefly left to traditional accounts lacking, no doubt, nothing in picturesqueness, but not collated and completed from different sources in the ness, but not collated and completed from different sources in the way that modern history demands. The general manners-history has in the same way been merely repeated from the gossip (delightful gossip, no doubt) of a few writers like Pepys, Evelyn, and Hamilton, with little attempt to check or amplify it. One may see even from such a comparatively brief monograph as M. Forneron's Louise de Kéroualle, how much material lies unused both in the enormous stores of the French Foreign Office and elsewhere. And so here are these five-and twenty years—a full quarter of a century—the period of decay of the old Monarchy, the period of birth of the new Parliamentary system, illustrated by all manner of interesting incidents and characters, full of unsettled and most important problems, left practically unattempted, while men write history after history of the thoroughly-known reign of Queen Anne, and tell over and over again the precise circumstances in which Henry VIII. got rid of each of his wives. It would really seem as if historians were after all very much moutons de Panurge, or as if, with a more intelligent though not more respectable feeling than those luck-less sheep, they had a shrewd notion that it is well to have your path beaten for you. If any student with a soul above mere repath beaten for you. If any student with a soul above mere re-handling, with time and means at his command (for the book could not be written in any man's study or even in the British

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Museum), and with historical gifts, would set to work on such a history, he would have a great chance. Few people would do it better than Mr. Traill himself; but possibly Mr. Traill has too many occupations of another kind. And the same may be said of other capable students in these days of the abolition of sinecures.

THREE NOVELS.

A S two friends were sauntering through the picture gallery of a country house one of them stopped, pointed out the half-length presentment of a simpering lady clad in a blue mantle and a rose, and remarked, "There, my dear fellow, is our common ancestress." "I mean," he continued, in reply to his companion's observation that Eve was not usually thus depicted, "you will never see, for there does not exist, a collection of family portraits in which there are not at least two or three facsimiles of the one under which we are standing." Like Lucifer is amongst books what the lady with the rose is amongst pictures. It is the novel with which we have all been acquainted from childhood, though perhaps more common twenty years ago than now, for it contains not even an allusion to adultery or murder. Yet we have a household villain of the good old type, with the swarthy complexion, red-brown eyes, square jaw, thin lips, and the rest of the familiar lineaments, who persuades his uncle and benefactor to turn his only child out of doors at a moment's notice, who destroys a will, and generally conducts himself according to the most orthodox fashion of villainy, even to being opportunely paralysed towards the end of the third volume and fifth book. So conscientious an observer of tradition is the author that one of the heroines (there are two) is introduced to one of the herose (of whom there are also two) by end of the third volume and fifth book. So conscientious an observer of tradition is the author that one of the heroines (there are two) is introduced to one of the heroes (of whom there are also two) by the time-honoured expedient of his stopping her run-away mare, "Etoile Filante," who is about to charge an impossible gate. By the way, "Etoile Filante," who was not frightened, but only having a bit of a lark, would almost certainly have refused the gate, and shot the young lady into the arms of her tourist. We commend this variety of the situation to future novelists. It is perhaps fortunate that there are only two young ladies in the book, as Ormerod falls in love with each of them at first sight; his engagement to No. One not being any bar to his making an offer of marriage to No. Two, and it is impossible to say what he might have done had further temptation been placed in his way. Perhaps out of compliment to the newly-developed taste for the supernatural in romance, the characters have a "presentiment" or a "feeling of prescience" whenever they first approach anything or anybody destined to play an important part in their lives, and as they are kept well in hand, they experience this sensation pretty frequently. For the poor in great cities the author has a very genuine pity, but refrains from propounding any original maxim of political economy, beyond a rather vague scheme for the confiscation of income in excess of fifty thousand a year, such surplus to form a nest-egg for the Chancellor of the Exchequer to fall back upon, instead of extra Income-tax pennies, in time of war—an idea which would find a good many supporters in the present House of Commons.

It is small dispraise of Mr. Hardy's novel The Mayor of Casterdition is the author that one of the heroines (there are two)

which would find a good many supporters in the present accommons.

It is small dispraise of Mr. Hardy's novel The Mayor of Casterbridge to say that it is not equal to the author's great and most picturesque romance of rural life, Far From the Madding Crowd. Nevertheless, The Mayor of Casterbridge is a disappointment. The story, which is very slight and singularly devoid of interest, is, at the same time, too improbable. It is fiction stranger than truth; for, even at the comparatively distant date—some fifty years ago—and in the remote region—which we are unable to localize—when and where the scenes are laid, it is impossible to believe that the public sale by a husband of his wife and child to a sailor, in a crowded booth at a village fair, could have attracted such slight attention from the many onlookers, that the newly-assorted couple should have been able to walk off and disappear so entirely within a few hours, and that the vendor on coming to his senses the following morning, repenting him of the evil, and appear so entirely within a few hours, and that the vendor on coming to his senses the following morning, repenting him of the evil, and perhaps thinking that 5% was too small a price for a good-looking young woman, was unable to trace them, though he appears to have attempted the task in earnest. Again, is it possible that Michael Henchard, thoroughly selfish and unprincipled when young, could have been refined by a temperance vow, and a hard-handed money-getting life, into a man of considerable delicacy, honour, and generosity? Mrs. Henchard, alias Newson, is so colourless as to be almost imperceptible. Elizabeth Jane is excellent, but rather more than a trifle dull; and unless corn-factors have hitherto been a grossly maligned race, surely Farfrae has more scruples than any corn-factor that ever lived. Are flourishing businesses established in small country towns by refusal to deal with a rival's old com-factor that ever lived. Are flourishing businesses established in small country towns by refusal to deal with a rival's old customers; or rather, we should say, were they ever thus established? No one nowadays is in the least likely to try the experiment. It is matter for regret that the author omits to publish "Donald Farfrae's" secret recipe for turning "grown" wheat into good wholesome bread stuff, "restored quite enough to make good seconds out of it," though he frankly admits that "to fetch it back entirely is impossible. Nature won't stand so much as that." We are inclined to think that Nature will not.

But if Mr. Hardy's narrative is not thrilling, his descriptive powers are as great as ever. Nothing can be better than his sketches of Casterbridge, the old Roman garrison town, overgrown rather than obliterated by an English wise in rure. His strongest point, however, is his capacity for pourtraying the average peasant, more especially the peasant who has passed middle age. The dialect of the agricultural labourer, his ways of thought, and his mode of speech are alike admirably given. The middle age. The dialect of the agricultural labourer, his ways thought, and his mode of speech are alike admirably given. The rustic dialogue, indeed, forms the most, if not the only, amusing portion of the book. One of the best specimens which, if space permitted, we should be tempted to quote at length is the conversation between Mrs. Cuxsom and Solomon Longways, wherein the results of funeral rites are frankly set forth. With his village views on funeral rites are frankly set forth. With his keen insight into the character of the rural poor Mr. Hardy has keen insight into the character of the rural poor Mr. Hardy has not failed to notice that with them custom breeds, if not contempt of gifts and the giver, at any rate a lack of the courtesy of acknowledgment. "Nance Mockridge," standing with her hands on her hips, "easefully looking at the preparations on her behalf" made by her young mistress, is drawn from the life. Equally characteristic of the country mayor who has risen from the ranks is Henchard's intolerance of his stepdaughter's natural good breeding, which prompts her to go to the kitchen instead of ringing, and persistently to thank the parlour-maid for everything she does; but for a man who cannot talk English even decently his ancer at Elizabeth Jane's provincialisms is not quite so inhis anger at Elizabeth Jane's provincialisms is not quite so in-telligible.

telligible.

Another proof of how thoroughly Mr. Hardy has studied the workings of the rustic mind is given in the short account of Henchard's visit to "Fall" or "Wide-oh," as he was called behind his back, a sort of mild professor of the black art, whose simple magic was secretly invoked by yokels of all classes, who nevertheless always comported themselves during the scance as it were under protest. Whenever they consulted him they did it "for a fancy." When they paid him they said, "Just a trifle for 'Xmas or Candlemas," as the case might be. The "skimmington" or "skimmity" ride will, we fancy, be a novelty to most readers, though the author has doubtless witnessed, or has excellent warranty for describing, this burlesque but forcible protest against what villagers regard as unseemly pre-nuptial conduct on the part warranty for describing, this burlesque but forcible protest against what villagers regard as unseemly pre-nuptial conduct on the part of a bride. The worst feature of the book is, that it does not contain a single character capable of arousing a passing interest in his or her welfare. Even the dramatis persone, with the exception of Lucetta, who conceives so sudden and violent a passion for Farfrae, are in doubt almost up to the last moment whether they really care about anybody.

"The Queen's House," the "Lieutenant's Lodgings of old records," in other words, the residence of the Governor of the Tower of London, forms the centre-piece of this story, and a very

Tower of London, forms the centre-piece of this story, and a very charming centre-piece it is, charmingly described by Miss Alldridge, whose love and appreciation of the Tower and of the City and the City churches make themselves a noticeable feature of her book. charming centre-piece it is, charmingly described by Miss Alldridge, whose love and appreciation of the Tower and of the City and the City churches make themselves a noticeable feature of her book. Indeed, so pleasantly does she discourse of these things, that one cannot but feel sorry that she writes novels instead of chronicles. It is a pity that Miss Alldridge selected such a perfect specimen of the snob as Basil Penrose for her jeune premier, and made a pretty clever girl like Alison fall in love with a man who has nothing but this perfection to recommend him, though the author evidently believes that she has drawn a character full of delicacy, discernment, talent, and independence. The first two of these gifts are strikingly displayed in Basil's conversation with Mrs. Bayliss on his first introduction to her, when he describes his father, a most amiable and inoffensive clergyman, as "a paid depraver of the people's morals," and as "subsisting on rapine," and his mother as such "a perfect hypocrite" that he feels obliged to respect her; yet Miss Alldridge, who certainly had it in her power to verify her hero's diagnosis of his parents' natures, has pourtrayed Mrs. Penrose as a frankly stupid, sensual Albanian peasant. Mrs. Bayliss may well have been startled at a stranger on leaving her drawing-room bidding her good-bye in French, as well as at the purity of his accent. Let us hope that, though Basil was capable of taking this liberty, he would not, as Miss Alldridge would lead us to believe, have spelt honneur with one n. Basil is a cringing hound too, for he goes whining to "the poor old Rev.," whom he professes so thoroughly to despise, the moment he finds himself in need of a friend. We are bound to say that the village maiden who drowns herself for his sake seems hardly to have received adequate provocation for so violent a proceeding, if, as she more than suggests, there was only a strong flirtation between her and "her false, false lover." Had she acceded to his request "to marry him in his own way,"

^{*} Like Lucifer, By Denzil Vane. 3 vols. London: Hurst & Blackett.
The Mayor of Casterbridge. By Thomas Hardy. 2 vols.
The Queen's House, 3 vols. By Lizzie Alldridge. London: Bentley

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A STUDY OF DANTE.

THE study of Dante, by Miss Susan E. Blow, which appears in this little volume, is strictly limited to the one point of view of the Divina Commedia, from which it is made. Its significance is considered only with reference to man's life in its human and of the Divina Commedia, from which it is made. Its significance is considered only with reference to man's life in its human and divine aspects. For all that is mentioned, Dante's great poem might have been written by John Bunyan, or any one else, at any other time, or in any other country. No account is taken of the surroundings of his life as an Italian, a Florentine, a student, a politician, and an exile; nor of the various personages, contemporary and otherwise, who are introduced by him. But in thus limiting and concentrating the range of her study, the author is simply doing that which she has undertaken to do, and that which seems to her to have been hitherto insufficiently done. The poem is shown, above all things, to have a theological and a moral purpose. The Inferno is not merely a survival of early and unscientific faith, but is a living reality, and sets forth the state of the human soul when not in harmony with its true nature. The Purgatory is the representation of the continual struggle of the repentant soul for purification. The Paradise is not merely a state of future blessedness, but is the eternal atmosphere of all right doing and knowledge of the truth. The three divisions treat of the corruption of the will, the purification of the will, and the perfection of the will, and the poem culminates with the rapture of the Beatific Vision. The nature of sin as said to be accepted by Dante, and now insisted upon, is not that acknowledged by a large number of modern thinkers, many of whom are not outside the pale of admitted orthodoxy. But it must not be forgotten that Dante's classification of crimes and punishments in the Inferno is taken from Aristotle, and not from any authority in Christian theology, and that of this no mention is made. The writer of the present study well points out the singular any authority in Christian theology, and that of this no mention is made. The writer of the present study well points out the singular appropriateness of the various torments for those who are condemned to suffer them. The glutton is immersed in his gluttony, among other gluttons; the carnal sinnersed in his gluttony, among other gluttons; the carnal sinners are driven about in the total darkness of their own souls by the fierce winds of their passions. The wrathful are plunged in boiling mud, the violent in a river of blood, and so on. Throughout the *Inferno* selfishness is river of blood, and so on. Throughout the Inferno selfishness is realized in a number of particular manifestations, and sinks to its dowest depth in the person of Lucifer. Complaint is made of the vanishing consciousness of sin in modern thought, and that with this has disappeared all distinct conception of the first principle of the world; while the theory that God is unknowable has kept pace with the theory that man is irresponsible. A solution is essayed of the highest and deepest of all problems, when an attempt is made to define the nature of the creative principle of the world in words of much skilful manipulation. But, as might be expected, the result is not more satisfactory than that recorded in the famous passage in The Vicar of Wakefield, where Sanchoniathon, Berosus, and Ocellus Lucanus are mentioned as having attempted it in vain. This is followed by an analysis and comparison of the sins punished in the different circles of the Inferno, with the alleged object of discovering a principle of evolution, and it is averred that, if such a principle could be discovered, the question would be settled whether sin is the instrumentality through which man rises out of the condition of unconscious unity into that of fellowship with God, a speculation which it is very difficult to entertain, whatever place it may find in any school of theology. In the same spirit are traversed the terraces of Purgatory and the divers heavens of Paradise; and enough has been now said to indicate the especial character of the present study of Dante. realized in a number of particular manifestations, and sinks to its present study of Dante.

LLOYD'S UNIVERSAL REGISTER.+

ILOYD'S UNIVERSAL REGISTER.†

It is a singular thing that, although marine insurance is as ancient as the business life of Phoenicia, Greece, and Rome, the first recorded attempt to establish anything like an organized registry for the classification of ships dates back no further than the last century. It is odd that it should be so. Merchants and underwriters could not be expected to employ and insure a ship without knowing something about her, and as it must have been impossible to employ an expert in every case, a demand might have been expected to spring up for a shipping register—not a list of the ships merely, but a record of their size and of their condition and qualities at specified dates, so that a reasonable idea of their capabilities might be formed without personal inspection. The germ of the system of registration which has reached its culminating point in the International Register, just issued by Lloyd's Register Committee—a body not to be confounded with the Corporation of Lloyd's—is to be found in the "Shipping Lists" written by hand, which were passed round in Lloyd's Coffee House at the close of the seventeenth century and the commencement of the eighteenth. They contained an account of vessels which the underwriters who frequented that famous Coffee House might possibly be asked to insure, and they were passed from hand to hand like the ordinary news-letters of the day; they were probably put into type for the first time and circulated for the use of subscribers in the form of a printed register about the year 1726, when Lloyd's List was first published. There are no copies of these early registers in existence. Any copy which may have been preserved is sup-

posed to have perished in the fire which destroyed the Royal Exchange in 1838. The oldest copy extant of a register of shipping is to be found in the library of Lloyd's Register Committee in White Lion Court, Cornhill. It is of oblong form and bears the date of 1764-5-6, for which period it was evidently current. The vessels entered in this work were very small, the two largest being only eight and nine hundred tons register. The vessels' hulls were divided into five classes, designated by the letters A, E, I, O, U, while the equipment was either G, M, or B—that is to say, "good," "middling," or "bad." The title-page and front pages of the book are wanting, but it appears from the last page that the work was "printed by W. Richardson and S. Clark in Fleet Street"—in all probability the firm which succeeded to the business of Richardson, the novelist. The next register preserved in White Lion Court is dated 1768-9, columns being left blank for posting by hand particulars for the year 1770-71. The vowels were no longer employed to designate the condition of the vessel's hull. Their place was taken by the small letters "back the numerals 1, 2, 3, 4 representing the condition of the equipment; a ship in a first-rate condition in every respect was, therefore, no longer described as AG, but as "1. The third earliest register in existence is that of 1775-76, contains Roman capitals to designate the condition of the hull, and for the first time the familiar description of A1 appears. From 1775 onwards there is a complete collection of the register of shipping, which was in later times known as the Underwriter's Register or Green Book. We have already observed that the earliest volume differs from those succeeding it, and from this circumstance it has been suplater times known as the Underwriter's Register or Green Book. We have already observed that the earliest volume differs from those succeeding it, and from this circumstance it has been supposed by some that it did not belong to the same series, but was the issue of a rival register, which was still in existence in 1768-69, when the same letters were in use in the Underwriter's Register, but that it disappeared prior to 1775, leaving its successor free to adopt the capital letters in combination with figures as a designation of class which has ever since been retained.

cessor free to adopt the capital letters in combination with figures as a designation of class which has ever since been retained.

However that may be, a rival register undoubtedly came into existence at the close of the century. In the Green Book for 1797-3 a new system of classification was adopted which gave great dissatisfaction to shipowners. The characters assigned were M for the first class, G for the second class, L for the third class, and Z for the lowest class, with the numerals 3 or 4 attached, and the classification depended entirely upon the place of build and the age of the vessel. The Thames was then the principal seat of shipbuilding, and the northern rivers, which have since attracted nearly the whole of this trade to themselves, were held to be of but small repute. A vessel built on the Thames was entitled to continue in the first class for twelve years, while another of the same description could remain there for eight only. Even twenty-five years later it was the opinion of a Joint Committee of merchants, shipowners, and underwriters appointed to take evidence on this question that Thames-built ships were worth at least a year's longer classification than those from the northern ports. In this register of 1797-8, it is announced that "when the Ages of Prize Vessels cannot be ascertained, F.P., S.P., or D.P is put in the Column for the Age to denote the nation from whom they have been respectively captured. And when the surveyors can ascertain their Age to be less than three years, A.N is put into the Column for the Age to denote that the Vessel is almost new." This register gave profound dissatisfaction to the shipowners, and, as the Registry Committee would not reconsurveyors can ascertain their Age to be less than three years, A N is put into the Column for the Age to denote that the Vessel is almost new." This register gave profound dissatisfaction to the shipowners, and, as the Registry Committee would not reconsider the basis of classification, the malcontents published in 1797 a register of their own, subsequently known as the Red Book. The "New Register Book of Shipping" was in appearance a precise copy of the old one, but somewhat larger. The characters assigned were expressed by the letters A, E, I, and O, while the condition of the equipment, or the "materials" as it was then called, was expressed by the numerals 1, 2, and 3. In 1829 the Shipowners' Book was being carried on at a loss, while the Underwriters' or "Green" Book was, financially speaking, in very low water. The managers of the latter proceeded, accordingly, to raise the price of the work from eight to ten guineas, and the circular containing this announcement bears for the first time the heading "Lloyd's Registry of Shipping." Ultimately a fusion took place in 1834, and the first issue of the present Register Book took place. The Green Book contained in 1833 the names of 16,615 ships, and the Red Book 15,670. Most of them were small craft, and all of them were built of wood, the first iron ship being entered in 1837. She was owned in Marseilles, but was built in the Thames, her name being the Sirius. A steamer, the James Watt, of 294 tons, built at Greenock, and classed A 1, had been entered in the Green Book as early as 1822, and she was by no means the first vessel propelled by steam.

Since 1834, when Lloyd's Register Committee was fairly estab-

Since 1834, when Lloyd's Register Committee was fairly established, the Society, after a few preliminary troubles, has, on the whole, enjoyed an amazing degree of prosperity. It has surveyors, not only in the United Kingdom, but all over the world; and one of the remarkable facts shown in the volume before us is this, that over seventy per cent. of the world's tonnage built in 1885 was classed in Lloyd's Register. The notion of supplementing Lloyd's Register of British and Foreign Shipping by other information useful, and indeed invaluable, to shipowners has been admirably carried out in the new Universal Register. It contains lists of all vessels in the world, sailing and steam, including yachts above a hundred tons, with particulars of their size, build, age, ownership, port of entry, and so forth. Lists of shipowners and managers, with their addresses, telegraphic and otherwise; of Since 1834, when Lloyd's Register Committee was fairly estab-

A Study of Dante. By Susan E. Blow. With an Introduction by William T. Harris, LL.D. New York and London: Putnams. 1886. † The Universal Register. London: William Clowes & Sons. 1886.

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shipbuilders; of the signal letters of merchant vessels; and of docks and shipways in all parts of the world, are added; together with the usual and one or two unusual statistical tables. The work has been admirably arranged, so as to be easy of reference; and not the least valuable feature in it is a list of the world's warhips, collected in such a way as to enable comparisons to be adily instituted between the naval strength of different nations. readily instituted between the naval strength of different nations. The book is in every way worthy of the great voluntary Society which sprang from such small beginnings fifty-two years ago, but which has now attained so much importance that the Board of Trade has handed over to its officers the difficult and delicate duty of fixing loadlines for British ships whenever the owner wishes to have such a loadline authoritatively fixed.

A SHILLING AUSTRALIA.

MR. GEORGE SUTHERLAND has in his little book honestly tried to give us a fair figure of Australia; but the proportions are not well kept, the bones are too big, and stick out like those of the unique quadruped celebrated in romance. The reader is reminded at the outset of his American cousins, their unparalleled energy and intelligence; of India and the East, where the English language, English literature, and English trade and commerce are "rapidly becoming cosmopolitan"; but it is in Australia that the Englishman "finds perhaps the most instructive study of all." "There he sees an English nation unaltered by the intermixture of races, and unestranged by wars or quarrels." He sees an island continent "embracing an area of nearly three milion square miles, peopled by his own countrymen, who from one end of the land to the other are as loyal" "as if they lived in Kent or Middlesex"; "the Australian people are unique among colonials of all parts of the globe"; "in the race for material prosperity they have outstripped their relatives and taken the very inst position among mankind." "The average earnings of the Australian population are greater than those of any other country on the face of the earth." "Their State income" is such that, if the United Kingdom had it in proported million populae starling a greater than the second that the proported million populae starling a greater than those of any other country on the face of the earth." the United Kingdom had it in proportion to population, it would amount to somewhat over three hundred million pounds sterling a mount to some million pounds sterling a mount to some million pounds a mount to some million po amount to somewhat over three hundred million pounds sterling a year, "instead of being, as it is, less than 90,000,000." There are, it appears, some "twenty-eight banks of issue," and the total assets "at the present moment certainly exceed a hundred million sterling." "The combined exports and imports of the United Kingdom amount to a little over 20. a head of the population. In Australia the figure is almost exactly double." How could it be otherwise? "When London is cold and wet, in a constant succession of hard frost and mist and rain, the Australian colonies are basking in sunshine. The sky—and such a sky is never seen within hundreds of miles of London—remains unclouded sometimes for weeks and months." It is rather hard on us to be reminded in this cruel way of our fogs and mists, our cold and wet. Does Mr. George Sutherland wish us to infer that if we put more money in our purse we could make merry the month of May, or if we could raise the average balance to each creditor of our savings banks that we should, instead of snivelling in cold, raise the thermometer and be basking in sunshine? Alack, we have now, for long generations, had this climate, and been compelled to work by wit and not by witchcraft. "People in Australia wear the lightest of clothing and live as much as possible in the open is "the Christmes diverge is extent on the the blaze of a hurs." the lightest of clothing and live as much as possible in the open air." "The Ohristmas dinner is eaten not by the blaze of a huge air." The Christmas dinner is eaten not by the blaze of a nuge free as in England, but under the clusters of the grape-vines that form the roof of the summer-house." Mr. Sutherland boasts that there is no Irish difficulty in Australia. This also is much owing, doubtless, to the ever-pleasant sun, and the power of "embracing an area of nearly three million square miles" of land. Who would not that could live in Australia? "There is no life like it." "The not that could live in Australia? "There is no life like it." "The feeling of liberty and freedom is quite unique. One has plenty of riding, plenty of food, pure and invigorating air, a good appetite, and a hearty zest for reading the weekly budget of news when it comes in. What more do you want?" (p. 72). The Australians are a humorous people as well as a wealthy. "The standing joke among the old hands" is the youth who arrives in Australia from the old country. "When he lands at Melbourne or Sydney he is elad in the usual habiliments of a Bond Street swell; he goes the old country. "When he lands at Melbourne or Sydney he is clad in the usual habiliments of a Bond Street swell; he goes round to all the theatres and cafés; he picks up a few fast friends, who help him to get rid of his loose cash and enjoy the fun of making him drunk occasionally; and, finally, if he escapes from their society with enough of money to pay his travelling expenses up to some station, he is considered lucky." This, although a somewhat old story, may be still true; to our seeming "the fun" is somewhat heavy, certainly unseemly in a people "who have taken the very first position among mankind"; but the explanation shows who is to blame—"many young mer emigrate with very grand ideas of being gentlemen." "Australia, flate England, has quite enough and to spare of poor gentlemen." Indeed, "the poor gentlemen who cannot turn their hands to a trade or to shopkeeping" have a bad time of it. "It is a sin to send them out." "Even the bees become demoralized "in Australia "through not being forced to store up honey for the winter." What, then, is to become of "the English youth who emigrate to Melbourne or Sydney, clad in the usual habiliments of the Bond Street swell," and falling among a people "who enjoy the fun of making them drunk occasionally"?

*Australia; or, England in the South. By George Sutherland, M.A. With 27 Illustrations. London: Seeley & Co.

It would, however, appear that "although, in short, Australia is quite a botanical garden in fruit trees and vegetables," where pine-apples are in plenty, and "peaches or apricots sell at twopence or a penny a dozen," "olives are easily grown," and the whole land is "wonderfully well favoured with oranges, melons, citrons, pears, apples, grapes, and so forth," where "the solemn majesty of the trees," "frequently measuring over 400 feet in height, is a sight," and "no vegetation in the world can compare with it," and the Christmas dinner is eaten under the cluster of the grapevines," yet there are drawbacks. Even though there be no mists or cold May showers, no fogs or snivelling frosts, "the mosquito is an unpleasant nuisance." "Mosquito-bites on one's face are almost as bad as chilblains on one's feet, but fortunately they do not last cold May showers, no fogs or snivelling frosts, "the mosquito is an unpleasant nuisance." "Mosquito-bites on one's face are almost as bad as chilblains on one's feet, but fortunately they do not last so long." This, of course, is a matter of temperature, "which rises and sinks with the sun. In the summer season the thermometer usually rises at least once to 100° Fahrenheit in the shade; on rare occasions it has reached 105° or 108° at Melbourne and Sydney, and at Adelaide a little higher." "Towards the interior sometimes for days together the noon-day temperature will rise above 110° or 115° in the shade." "But somehow people do not seem to mind it." This is true. Some, yea, many, like it; it suits the asthmatic, the consumptive, the aged, and those who sigh for a lodge in some vast wilderness; who long to fly the world, its small cares and large responsibilities. It is a climate where men do not wish to die. Man, however, is the most easily acclimatized of all animals; but the quadrupeds by which the Australians have been enabled to take the very first position among mankind require water as well as sun; and, when this is withheld, sheep and cattle, horses and mules die. "Only a few months ago two or three partners bought a station in Queensland, having on it 130,000 sheep, for 100,000l.; the drought came, and neither food nor water could be found within a hundred miles of the doomed place. The inhabitants fled for their lives to the nearest locality where water was to be obtained. 80,000 sheep died, and the remaining 50,000 sheep led, and the remaining 50,000 sheep sheep serve left to their fetze." "It leave a senetter who waved. maintaintains ned for their fives to the nearest locality where water was to be obtained. 80,000 sheep died, and the remaining 50,000 sheep were left to their fate." "I knew a squatter who owned a sheep station through such a season, and left it a ruined man. As he drove off from the scene of his shattered fortunes he watched a cloud come up from the south. This was rain. A week earlier it would have meant to him 20,000l. But the station had passed into other hands and instantain and had passed it would have meant to him 20,000l. But the station had passed into other hands; and, instead of being a rich man, he will have to fill for the remainder of his days a subordinate position, working for wage." This is not all. There are strange rivers in Australia. "The mail-man who jumps a river on horseback" to carry his letters to the outlying townships, on his journey down "finds an immense volume of water, perhaps fifty miles broad, flowing onwards to the south-west, like a vast moving lake." Thus drought at one period of the year brings death and ruin; at another the water-floods take up the awful tale; and fire not unfrequently sweeps over mighty plains, leaving nothing behind but a mighty desolation. We may be able to improve our own climate, to make London free of smoke and fog, and, although not in our day shall we hope to eat our Christmas dinner except by the blaze of a huge fire, yet by the time that the Australians have stored their water, and made both sunshine and rain their servants, instead of allowing them to be their relentless tyrants, we may instead of allowing them to be their relentless tyrants, we may hope for better things—all the more that we shall have these our relatives who have taken the very first position among mankind to help us in improving ourselves, not only in wind and weather, but in difficulties both I ish and other.

TEN ETCHINGS OF ST. ALBANS.

MRS. HINE'S ten etchings of St. Albans, city as well as Abbey, are offered to that considerable section of the public who study architecture from the picturesque and not from the scientific or the historical side. Not a single illustration is vouchsafed of the magnificent interior of the colossal minster. The collection has, however, become incidentally valuable as a record of the past, for it pourtrays the building before it passed into Lord Grimthorpe's hands. The letterpress by Mr. Hine might with advantage have been made fuller and more descriptive. To a person otherwise unacquainted with the history of St. Albans it would only offer meaningless statements of unconnected facts.

FRENCH LITERATURE.

M. JORET (1) says with complete truth that Tavernier is
M. "one of the greatest and one of the least known" of the
travellers of the seventeenth century. Although, from the interest
of his work in connexion with our Indian possessions, from its
early translation into English (by Milton's nephew) and from its
inspiration of the greatest of Dryden's heroic dramas, he has a special
interest for Englishmen, we doubt very much whether even wellread Englishmen could say much more about him than that he is
always quoted in books about India and precious stones. It is
true that one of the best accounts of him (probably the best) in any
book of reference is to be found in the English Cyclopedia, an account
to which M. Joret does full justice, and which he frequently quotes.
But no such account is either accurate or exhaustive. M. Joret

Ten Etchings of Saint Albans. By Mrs. Harry Hine. With Notes by Harry Hine, R.1.

⁽¹⁾ J. B. Tavernier. Par Ch. Joret. Paris: Plon.

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himself has made a very interesting book about the Huguenot traveller who was not only one of the greatest born travellers that ever lived, and a born merchant as well, but a person of singularly versatile powers, not ill at fighting, capable of negotiating in his supreme old age the organization of a kind of volunteer fleet for the Great Elector, and of engaging at nearly ninety on a seventh Eastern voyage by way of Moscow, "comme il n'avoit jamais veu la Moscovie." Alas! the fates were too strong for him, and he died when he had seen it. Of all which acts of Tavernier, his voyages and his jewel-dealing and his grievances against the Dutch, and his transactions with the Great Elector, and his foregatherings with Père Joseph, the terrible "Grey Eminence," and his barony, and his dealings with the literary hack Chappuzeau, and that by no means meek man of God Jurieu, and his visit to the beautiful Eléonore d'Olbreuse, and many other things, M. Joret has made a really capital monograph, clearing up much that wanted clearing; giving plentiful, but not overwhelming, references and documents; and arranging the whole in the most workmanlike fashion. We have not recently seen a better done or more interesting book of the kind.

Count Henri de l'Epinois's La lique et les papes (2) is very solid in the good as well as in the bad sense, unfortunately in the bad sense as well as in the good. Nearly seven hundred very large pages for one aspect only of the history of France during ten years is surely too much, even for its own purpose. And when the suthor tells that the last of the Valois was a king "qui eut des faiblesses, commit des crimes, mais dont le cœur doux et bon garda la foi," we really must ask whether this is not letting Henry Trois off rather easily.

Republications of special papers can never be more profitable than in the case of scientific but not too technical monographs, which

Republications of special papers can never be more profitable than in the case of scientific but not too technical monographs, which otherwise run the risk of being untouched in publications rarely opened by and sometimes almost inaccessible to the general reader.

otherwise run the risk of being untouched in puoneauous rater, opened by and sometimes almost inaccessible to the general reader. M. Berthelot's essays (3) were particularly well worth collecting, as they display equal learning and good sense. Where all is good some remarks on explosives and their history (Greek fire, &c.), with a remarkably judicious exposure of the common cant about dynamite making the forces of anarchy irresistible, may be singled out.

M. Brédif's essay on Demosthenes (4) was good, and deserved "Thonneur du bis." The author has not contented himself with a mere reprint, but has, in part at least, reconstructed his book.

Even the rehabilitators of Robespierre and Marathave had little to say against the hapless and blameless sister of Louis XVI. (5), and nobody need be afraid that a new book about her will destroy any illusion. Mme. d'Armaillé rightly says that much new matter has lately accrued and authorizes a fresh biography. In the case of one so closely connected with the most constantly discussed of all historical events and personages there must necessarily be some repetition, but Mme. d'Armaillé has kept it down as much as possible.

We notify to all and sundry the appearance of a Supplement to

We notify to all and sundry the appearance of a Supplement to e invaluable, if not impeccable, Vapereau (6). But the late

the invaluable, if not impeccable, Vapereau (6). But the late Duke of Abercorn was a duke, not a marquess only.

M. Calais's Wellington Exercise Book (7) is constructed on the old Arnoldine plan of a special vocabulary for each exercise, at least for the greater part of the book. There are objections to this, but it may fairly be claimed for it that hardly anything else is so well suited to supply a certain copia verborum to even a

is so well suited to supply a certain copia verborum to even a sluggish memory.

M. Bouvier has taken up the old notion of a great criminal organization working through instruments of all classes, and has made a story of some spirit out of it (8). It is no doubt mighty convenient to know a lady who will not only come and beguile the time for you before you have to fight a duel, but get your adversary (without the least knowledge on your part) pistolled so neatly that he looks as if he had committed suicide. The subject of Amour d'Allemand (9) (which is, of course, wrote sarcastic in reference to Deutsche Liebe) is unpleasant enough, being a version of the old infamy connected by legend with the names of Rhynsault, Kirke, Olivier le Dain, and Angelo in Measure for Measure. The central incident, however, is treated with all due delicacy, and the catastrophe is not undramatic. As for the two volumes of Les tragédies du mariage (10), we have to say frankly that they are very long.

Some of the characters appear to have "committed crimes," as X. would say, and others to have been rather amiable. But the volumes are very long.

NEW BOOKS AND REPRINTS

THAT a book may be useful, and yet fail in its main object, is conclusively proved by Mr. George Carslake Thompson's Lord Beaconsfield and Public Opinion (Macmillan & Co.). These two stout volumes display the course of Lord Beaconsfield's policy from 1875 to 1880, together with the public opinion it evoked in the principal reviews and newspapers. As a compilation Mr.
Thompson's work may be highly commended; its utility, howere, the principal reviews and newspapers. As a compilation M. Thompson's work may be highly commended; its utility, howere, is quite independent of the soundness of the proposition that gave it birth. The author is profoundly convinced that there was something unusual in the attitude of Lord Beaconsfield's Administration towards public opinion, something autocratic that ignored or defied the national will. In Mr. Thompson's view the absolutism of the Premier induced a stupor in the public mind from which it did not recover till the general election of 1850 (ii. 497). Without accepting this view, far more plausible instances of the personal ascendency of a Minister may surely be cited in several previous Administrations, not to mention Mr. Gladstone's Egyptian policy from 1880 to 1885. In an elaboratinquiry into the nature and function of public opinion, Mr. Thompson observes (p. 24):—"The distinct and emphatic approval by the heavily preponderating opinion of the country failed to secure the adoption by English diplomacy of the course of policy which the country enrestly and ardently demanded." We cannot think this statement is substantiated by the profuse extracts Mr. Thompson collects from the organs of public opinion. Public opinion and "the opinion is a mere fleeting abstraction. It is a manufacture quite as frequently as it is a tangible growth of intelligible expression. Every extension of the franchise has tended to make it more clusive. The clamour of a function section is nowadays constantly dignified by its mouthpieces as the voice of the country, and by the volume of sound emitted it passes as preponderating opinion. Assuming that Lord Beaconsfield was contemptuous of the enlightenment proffered by opposition scribes and orators, it is impossible to discern in his attitude anything unprecedented. Assuming, also, that the public Beaconsfield was contemptuous of the enlightenment proffered by opposition scribes and orators, it is impossible to discern in his attitude anything unprecedented. Assuming, also, that the public opinion opposed to Lord Beaconsfield was truly national and preponderant, was it necessarily infallible and the Premier's resolute disregard a national calamity? Vox populi, as Coleridge says, may be à priori, par diabali.

disregard a national calamity? Vex populi, as Coleridge says may be à priori, vox diaboli.

Where Are We, and Whither Tending? (Trübner & Co.) is the title of three lectures on human progress, by the Rev. M. Harvey, cheerful in tone and popular in style. Between the vague heights of optimism and the slough of pessimism the author pursues a pleasant middle course, full of faith in the beneficent tendencies of the age and yet keenly alive to its dangers and difficulties. He discourses of evolution, creeds, survivals, revivals, and the like, in the wholesome spirit of meliorism, and believes in the progress of the great march of mind. His book is a modest exposition of a modest creed.

John Hookham Frenc's Aristophanes (Routledge & Sons) is the

exposition of a modest creed.

John Hookham Frere's Aristophanes (Routledge & Sons) is the new volume of "Morley's Universal Library." It is doubtful if these admirable translations, even in the present cheap form, will increase Frere's popularity, and Mr. Morley's reference to a handsome popular edition of Frere's works is a little sanguine. Even the humours of Whistlecraft, we fear, would meet with small approphetion.

approbation.

English Coins and Tokens (Swan Sonnenschein & Co.) is a useful illustrated manual for the young and unwary collector by Mr. Llewellynn Jewitt, with a chapter on Greek and Roman Coins by Mr. Barclay Head. British Birds' Eggs and Nests, by the Rev. J. C. Atkinson (Routledge & Sons), finds a place in the "World's Library." In the introduction we note an interesting difference between the editor and the author as to the process known as "blowing" an egg. Mr. Haweis when he went a bird'snesting used to blow through two holes in the egg, one at each end; Mr. Atkinson recommends one at the end and one at the side. From Messrs. Nichols & Sons we receive a little book entitled Tobacco Messrs. Nichols & Sons we receive a little book entitled Tobacco Growing in Great Britain and Ireland, which professes to show the farmer "a new source of wealth." That tobacco will grow luxuriantly in most parts of the country is undoubted, but it is an exhausting crop, and can never pay except under the most favour-able circumstances. The writer of the pamphlet is, however, very

Our Forefathers in the Dark Ages (Elliot Stock) is a little book by Mr. R. G. Blunt, designed for very young people, whose notions of England in the twelfth and thirteenth centuries are by no means

lucid.

From the Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge we receive several stories and books of travel adapted to the capacities of the young. Mrs. Arthur Thompson writes expressly for children in A Peep into Ceylon; A Lucky Mistake, by C. S. Lowndes, and Inasmuch, by F. C. F., are pretty, unexciting narratives; Dr. J. E. Taylor gives a fair summary of the chief physical features of Australia from a naturalist's point of view in Our Island Continent. Mr. Edward Walford's The Pilgrim at Home includes a number of sketches of well-known historical houses, battle-fields, churches, and the like, that present a pleasant blending of history and antiquarian lore. The Tents of Kedar is a tale with a moral that is, at least, well enforced.

We do not know how many poems exist on the grandeur and glory of Granada, but the poet who sings, like Mr. Mathers, The Fall of Granada (Williams & Strahan), and "in six duans," might well rise to the exaltation the theme demands. Neither Don

⁽²⁾ La ligue et les papes. Par le Comte H. de l'Epinois. Paris : Victor Palmé.

⁽³⁾ Science et philosophie. Par M. Berthelot. Paris: Calmann-Lévy.

⁽⁴⁾ Démosthène. Par L. Brédif. Deuxième édition. Paris : Hachette.

⁽⁵⁾ Madame Elisabeth. Par Mme. la Comtesse d'Armaillé. Paris: Perrin.

⁽⁶⁾ Dictionnaire des contemporains-Supplément. Paris : Hachette.

⁽⁷⁾ Wellington College French Exercise Book. By A. I. Calais. London:

⁽⁸⁾ L'armée du crime. Par A. Bouvier. Paris : Marpon et Flammarion. (9) Amour d'Allemand. Par Labarrière-Dupuy. Paris: Calmann-Lévy.

⁽¹⁰⁾ Les tragédies du maringe. 2 tomes. Par C. Guérault. Paris :

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Roderick, however, nor Inez, with her "cheek of damask velvet," is of heroic mould. We have received In the Watches of the Night, vols. xi. and xii., by Mrs. Horace Dobell (Remington); Mornings with the Muse, a series of sonnets, by "Ignotus" (Elliot Stock); Saturday Night, and other Poems, by William Bailey (Southampton: Paul).

Mr. Henry James's The Portrait of a Lady (Macmillan & Co.) appears in beautiful type and neat binding in the new edition of three volumes duodecimo.

We beg leave to state that we decline to return rejected Communications: and to this rule we can make no exception.

NOTICE TO ADVERTISERS.

The ADVERTISEMENT DEPARTMENT has been REMOVED from 38 to 33 Southampton Street. All communications respecting
Advertisements should therefore be addressed to Mr. John Hart, 33 SOUTHAMPION STREET, STRAND, LONDON, W.C.

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TAUST, at Eight o'clock. Maphistopheles, Mr. IBVING: Margaret, Miss ELLEN TERRY; Martha, Mr. STIRLING.
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